

# THE BOYS OWN PAPER

*Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli.*

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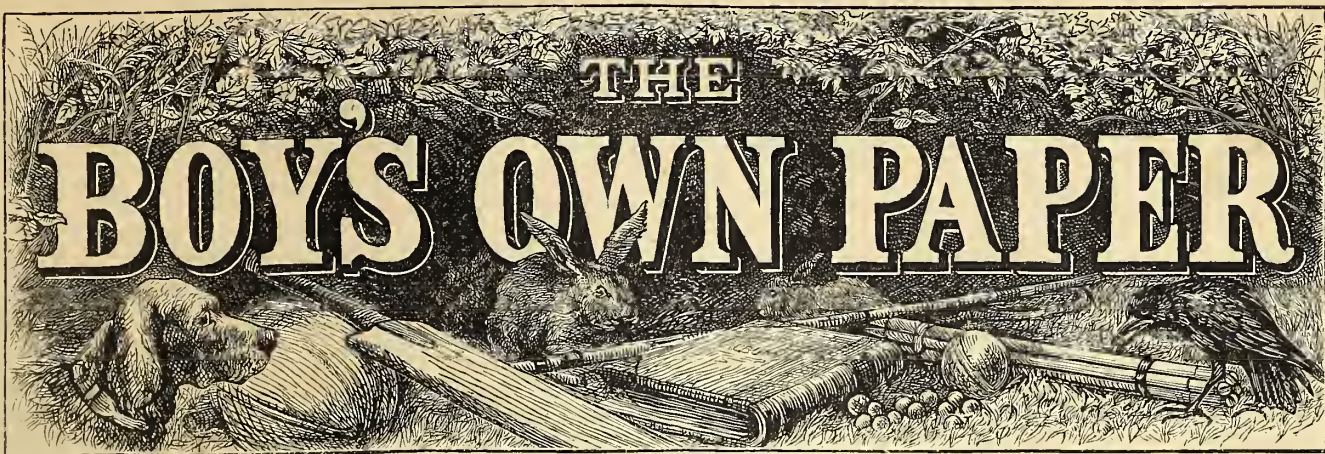
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## THROUGH FIRE AND THROUGH WATER:

A STORY OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL.

BY THE REV. T. S. MILLINGTON,

*Author of "Some of Our Fellows," "A Holiday Tramp," etc.*

### CHAPTER XI.

It did not help to reconcile the corporal to Jack's anomalous position, that he found himself supplanted in what he had been used to consider his own especial office. Jack, as he got better, accompanied the colonel and his daughter in their excursions, sometimes to a picnic, sometimes on the sea, and waited upon them. Jack was supposed to know all about boats; and it was a great delight to him to manage the sails and show his seamanship. Marks, if he accompanied them on such



Jack takes the Colonel out for a sail.



occasions, was apt to feel the motion of the boat, and found it difficult to keep up his dignity under the depressing effects of sea-sickness. Shakespeare asserts

"Was never yet philosopher  
Who could endure the *toothache* patiently."

But the toothache is not to be compared with sea-sickness for taking the stiffness out of a man, and that, too, in spite even of a military stock. Jack knew nothing of this malady, and the colonel and his daughter were almost equally happy, which made it all the more vexatious for poor Marks, who persisted in going with them, nevertheless, even when they would have excused him.

"Time he went aboard his 74 again," he would say; "good for nothing soon, going on in this way; gets too sossy; what's to be the end? that's what I want to know."

And he would measure Jack's length from head to foot with his eyes, and take stock of his outfit: for Jack was now dressed in a style very superior to that to which he had been accustomed on board ship; he wore a suit of fine white duck, made for him by the colonel's tailor; and the costume, though perfectly plain, became him well, and was the same as that worn by gentlemen and by officers when not on duty. He was in good health again; his hands had lost their hardness, his complexion was clear, and his hair, which had been shaved off during his illness, had begun to grow again, and was longer than he had been used to wear it on board ship. He had a wound in front now, in the shape of a horseshoe, on his forehead; none the less honourable because it had been gained in the effort to save life, and not to kill; and though it did not add to his beauty, neither the colonel nor his daughter was disposed to look upon it as any disfigurement.

"Wants his frock and canvas again," Marks would say; "gets too sossy."

Yet Marks was always kind to the boy, and would have liked him well enough if he had not been jealous of him; and, whatever the corporal might say of him, he was not at all a "sossy" boy, but knew his place, though it would have been difficult for any one of less natural discretion and modesty to define what his place was. But for his deferential manner he might have been taken for Clara's brother.

If this was a trouble to Marks, it was a source of still greater embarrassment to Miss McCoy. She also would ask herself—what was to be the end of it? Jack and Clara were but boy and girl at present—or boy and young lady, Miss McCoy would have said; but they were a great deal too much together to please her, though she was careful never to leave them to themselves.

It must be confessed that Jack's position at this time was not altogether satisfactory, and he felt it so himself. He was in good health, and able to return to his duty; but his ship was not in harbour, and the doctor who had attended him had but lately renewed his certificate in such terms as to justify him in remaining idle for some time longer. Still he did not like the idea of shirking his duty. Marks had more than once reproached him for doing so, telling him he ought to be at his post again; and that if he had been in the army he would have had a sergeant and a couple of rank-and-file after him before now; but there was no discipline in the navy. He was aware also that Miss McCoy looked coldly

upon him. That lady never let him forget that, whatever his claims upon Clara's gratitude might be, he was only a ship's boy, and she a colonel's daughter. If she had been less inclined than she was to find fault with the intimate terms which prevailed between her ward and Jack, Corporal Marks's frequent hints would not have failed to excite her suspicion. Marks had an unpleasant way of quoting Scripture, generally for his own ends, though without any dishonest intention. He had a good deal of spare time, and was fond of reading. His Bible was often in his hands, but rather, as it would seem, with a view to other people's advantage than his own. He never bade "boy Chirp" good night without telling him to say his prayers, directing him also what to pray for, as, for instance, humility, and a grateful heart, and a proper sense of duty. He gave him many a text to ponder bearing upon those graces, and many a wholesome proverb, as "Pride goeth before a fall," and others of similar kind. Thus the corporal made use of every text that suited him, not for his own instruction, but as a missile to be hurled at those who differed from him, or for whom he entertained a personal objection.

It happened one day that as Miss Eustace, accompanied by her governess, and followed as usual by Jack in close attendance, had landed after a short cruise in the harbour, and were beginning to ascend the steps leading to the Strada Reale, Jack was accosted in broken English by a gentleman whom he did not remember ever to have seen before.

"Tell me," he asked, "you are sailor-boy; *non è vero?* Ship Hailstorm?"

"Yes," said Jack.

"You know me?"

"No, sir, I don't," said Jack. "I'm very sorry."

"But I know you. You have great wound here behind?" laying his hand upon his shoulder.

"Yes," said Jack, colouring up suddenly. It was a sore point still, that wound, though healed.

"I am one of those miserable Sicilians whom you took off in your cutter. I saw you when you were in the boat, and went to see you again on board ship, in your sick-bay. Now you know me?"

Jack remembered that one or two of the men who had been rescued had come to look at him, but he had taken no notice of their features.

"I could give you nothing then," said the man; "I could make you no recompense; but now—now is different."

Jack declared that he did not want any recompense; but the stranger took his address, and the next day sent him a handsome silver watch and chain, with a note, begging his acceptance of it as "a help to heal his wound."

The watch and chain were handed round and admired; and then Jack would have put them away to be taken care of, but Clara told him he must wear them, and showed him with her own hands how to put them on, to the inexpressible disgust of Corporal Marks, who witnessed the process, and could not refrain from manifesting his annoyance by snorts and half-uttered remarks after his own fashion.

That same evening Marks discovered a splendid text for his purpose; he rubbed his hands as he read it, and confessed again and again, as he usually did at such times, the inexhaustible wisdom and truth of the Holy Scriptures. He would have

laid the verse before his master if he could have ventured on such a liberty. The safer course was to whisper it into Miss McCoy's anxious ear, and that he did with as little delay as possible.

"He that delicately bringeth up his servant from a child, shall have him become his *son* at the last."

"Scripture, miss," he added, with a look of great significance. "Yes, miss, Holy Scripture," and withdrew.

If Marks had looked a little farther down the same page in his Bible, he might have found a text to suit himself; but perhaps he would not have been so quick to see the application of it.

"Accuse not a servant to his master, lest he curse thee, and thou be found guilty."

True, Jack was not the colonel's servant, nor had Marks accused him; but it came to the same thing. Neither was it likely that Jack would curse him; he would more probably forgive him, and by so doing heap coals of fire on his head; but it was a pity the two texts of Scripture were not read together.

Marks's whispers were not lost upon Miss McCoy, who took the alarm at once. She also had a great reverence for Holy Scripture. Her fears were now redoubled. Things must, she thought, be in a very unsatisfactory state for a man like Marks to have observed them. It was high time she spoke to the colonel about Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith was now nearly fifteen years of age, and looked older. On the shores of the Mediterranean it was usual for young men and maidens to pledge their hearts and their hands also to each other at a much earlier period of life than in more northern climates. Miss McCoy trembled lest she should be too late. Mr. Smith might already have said something; and Clara—Clara, she knew, was very grateful to him for having saved her life—what might not Clara have said in reply? She resolved to speak to the colonel without a moment's delay, and went in search of him immediately.

But the colonel only laughed at her; he would see about it, he said; he was very busy just then, and very much obliged to her, of course; but there was nothing to be uneasy about.

Nevertheless, even Colonel Eustace was rather more quiet and serious than usual that evening, and did not send for Jack to attend him when he went out with Clara for a stroll on the bastion, where the band of his regiment was playing.

Jack, it need hardly be said, was entirely innocent of such thoughts and aspirations as were attributed to him. He had been kindly treated, and was anxious to show himself grateful, both to Colonel Eustace and to his daughter. He was hurt at the change which he fancied he perceived in the former, and feeling that it was true, as Marks had told him, that he ought by this time to be returning to his duties on board ship, fancied that the colonel might be of the same opinion.

It was not without a feeling of relief, therefore, that he heard soon afterwards that H.M.S. Hailstorm had been signalled at the Government House, and would soon be in harbour. He went at once to the colonel and informed him of the fact.

"I must go on board, sir," he said, "and report myself as soon as she anchors."

"Right, quite right," said the colonel; "but you have the surgeon's certificate, and will not be required to join your ship at present."



"I am quite well now," said Jack, "and ought not to stay here any longer."

"Nonsense. Marks has been talking to you, I suppose. You need not mind what he says. I shall go and see Captain Jervis and talk to him about it."

Although this was spoken in a tone which signified that nothing more was then to be said upon the subject, Jack still lingered.

"What is the matter?" Colonel Eustace asked. "Can't you be contented a little longer where you are?"

"Oh yes, sir; I am quite contented. You have been so kind, and Miss Clara has been so kind—"

The colonel winced at that, especially as it was spoken in tones of emotion, and Jack went on,

"Of course I shall be very sorry to leave you, but—"

"Look here," the colonel interrupted him; "you have done me a great service, and I want to make you some recompense. I have been thinking of sending you home, to a good school, and giving you a fair start in life. You have not had much education, you know."

Jack's eyes sparkled. He would have jumped at the colonel's proposal but for one consideration. He had chosen the navy for his calling, and did not wish to abandon it. It had not turned out quite as he had expected, but he had no desire to run away from it. If he should leave it now for school, he felt that it would never do to return to it before the mast after acquiring other habits. He said so to the colonel.

"I had no idea of your doing that," the colonel answered. "Some other opening must be found for you. You might, perhaps, have a commission."

"I should be too old," said Jack, his heart beating rapidly at the thought of such promotion.

"Too old for the navy; not for the army," said the colonel. "But all that is *in nubibus*; we need not think of the future. If you would like to go to a good school in England, I will arrange something. Take time and think about it."

Jack thanked him earnestly and withdrew. He went straight to the Governor's house, and mounting by a flight of stairs to the roof, looked out over the sea. There was the Hailstorm laying her course direct for the harbour with all sails set, and the wind upon her beam, a beautiful object in his sight. He could not take his eyes off the delightful picture for an hour or more, during which time she had drawn nearer by some knots, increasing every minute in size and splendour. The sun, which had lighted up her sails, now shone upon her decks and the white streaks upon her sides, and with the help of the signalman's glass he could see the carronades, the anchors at the bows, the boats at the davits, and even the officers and seamen pacing to and fro. He longed to be on board his floating home again, for his heart was there still. It would be a change to him, of course, from the comparative luxury which he had lately enjoyed, but he would be at his proper post again, doing his duty, and should get to like it as before. When he was come down he met the colonel, and followed him into his room.

"You will not be displeased with me, I hope," he began. "I have been thinking of what you so kindly said, and am very much obliged, but I would rather go back to my duty on board ship."

Colonel Eustace turned round to him

abruptly, and Jack thought at first that he was annoyed; but after looking at him steadfastly for a moment, he said,

"You are right, Jack; you are right, and I think the better of you for it. You shall do as you propose. I won't forget you, my good lad; I won't lose sight of you, depend upon it."

"Thank you, sir," said Jack.

A little later Clara came to her father's room. "What is this about Jack?" she asked. "He says he is going on board ship again immediately."

"Yes."

"You are not serious?"

"Yes; I have consented. It will be all for the best."

"He has been asking for his clothes," Clara said, after a long silence, during which she could not trust herself to speak.

"What clothes?"

"Those that he had on when he—when he was knocked down by my horse," she went on, impetuously, "and trampled under its feet, and nearly killed in saving me from being dashed to pieces in the moat. His frock, he calls it, and his hat."

"He can go on board as he is," her father answered, quietly; "he can get a new outfit from the purser. I will see to it. It will only be for a short time," he added; "the ship will be paid off very soon, and then I shall take care of him; I shall not lose sight of Jack, you may be sure. I have told him so. But just now he is his Majesty's servant, and prefers duty to idleness; and he is right. I shall take good care of Jack all the more for that; I shall take good care of him for his own sake as well as for yours."

Jack went on board the Hailstorm that same day and reported himself. His former messmates scarcely knew him, so changed was he in appearance, but there was scarcely a man or a boy in the ship who was not pleased to see him there again. He laid aside his "shore-going togs" and appeared next morning at muster on the half-deck in a new pair of very tight-fitting trousers, much expanded at the ankles, and a frock of the usual pattern turned back upon his neck, barefooted, and with his sleeves rolled up. Only the fairness of his skin and smoothness of his hands remained to show that he had not been in his usual place among the boys all along.

It was some time, however, before he could feel quite happy and cheerful. Those pleasant days which he had spent as an inmate of Colonel Eustace's house, the gentle hands that had nursed him, and the kind attentions which had been lavished upon him while he was an invalid, the quiet pleasures and comforts with which he had been surrounded after his recovery, could not be forgotten. He seemed to have been torn again from his home and separated from all who cared for him, and was often absent and thoughtful. When the other boys joked him about it, it was with difficulty that he could endure their chaffing, and for a time the name "boy Chirp" seemed no longer appropriate.

One day, while he was in this humour, looking over the bulwarks towards the Marina, he saw a boat push off from Nix Mangiare stairs, in which he presently recognised Colonel Eustace, with Miss McCoy and Clara, who were being pulled towards the Hailstorm.

Jack's first feeling was a throb of delight; but the next moment he wished that he could hide himself. He wondered what Miss Clara would think of him in his pre-

sent costume, and whether he would be allowed to speak to her. He stood at some little distance from the gangway as they came over the side. Clara caught his eye in a moment, and would have gone to him directly, but, being admonished by Miss McCoy, turned to the quarter-deck instead, without so much as a word to Jack.

Afterwards, when going over the ship, the party, accompanied by some of the officers, came near where Jack was standing with other of the ship's boys, and Clara held out her hand to him. He saw that her eyes were filled with tears. The few questions which she asked him about the ship, and his place in it, showed how deep an interest she took in everything that concerned him. He had feared that his appearance in working dress, the character of his messmates and companions, and his humble position in the ship, might have sensibly widened the distance between them; but her manner was as cordial as it had ever been, and the change in his condition seemed only to increase her regret that he had been obliged to leave her father's house and the comforts which he had there enjoyed. In spite of Miss McCoy's continual fidgets, Clara kept near to Jack all the while they were between decks, and only left his side when they returned to that part of the ship to which he could not follow them.

They went over the side, after a long visit, Clara turning to Jack with a last look and smile after she was in the boat. Jack did not know until long afterwards that it was she who had insisted on paying this visit, in spite of Miss McCoy's remonstrances. She wanted to be able to picture to herself poor Jack in his floating home, at his mess, at his quarters—in every part of his daily routine on shipboard—and Miss McCoy had only yielded in the hope that a sight of the realities of a messenger boy's surroundings in a man-of-war might enable her to realise the distance which existed socially between boy Chirp and Colonel Eustace's daughter. As far as Clara's regard for her deliverer was concerned, the visit had no such effect; on the contrary, she felt perhaps even a deeper interest in the boy than before; but, seeing how closely she was observed, and the ideas which Miss McCoy had formed on the subject, she kept her thoughts to herself, and seldom spoke of Jack to any one. Her father had promised that he would not lose sight of the boy, and she knew that he would keep to his purpose, and with that, for the present, she tried to be content.

Marks came alongside a few days later, and brought a basket of provisions and other good things from the housekeeper, to which he had himself added a quantity of fruit purchased on the Marina. He went below, and Jack came to him on the lower deck. Marks was not in very good spirits that day. He held Jack's hand in his own for some moments without speaking a word. He saw him now in his proper place, and heard him called by his working name, "boy Chirp," yet he was not satisfied. Jack had always behaved well to Marks, and had taken even his unpleasant speeches in good part; and the corporal, apart from his own little jealousies, had a liking for the boy. Already he half repented having said anything to his injury. Perhaps, in looking through his Bible again, he had come upon that other verse of the Proverbs which we have already quoted. Jack was very far from



"cursing him" now. He had hastened up to him, evidently very glad to see him and to shake hands with him. That was harder for Marks to bear than any evil language or resentment on his part could have been. An uneasy conscience is a much more terrible curse than any that can come upon us from without. Marks spoke very little, but what he said came evidently from his heart, and was meant to be encouraging.

"We shall look after you—the colonel will; he said so; means it too. Ship ordered home soon; all right then; keep good heart."

"It's all right now," Jack answered, cheerfully.

"Yes, Jack; it was 'all right' when you were lying a-bed with your head split open; always 'right' with you, whatever happens."

Jack laughed, observing with pleasure that the corporal did not call him boy Chirp now, as he had always done on shore.

"Yes," Marks repeated, "look after you, colonel will; and—and—Miss Clara too. She put these two or three things together with her own hand, she did—with her own hand, do you hear?"

It cost him a great effort to say that; but there was more to come.

"And—and—she sent you this," taking a letter from his breast, and handing it reluctantly to Jack. "Miss McCoy knows about it—nothing in it," he added, seeing how eagerly Jack stretched out his hand to grasp it—"nothing in it. Good-bye."

And pressing Jack's hand again he went over the side without another word.

Marks's account of the letter may have been true in one sense. There was nothing in it of any consequence—nothing but what had been said already by word of mouth. It contained only a few lines, asking Jack's acceptance of the contents of the basket, and wishing him a good voyage—the Hailstorm being then about to put to sea on a cruise—expressing a hope also

that they should meet again before very long in England, and repeating her father's promise to look after him, and her own assurance that she could never forget the service he had rendered her, or the suffering he had incurred in her behalf.

He put the letter away among his treasures—the silver watch and chain, and a glove which had come into his possession somehow or other, and which had once been Clara's. The glove formed a convenient envelope for the letter; and as he resolved never to part with either of them he folded them up carefully and tied a "lanyard" round them, by which he could sling them round his neck at any time in case of emergency. He would, perhaps, have worn them there continually, next his heart, but for the inspection at two bells on the half-deck, which would have exposed them to the vulgar gaze, a catastrophe not to be risked at any hazard—for the writer's sake.

(To be continued.)

## SEVENTY YEARS AGO!

By ASCOTT R. HOPE, AUTHOR OF "ALL BY HIMSELF," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

"COME in! Come in!"

Two rough-looking country boys were standing awkwardly before the door of a minister's study. They belonged to a school in connection with his church; they had been caught trying to play a mischievous trick, as much from thoughtlessness, perhaps, as from malice, upon one of their schoolfellows, and this good pastor, as he would often do in such a case, had sent for them to have a little serious talk about their conduct. So now, after some hesitation, they slunk gingerly into his room, ashamed of their hob-nails and corduroys in such a place, and still more of the cause that had brought them there. They had stood outside for several minutes, whispering together and nudging one another, mustering up their courage to knock, while they inwardly wondered what in the way of rebuke or punishment it might be that awaited them.

They found the minister, Mr. Griffiths, alone, seated in an arm-chair by the fire-side. He was a very old man, almost past work now, yet much esteemed and respected by the congregation to which he had ministered for a quarter of a century, and taking a special interest in the juvenile members of it. He received the young wrong-doers with a smile rather than a frown, and presently began to talk to them, in grave yet friendly tones, of the offence in which they had been detected.

One of the boys listened to this admonition in sheepish silence, his eyes bent on the carpet, hardly daring to steal a look at the formidable array of volumes that lined the walls of this unfamiliar place. The other, however, emboldened by the old gentleman's kindness, ventured to stammer out some words of excuse for themselves.

"This fellow whom they had schemed to injure was a bad one. He—he had done them some unkind turn or other when he had the chance. They had only meant to pay him off. That was how it had all come about."

"That makes it none the better," an-

swered Mr. Griffiths, gently, after encouraging the boy to say his say. "Two blacks don't make a white, do they? This lad may not be all he should be, but that does not justify you in seeking to be revenged on him. Do we not all pray, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us'?"

"Yes," admitted the culprit, "but—"

"But it is hard, is it not? Ah, I know that. It is hard, indeed, not to be cross and spiteful towards those who vex us. I know too well what it is to have a heart filled with malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness. At your age few boys could be more ill-natured and full of angry passions than I was."

"You! You ill-natured and passionate!" So the two boys said by looks, if not by words, as they stared at the white hair and venerable features which they had been accustomed to take for the embodiment of all that was good, pious, far removed from human weaknesses and temptations.

"Listen to me, dear lads. You young ones are too apt to think that good advice and serious reflections are things which concern only us worn-out old folks, but we know better—we who may have had to pay dearly for every day that we gave no heed to the voice of wisdom. I was an old man before you were born; when your fathers were in the cradle I had learned what man's life is, what my heart is, as I trust you will learn in time. But I am not going to lecture you from the teachings of grey-headed experience. Let me rather tell you a story of my own boyhood, more than seventy years ago."

The boys shuffled about uneasily, not quite sure what to make of it. They knew they had done wrong; they were prepared for a scolding at least, and now they were to be treated to a story—a private and personal story—by one from whom they had been used to hear chiefly sermons. But they made most attentive listeners when, after taking thought for two or three minutes, Mr. Griffiths began.

"I was born, you know, in a little Welsh fishing-village, a place very unlike this flat green country, with its rich farms and broad fields, which is all you know of the world. A heap of white houses and grey rocks, scattered about the sloping bank at the foot of a precipitous cliff, so that the windows of one cottage often looked down the chimneys of another; behind, a chain of high, ragged mountains, hidden sometimes for days and weeks together in mist; in front, the sea, and at low tide miles upon miles of bare glistening sand, stretching almost across the mouth of a great river, the farther side of which appeared so close on clear days that every house and path was familiar to our sight, though we might never have set foot there—that was my old home. Tourists come to the neighbourhood now, and the village has grown into a town; but when I was young few strangers found their way through our mountains, and those born and bred among them thought little enough of how beautiful they were.

"Without guessing the rare attractions of our native place, we, of course, loved it, believing there could be no place like home, and were unconsciously happy, as it is the blessed lot of young folks to be without much regard to the circumstances of their lives. I say *we*, but my boyhood was scarcely a happy one, for I was unlike other boys. I had bad health and bad spirits in those days, which had much to do with some of the defects that have cost me so much to keep under through life—a weak, shambling, overgrown fellow, who never kept his wits about him, and whose fingers were all thumbs, people said of me. I was fond of reading beyond my age, and conceited enough about it; but my elders were always finding fault with me for awkwardness and inattention, and my schoolfellows looked on me with contempt as what you lads would call a 'muff.' It was dislike as well as contempt, for, to tell the truth, I was spiteful and selfish and sulky—everything that seems hateful in a boy. And I was sensitive, that was the worst of



it. I knew too well that they did not care to have me as a companion in their games, and how even the girls laughed at me for a fellow of no spirit, good only for teasing into a rage, so I kept much to myself, and nourished unhealthy, unkindly feelings, which now make it painful to me to look back on my boyhood.

"Perhaps I have said enough to let you guess what sort of lad I was. You must know, boys, that my mother died when I was a baby, so I had no one to take my part, or to cheer me up for the battle of life, which begins so sorely for most of us even in our schooldays. I have cried sometimes in secret to see how happy other boys were who had mothers and sisters. No one sympathised with me; no one guessed how much I fretted over my own deficiencies; how much I longed to be different from what I was—to be like, for instance, Owen Hughes, who in my time passed for the hero of our school, and the favourite of all the village.

"A hearty, handsome lad was Owen, the very opposite of me in every way—smart, handy, merry, leader in all feats of activity and endurance among his companions, and the pride and comfort of his home as well. Old Hughes was a fisherman who had saved money, and determined to make a gentleman of his fine boy. So, when he left school, Owen was put into the surgery of our village doctor, not a little against his will, for he thought of nothing but going to sea. He was one of those boys who are born with the salt in their blood; everything to do with sails or oars came natural to him, and as a mere child he could handle a boat almost as well as the oldest fisherman in the place—so at least it seemed to me, who was of no more use in a boat than anywhere else.

"But Owen was too good a son to cross his father's wishes, so he took to the doctor's shop, and became as great a favourite with his master as with every one else, though all his spare time was still spent on the water or among the fishermen. The doctor was a good-natured, easy-going old gentleman, who had not much work on hand at most seasons, and let his apprentices have plenty of holiday; he liked sailing, too, himself, and many an hour Owen and he were bounding over the waves in his boat, or fishing all the evening off the rocks, instead of mixing pills and plasters. A little doctoring went a long way in our neighbourhood.

"Owen Hughes was two or three years older than me, a fine, tall young man while kept still at school, and I can't tell you how I looked up to him, how I admired and envied him, ay, and disliked him too, in my mean jealousy of all that made other people like him. Not that he did me any harm; he was too strong and manly to be a bully; but I could well feel how little he thought of me, seldom, indeed, noticing me except by chance, as it were, with some half-good-natured jeer or joke. The boys all used to laugh at me, and call me nicknames. I don't suppose Owen ever guessed what a treat a friendly word from him would have been to such as me.

"It was St. David's Day of my last year

recovered his balance. 'It's a splendid breeze. I have got the doctor's boat till supper time. Come along, Rees!'

"Rees was willing enough, but he looked at me, as if suggesting that I should be of the party.

"'No, I don't want him; he is no good in a boat,' said Owen, turning on his heel to hurry on, and the little boy followed him, deserting me without further ceremony.

"It was true; I always managed to pull the wrong rope at the wrong time, and never could learn to steer straight, a great reproach among our boys, most of whom were as much at home on the water as on the land; nor did I care about boating.

All the same, I was stung to the quick by the style in which Owen spoke of me, hardly taking the trouble to speak to me. He meant no harm, I dare say; it was his blunt, frank way of speaking out what he thought without much regard for other people's feelings; and of course, as the boat had been lent to him, he had a right to choose whom he would take along with him.

"But to be passed over so contemptuously, and to be deserted so readily by little Rees! I had taken a great fancy to this small boy, because he was a simple, affectionate creature, and I flattered myself that he liked me. It was so rare for me to have a companion who would not domineer over me or laugh at me, that I found pleasure in the friendship of a child, for he was no more, and now, at the first word

from one like Owen, he gave me up. It was only natural, indeed, that he should prefer a sail in a fine miniature yacht, like the doctor's, to my dull company, but I was too mortified and jealous to consider this fairly. I felt furious with rage against him, and still more against Owen Hughes.

"So long as they might turn round and see me I feigned indifference, but when they had disappeared among the rocks, the sound of their cheery voices still within hearing, I flung myself down behind a bush and burst into tears. All the troubles of my sickly, sensitive boyhood seemed to come to a point here. Everybody ill-used me, everybody misjudged me, I told myself, and Owen Hughes was the worst of all. What right had he to be so brave, so active, so strong, and so proud? I could not explain my own feelings at the time,



"The boys shuffled about uneasily."

at school, a bright clear day, that looked more like May than March, and, of course, a holiday for all good Welshmen. Holidays were no great treat to me; I liked better to be in school, where I could show myself at least cleverer than the boys who looked down on me out of it. That afternoon I found a companion in a little fellow named Rees; those of my own age hardly thought me worth playing with. I think Rees and I must have been playing at marbles, or some such game, when Owen Hughes came bounding down the steep path that zigzagged from the higher part of the village to the harbour. Taking one leap over some well-worn stairs, a short cut to the bottom, he lighted close beside us, almost knocking me over in his eagerness.

"What are you about on a fine day like this?" he cried, stopping a moment as he



and perhaps you can't understand them now, but, in fact, I was hating my fellow-men for not being more like myself. And all my envy of Owen Hughes was now turned to hatred, since he seemed to represent the world that went so hard against me. I longed for the power, as I had the will, to wreak my angry sense of wrong upon him, and these revengeful thoughts which rose up within me were only the more inflamed by the knowledge of my weakness. He could hurt me, but what could I do to him? Ah! that was the sting of it. Boys, you are capable of boyish spite and anger, but your faces tell me that you don't know what it is to hate as I hated then—thank God for it!"

The two boys were listening open-mouthed to this revelation of their minister in such an unsuspected character.

"For an hour or so," continued Mr. Griffiths, "I sat there, brooding over my bitter thoughts, till the keen east wind stirred me to be moving. As I got up I looked across the sea. The doctor's boat was not in sight, but I saw, steering for our little harbour, a fine ship, which even my stupid eyes recognised at once. She was the Cygnus, sloop-of-war, which had for some weeks been cruising about the coast, and had more than once landed press-gangs in our neighbourhood.

"I am telling you of the old French war time, when anything like a sailor was as eagerly hunted after as a weazel or a magpie, by fair means and foul, to serve in the royal navy. Some of our seafaring men, I knew, would make off and hide themselves among the hills as soon as a king's ship was seen coming to an anchor in the bay. For myself I had no fear, since I had been too often told that no press-gang would take me at a gift; but there were fisher-lads not older than me who had been carried off; and it was understood that the officers were by no means particular about the material they could get as food for powder; so every wife and mother in the village detested the sight of the Cygnus and her long pennant. Then suddenly a thought came into my mind, a wicked thought, how I might wreak my spite on Owen Hughes, and prove that, for all his contempt, such a one as I was not powerless to injure him.

"I hastened home, and, all alone in my bedroom, wrote a letter to the officer of the Cygnus. I remember every word of it. I was proud in those days of being able to write such good English as few other lads of my age could have done, for we all spoke Welsh, and most of the people knew no language but their own. This is what I wrote, in a feigned hand, and signing no name:—

"Sir,—If you are come to send a press-gang on shore, tell them to look after a fine young fellow named Owen Hughes. He has gone into the doctor's shop, that you may not lay hold of him, but he was bred to the sea, and is one of the best sailors in the place. He is out this evening in a green pleasure-boat with new sails; you may perceive for yourself how well he handles it. I have heard that he is a smuggler, too, so you would do well to put him in a better way of life. This is from  
'A LOYAL SUBJECT.'

"A falsehood, you see, boys," said Mr. Griffiths, with a sigh—"falsehood as well as malice and hypocrisy, and conceit of my wicked cleverness. God forgive me!

"I should have told you that my father kept the post-office, so it was easy for me to slip this letter, unnoticed, into the letter-

bag, with which I was presently sent down to meet a boat coming on shore from the Cygnus. This was a matter of some difficulty; the sea was much rougher than had appeared from the cliff above, and as I watched the man-of-war's boat slowly making way towards the quay, tossed up and down like a cork, and sometimes almost hidden in the foaming waves, it was a satisfaction for me to think that Owen and Rees must be getting a good drenching to punish them for not caring about my company.

"When I had delivered the letter-bag to the midshipman in charge of the boat, I went straight home, for I was afraid to look Owen Hughes in the face after what I had done. I had seen nothing of the doctor's boat, but it was now beginning to grow dark, and they would surely be coming in soon. Or if my letter had the effect I hoped, it might be that this proud Owen would find himself in the clutches of a press-gang before setting his foot on shore. From what I had heard of naval officers I fancied they would not delay an hour in laying hold of such a promising subject. Mad with spite as I was, I could not help pitying him if they did not allow him to see his mother again.

"I went to bed early, but I could not sleep. My passion having worked itself out now, I began to suspect that I had done something to be sorry for; indeed, my letter was no sooner on its way to the ship than I half wished myself able to recall it. Perhaps no notice would be taken of it, then how foolish I must feel! Perhaps it would come to be known that I had written it, and how could I ever show my face afterwards? But even if it gained its object, if Owen were pressed, what good, after all, would that do me? It seemed now a punishment too severe for the offence. Through the long silent hours of the night I could not help picturing to myself the grief of his parents, the indignation throughout the village, his own rage and despair. What a terrible fate for him! terrible, indeed, when judged by my own feelings and fancies about sea life! To be torn away from home, to be carried to the other end of the world, to have a respectable career cut short and be turned into a common sailor, exposed to every kind of hardship and ill-usage, to danger of storms and battles, to come back only after years, crippled, perhaps, or maimed, perhaps never to come back at all. I had more imagination than other boys of my age, and could better conceive the consequences of what I might have done to this schoolfellow of mine, whose good qualities also I allowed myself to remember too late—how generous he was, and how brave, how much people liked him, how I would have liked him had he but let me!

"In another respect I was different from many boys. I had already come under religious impressions. You may doubt this, when you recall what I have told you of myself; but remember, it is one thing to know the right way, and another to keep it against all the weaknesses of the flesh and rebellions of the spirit. I might yield more readily than others to base temptation, yet I knew it was the devil that tempted me, and sooner or later, when I had acted so wickedly, my better self would make its voice heard to reproach the sinful nature with which it had to fight such a hard fight. So as pity for Owen succeeded anger, I saw my own conduct more and more in its true colours. Tossing restlessly from side to side, I could not quiet my

conscience convicting me of hateful selfishness, malice, and treachery. The wind, howling over the roof, seemed to accuse me with every blast. One Bible text after another crowded into my mind, giving me no peace, till at last I started out of bed and earnestly prayed God to protect Owen against the danger that I myself had schemed to bring upon him.

(To be continued.)

## FISH, AND HOW TO CATCH THEM.

BY J. HARRINGTON KEENE,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing-Tackle, and How to Make it," etc.

PART II.—(Continued.)

HOW TO CATCH EELS.



EL-LINING is thus performed: First, the tackle is as follows. Say, twenty yards of stout cord, and then twenty yards of the best twine, a little less thick than whipeord, and thirty eel-hooks, will make a good full-sized eel-

line. Soak the cord and twine in hot water, and stretch it out to dry, straining it to almost breaking tension; this will divest it of the size, and conquer its tendency to kink or curl up when in the water. Still leaving the larger cord stretched out, proceed with the twine to tie your eel-hook. Eel-hooks are commonly sold by the hundred, and the best are those flattened at the end of the shank. The tying of them is not a very difficult task, but it is necessary that the knot be drawn as tight as may be, that the wrigglesome fish have no chance of drawing the hook off. Many an eel have I lost by this occurring. The length of the line on which the hooks are tied need never exceed two feet. Having tied twenty or thirty hooks, it now becomes necessary to attach them to the main line. This is best done using a slip bow-knot. A little experiment will soon teach the tyro the most suitable tie to use, especially if he has read my articles, "Fishing-tackle, and how to make it," in the last volume. The distance between the hooks should be quite a foot in excess of the length of the hook-line, or the eels will embrace each other, and often get off if two happen to be on immediate hooks.

The bait is usually worms or small fish. Small mice, birds, and frogs are also very useful sometimes, especially the latter, and I have taken some of the finest eels—up to 5 lb. and 6 lb.—with the unfurred young of rats. There can hardly be any sort of flesh used which is unacceptable to eels, providing always that it is fresh, for the eel, contrary to the generally received opinion, is very particular in its eating unless driven by famine.

The line is laid by attaching one end to a brick simply, and the other also to a brick with a cork so arranged that it indicates the exact whereabouts. Deepish water in lakes is preferable during the less sultry nights of summer, and shallow if the weather has been very warm. Some more retired and profound parts are most productive towards late summer, and similarly shallow and exposed parts, both in stream and lake, will be found to furnish most fish in spring. These facts probably point to some instinct in connection with the spawning of eels, but in what direction I cannot here conjecture. Of course, it is a known fact that eels



do spawn like other fish, and do not owe their origin, as has been stupidly supposed, to mud, horsehair, etc.

A boat is usually required for eel-fishing, but it may be dispensed with if the *trimmer* be requisitioned. This is best constructed from a V-shaped branch of some toughish tree or shrub—laurel, rhododendron, and bog myrtle I find furnish the most in point of number. The end of the line is attached to the small end, leaving a little of it loose, and the rest is wound round and round and in and out of the bifurcated fork, ending in being held in position by a slit in one of the ends. The affair is attached by the loose other end to a branch overhanging the water, and the bait is allowed to lie loose at the bottom of the water. When an eel takes the bait he draws out sufficient line to allow room for quiet and undisturbed pouncing, and presently finds himself caught. Any spot contiguous to weeds is good for eels, or near stones and obstructions of any kind.

Of course, when baiting with dead small fish, a baiting-needle must be employed.

#### PERCH.

The perch is also a fish of prey, inasmuch as it lives on small fishes. Its habits, when large, are solitary during summer, for then food is plentiful and various, but immediately the floods arise, and winter sets in with severity, it herds with its fellows in large numbers—often, indeed, as many as six dozen will be found, and taken, from a corner not more than a couple of yards square. Its shyness increases also. At this time it is a well-known fact that if one perch be pricked with the hook all its fellows rush away with it as if they understood the danger to which their brother had been subjected. In summer perch are often in the neighbourhood of weeds—such as lilies, if lilies can be called weeds, and tapeweed—and under the ample foliage of the former they are to be frequently found, picking off with industry the many insects thereon feeding or existing. A sort of free rover is the perch, indeed, in summer, and his food being so various, and taken with such greed—Drayton calls him “the greedy perch, bold biting fool”—very likely accounts for the richness and sole-like firmness of his flesh. By the way, as the scales are so hard to detach, it is well to here give a dodge which will save some considerable trouble in denuding the perch of these very rough appendages—viz., dip the fish in scalding water. Some persons cook a perch by simply placing it on the grid without even removing the inside. When it comes seething hot to the table a knife will slit it down the back and displace the entire suit of scales, and the flesh may be flaked from the bones, succulent and firm. Perch are in best condition in October.

(To be continued.)

### HOLIDAY SKETCHES.

#### II.—A RAMBLE ROUND CLIFTON, BRISTOL.

It is a bright sunny morning in early summer, and we—that is, self and party of merry boys—are off for a long day's walk round the Clifton district. Up the hill we go, up the old Horfield Road, by the broad elms of the Lovers' Walk, and along the old Roman road which crosses Redland Green, and runs on with many a break to the ancient port of the imperial galleys, Avona, or Sea Mills—or, as it should be, Say Mills—the mills where a few generations ago our forefathers wove their says, or serge.

On to Durdham Down we jog, past the reservoir, and, with a short halt at Wallis' Wall—now corrupted into Sea Walls—we gaze for an instant at the woods of Leigh, peep at the river flowing over its limestone bed deep down below, and catch a glimpse of the distant Channel, the breeze from which has been freshening in our faces ever since we came out into the open, and is making the flannels of the cricketers behind us belly in the wind.

From the cliff-edge away we return past Stoke House to Pitch-and-Pay, where, in the plague-

time, the country folk brought their eggs and butter and vegetables and pitched them down, and, bargaining at a distance, stepped forwards to the vinegar-basin to take in payment the disinfected coins which had been thrown therein.

To the left, on the river cliff of old red sandstone (for we passed off the limestone a few minutes ago), there stands the conspicuous landmark of Cook's Folly, the tower said to have been built by Sir Maurice Cook to keep his son from harm. The gipsies, so the legend runs, had prophesied that his son should die before he attained his majority; and so the father built the tower, and in it put the lad as soon as he had turned his twentieth year. For twelve months did the youngster live alone in that tower, and no one came near to him, his clothing, food, and firing being daily drawn up in a basket. All went well till the birthday came, and then out of the faggot pulled up by young Cook there crept an adder, which stung him as he slept.

And now we turn north-westwards, and make for the eroinleeh on Druid Stoke, and then we descend the hill on which stood the old Roman camp, and by the tiny Trym, and past the abandoned modern dock, in the excavation of which the ancient docks were found, we reach Sea Mills, and from the path take a leisurely survey of the river. Opposite, the old red sandstone sinks beneath the new, and its escarpment strikes away from us to the back of Portbury, where Coke (upon Littleton) was born, and where the Wansdyke, the Woden's Dyke, begins to run across the country to Andover.

Cut off by the Gordano strip, with its Weston and Walton and Clapton, with their hedgerows clad in thick clusters of ferns and flowers, of woodroof and dovesbills, of celandines and campions, of stitchworts and geraniums, the old red rises again between Portishead and Clevedon, and forms the lowest strata of that roughest and most conglomeratic of beaches. The hill to the left of us tells us where the Trias begins and the old red ends, to reappear farther down on the right in the inliers of King's Weston Park. But we are not for King's Weston to-day, with its woods and blooms, and birds and butterflies, nor for lovely Combe Dingle, with its chequered shade, its well and its walnut-trees, nor for breezy Penpole Point, with its glorious view; and so we turn to the left along the towing-path, and note, under the Folly, the conformable junction of the Carboniferous and the old red. Half-way to the bridge we effect a daring scramble up the cliff, and once more reach the down. At the new road to the Hotwells we again descend, and, stopping to gaze and ponder at the “bouldered beach of De la Beche, which fringed the Trias sea,” and at the limestone shales and coral reefs which are exposed in section on each side of the path, we reach the riverside. See the great scarred cliffs on each face of the gorge! At the base of each runs a railway, and as we turn to look down the stream a long line of white puffs on each side denotes the approach of two trains, diving in and out of the tiny tunnels, and apparently racing each other along the banks.

Overhead, 280 feet above low-water mark, hangs the bridge—our old friend which crossed the Thames at Hungerford before the arrival of the South-Eastern Railway at Charing Cross, and the consequent demolition of Hungerford Market, so rich in the memory of penny ices. With a span of 702 feet it leaps from shore to shore, and, though 1,500 tons in weight, it seems from its height to float in the air—a floor of silk on filaments of gossamer. Time was when a rope was stretched across the stream and people slid over the gap in a basket; but in 1864 the bridge was opened, and the dangerous practice ceased. Leigh Woods, in their massive drapery of blending green, shine brightly out on the opposite shore, and above us towers the bleak limestone face, bounded by the trees and underwood, and showing well the dip, or slope, of the strata, and the fault, or slip, which, bringing down the grit against the shale, gives

us the series twice repeated, and so doubles the apparent thickness of the rocks. Shale, limestone, and grit we have had along the road up to here, and shale, limestone, and grit have begun again, to end beyond the Hotwells.

With a passing glance at the terrace built by the man whose estimable wife distinguished herself in her slumbers by dreaming of puddings and discovering how to make round shot, we boldly try a glass of the warmish water, jump into the boat at Rownham, and cross the ferry which used to be one of the most profitable possessions of the cathedral authorities. In a few minutes we are ashore on the opposite bank and sauntering up Nightingale Valley. Some distance along the lovely ravine we come upon an old wall, which formerly protected the outpost from the old British camp of Burgh Walls, which is—or, at least, some of it is—on the height to our left, and which gave such a lesson to our archaeologists in vitrified vallum building—the excavations showing how the earth was first thrown up, how it was covered with brushwood, how the brushwood was kept in its place by stones, how brushwood was piled on them again, how the whole was set on fire and the stones calcined, and how the last course of rough stones was then placed over all. Not far off is the other great camp of Stokeleigh, which formed part of the scheme of defence, and there is another large and apparently corresponding camp on the Clifton side.

On we go, past Sandy Lane, to Leigh Court, famous for its pictures—among them the Parmigiano captured by the English frigate when on its way from Leghorn to Paris—and for its kitchen, where Charles II., in his flight from Worcester (he had come here on a pillion with Miss Lane), was saved from the Roundhead soldiers by the presence of mind and mischievous pleasantry of the cook, who set him to work to look after the roasting joint, and trounced him soundly with the basting-ladle for not attending to his business when the Parliamentarians looked in.

Leaving Leigh Court through the aptly-named Paradise Dell, we get on to Abbot's Leigh, and thence a short walk brings us to the bridge.

The structure is substantial enough when you are on it, and though it was bought cheap, second-hand (it cost under £100,000), it is warranted to support 7,000 tons, and so we are by no means alarmed, like some nervous individuals, that it will break down with our weight. With a peep at the fish-teeth fomed by the lodge-keeper in the Trias dyke close by, and mounted by him alongside some teeth from Aust, to show the specific identity, we make our way to the largest dyke, for there are several hereabouts, and which, though now standing out like a wall from the edge of the cliff, was originally an infilling of breccia in an open joint in the Carboniferous limestone bottom of the Triassic sea.

And then we reach the Observatory and linger on the view, while we listen to the legend how Vincent and Goram were hard up for work, and how Goram proposed to build a mountain, and Vincent proposed to cut a chasm, and how each started on his own plan, and lazy Goram did nothing, while Vincent borrowed the only pickaxe in the land; and how, when the work was well begun, Goram volunteered to lend a hand, and started on the job three miles off, and how they worked shift about of four hours each, there being but the one pickaxe between them, and how they used to send it skimming through the air to each other with a frantic yell of “Look out, old man!” and how on one never-to-be-sufficiently-regretted occasion the bulky Goram was sound asleep in his capacious but singularly uncomfortable-looking stony chair; how he heard not the warning shout, nor saw the peculiarly good shot made by Vincent on this occasion only, and how the whirling pickaxe came straight at him, hit him full on the nose, and killed him there and then; and how Vincent had to bury his brother out in the Channel and raise Denny Island over him for a monument; and how he finished the cutting all by himself!





A Ramble round Clifton.—(See page 639.)



## SIGURD THE VIKING.

BY PAUL BLAKE, AUTHOR OF "THE NEW BOY," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER I.—AT HOME.



like Gunnhilda. Why won't my father give me a ship and let me see the world a bit?"

"Ay," replied Ulf, a grey-bearded giant, who bore the scars of many a conflict; "ay, he forgets the good old days when he and I, with a hundred good companions, drove the Dragon up the fiords of Norway and into the creeks of Iceland, getting glorious spoil and enjoying the delights of the fight. But when he married and settled down here it was good-bye to everything of that sort. Ah, my boy, I'm as tired of this kind of life as you; I'd give anything to be once more on the open sea with a good ship under me, and fifty comrades beside me who were afraid of nothing on sea or land."

"Why shouldn't we go off somewhere by ourselves?" asked Sigurd. "If my father gives me leave so much the better, if not, let us go without it; here are lots of brave fellows about who would follow wherever I should lead."

Old Ulf did not answer, but looked longingly at the white crests of the waves as they shone in the light of the setting sun. The gulls and seagulls screeched above their heads, and every now and then an osprey would dash into the water and rise again with a struggling fish in his talons, which he bore off for his evening meal.

The companions sat for some time in silence, each occupied with his own thoughts. As the red sun sank into the waves, the old man rose.

"Yes, my boy," he said, as if in answer to Sigurd, "it would be grand to follow the sinking sun; who knows what treasure

is hidden in the eaves where he lies at night? Over there in the west is England, with plenty of rich abbeys and towns. Why should we not have our share of what the world possesses?"

"Ulf," said Sigurd, earnestly, "I've made up my mind: I will be a viking, as my father was."

"Yes, but he's given that up long ago, and will never hear a word about it now. Your sister Gunnhilda has spoilt a good man in him. It's always the way with women."

"Hush! here she comes," whispered Sigurd, as a tall and beautiful girl came towards them, attended only by a large deerhound.

"Then I'm going," retorted Ulf; "Gunnhilda doesn't like me, and I—well, I can't help liking her, though she has turned a bold viking into a stay-at-home burgher."

are you doing on the shore to-night? Have you forgotten that there is a feast in our hall, and that you must be there?"

"Yes, I had forgotten it; let us go in."

"What was Ulf saying to you as I came near?" asked Gunnhilda, as they walked towards the town arm-in-arm.

"I was telling him I was tired of being at home: I want to sail about the world and get some treasure."

"Have you not everything you want here? And where in the wide world could you find any one who would love you and care for you as I do?"

"Ah, Gunnhilda, that is just it. You are growing up into a beautiful maiden that all the best men of the country will want to marry soon, and I, your brother, will be despised by them all as a useless fellow who has never seen a battle, never sailed farther than to Denmark, never done anything but stay at home with the sister

he loves but is unworthy of. I want to be a viking and gain glory and treasure, as my father did, and then marry an earl's daughter, as he did."

"My brother must not be a viking," replied Gunnhilda, gently. "What right have you to steal the treasures of other people? Why should you wish to slay those who have never done you any harm?"

"This all comes of your visit to Cousin Geira," said Sigurd, testily. "Those priests spoil you when they persuaded you to become one of the followers of the White Christ. If every one were to be like you, we should only have women in the world. What is the good of being a man, and strong, if one can never use one's strength?"

"You will be a follower of Christ, too, some day," replied his sister, "and then you will understand."

"Never!" answered Sigurd; "I'll trust in Thor and the Valkyries, and when they fail me I'll put my faith in my sword."

As they entered the town it was clear that something unusual was happening. Men and women were bustling about around the great house in which Thorkell, Sigurd's father, dwelt. Smoke was ascending from many of the low buildings

surrounding it, and all the preparations for a feast were evident. Sigurd slipped away to his own room, whilst Gunnhilda entered the building set apart for herself



"Why won't father let me see the world a bit?"

The giant stalked away, leaving Sigurd alone. He rose as Gunnhilda approached, and walked to meet her.

"Come, Sigurd," said his sister, "what



and her attendants. Before long the hall in which the feast was to be held presented a busy spectacle; long rough tables ran in a double row from end to end, with low forms on either side of them, whilst at one end of the room was a raised dais with a table placed crosswise, at which were seats for Thorkell and the more distinguished guests. Flaring torches shed a bright but unsteady light over the scene, which was rapidly becoming an animated one.

Groups of men strode into the hall, some armed, some in the peaceful dress of townsmen. Then a tall, red-haired sea-rover entered, followed by twenty of his crew. Thorkell himself with his son Sigurd were not the last; and as these appeared through the curtain behind the dais the thralls began to bring in the supper, or dinner, whichever it might be called. Huge joints of beef and mutton, roast and boiled, were placed on the tables; game of various kinds was present in profusion, and many a mouth watered at the sight of the abundant provision. The only vegetable was kale, but in these times appetites were hearty, and men cared little for refinements of cookery so long as there was no lack of solids.

"Welcome, all!" cried Thorkell, as the last guest entered; "but chiefly to those who come from far Iceland. Eat and drink your fill, and then let us hear what news you bring."

No further invitation was needed, and for the next hour the assembly were busy in making up for the day's fast, for, except the morning meal, taken soon after dawn,

nothing was eaten till the evening feast. The thralls found it no light task to keep every one supplied with food, and still harder to keep filled the large horns from which the guests drank copiously of ale and mead. Gunnhilda and two of her maidens occupied seats behind the dais, but took no part in the feast.

At last appetites were assuaged, and Thorkell rose from his seat. "Once more welcome," he said, in a loud voice; "we are peaceful folk here, and we love to have the stranger amongst us when he comes in peace. What news do you bring, Bor the Red-headed?"

The tall viking rose, and eagerly were Sigurd's eyes fixed on him, for Bor's name was renowned in all the northern seas.

"I bring no good news," said the sea-rover; "but for the sake of old fellowship I come here, Thorkell. In old days we sailed together in the Dragon and did many a deed of daring, though now you sit at home in your hall and listen to tales of valour only as you listen to the wind on a winter's night. Harald of Sweden, who calls himself Earl, has said that he will harry this coast, and I come to warn you, and to ask whether you will join me and my comrades to drive him to his fortress and burn it down. If so, well; if not, we sail away to Scotland."

"A right friendly deed is yours, Bor, in coming here to give us warning. But for me, my fighting days are done, and as for Harald, I do not fear his coming here, for the name of Hacon of Norway, under whom

we live, is enough protection. None the less do we owe you thanks."

Then suddenly up rose Sigurd, his eyes gleaming with excitement, "Father, let me go with Bor and fight Harald."

A roar of applause followed his words, and old Ulf growled to himself, "The youngster has the old blood in him." But a deep sigh behind him caused Sigurd to look round, and he met the imploring gaze of his sister.

"No, Sigurd, no," replied Thorkell; "I am getting an old man, feebler every day, and ere long I must take up my abode in the narrow dwelling to which we all come. Who will then guard the house and protect Gunnhilda, if you go?"

Sigurd sat down, deeply disappointed. Gunnhilda and her maidens rose and disappeared, and the clamour of tongues broke out more freely. The drinking became fast and furious, as was the practice in those days, and many a tale was told of prowess and daring, to which Sigurd listened with all his ears. When the revellers at length broke up, Sigurd managed to creep close to Bor, and whisper, "Where do you sail to-morrow?"

"To the Orkneys, my fair lad, and I would you were coming with me. You would make a noble viking."

"I would I were going," replied Sigurd. "Perhaps I shall be a viking some day."

"If so, I hope we may fight on the same side," said Bor, "and then I shall be sure of a stout arm and a fearless heart to aid me."

(To be continued.)

## THE ILL-USED BOY; OR, LAWRENCE HARTLEY'S GRIEVANCES.

By MRS. ELOART, AUTHOR OF "JACK AND JOHN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.—LAWRENCE FINDS THERE ARE MORE TROUBLES THAN HIS OWN.

BUT when Lawrence did go upstairs and see Tom he forgot that he had ever had a grievance in the world. In one corner of the room was the weaver's loom, in another, on a poor little bed on the ground, lay Tom. There was very little furniture besides, and as small a fire as there could very well be to be called a fire at all. And Tom looked pinched, and thin, and white, while his hand, which lay outside the ragged blanket, was more like a claw than human fingers. The people in the room looked decent working folks, but pinched and poor. Times were hard with weavers just then, and the woman was often ailing, but they were evidently as kind to Tom as their circumstances permitted.

His little face brightened as he saw the boys come in, especially Robert, who went up to him, knelt down, and took his hand, with, "I hope you are not very bad, Tom; we must see what we can do for you."

"It's my cough," said Tom, "and the pain in my side. But I'm so glad you've come, Master Robert; you've all been very good to me, and it wasn't my fault if I left you in the machine, Master Lawrence. Some one got hold of me—Gregg his name is; Gregg always was a bad one—and he took me off to London to his mates, and they wanted me to help 'em as I helped them at your uncle's place. I don't mind telling now; I've been afraid to tell before, but Gregg can't get me where I'm

going. And I ran away, and came here, and they've been very kind, they have. So you have, mother," he added, turning to the woman, who was nearly crying, "and



I'd have made it up to you if only it hadn't been for this."

Lawrence looked very unhappy; he had at last found some one with more troubles

than his own. Do not think the worse of Robert, my dear boys, but he was nearly crying. As to Ted, he was always practical, and though he had to clear his throat before he spoke, and then rather huskily, still he did speak, and said, "I don't see, Tom, why you shouldn't get well, but I think you want a doctor. Have you had one?"

"Oh yes," said Tom; "but doctors can't do everything."

Then the woman Tom had called mother—poor child! she was the only mother he had ever known—said something about port wine and beef-tea, and they had done what they could; but work was very slack, and their room was draughty, and coals so dear.

Ted considered a bit; then he said, "Tom, do you think you could bear moving?"

"Our cook would soon set him up on his legs again!" said Robert, jumping at the idea, while Lawrence, forgetting even his dignity, volunteered to fetch a cab and carry Tom down to it himself.

"I know if Tom could be moved it would be the saving of him," was his first thought, and his next, "Perhaps, when he gets a little better, he might tell me about those papers that uncle lost."

But there was not a thought about himself or his own wrongs and grievances.

Tom's eyes brightened at the thought of going back to the first place where in all



his little life he had ever known kindness. Then he turned to the woman standing near, "If mother wouldn't mind."

"Do you think he could bear it?" asked Ted, and explained to her what they were thinking about.

There was no fear with any of them but that Mr. Hartley would be glad to see Tom and take the charge of him. They knew him too well for that. He had set his hand to the plough as far as Tom was concerned, and had been sorry enough when obliged to draw it back; so that when Tom's new mother said she thought if he were well wrapped up and carried down in a blanket he might go safely, they decided on the move.

But instead of Lawrence fetching the cab, Ted suggested that he should call one for himself and go to Clapton, so as to give the good folks there a little notice of who was coming, and Lawrence ran off at once, after which Tom was dressed in his poor rags, wrapped up in a blanket, and, with his adopted mother, placed in a cab, when they all drove off to Clapton.

Mr. Hartley was not at home, but James and cook had no fear about undertaking the responsibility Lawrence had put upon them; so a fire was lit in a little room near James's, and cook had beef-tea simmering

by the fire, and James was ready with port wine if needed, while Dick stood beaming with delight at the door, ready to carry the poor little starveling up to the warm clean bed which Mary had ready for him.

Tom's "mother" was made very comfortable in the kitchen, and departed with an invitation to come the next Sunday and see how Tom was getting on. And when Mr. Hartley came home he was a little surprised, and very much pleased, to find that the poor little waif had been brought back and taken such good care of.

Well, thanks to good nursing, good doctoring, and good food, Tom got better, as he would never have done in the cold and yet close rooms where the boys had found him. But as he grew better the dread of the man who had carried him off from Southborne, and tried hard to lead him back into evil ways, returned, and he spoke of it to Robert.

"If it wasn't for him I could go back to Miss Bransome's, if she'd have me, and learn a trade, and help 'mother' by-and-by; but he'll find me out, will Gregg—he'll find me out if I'm there, and he'll have me, he's so afraid of my telling of him."

But Tom's fears about Gregg were set at rest when one day Mr. Hartley read in the "Times" of the punishment of fourteen

years' penal servitude of "the notorious burglar Gregg, who had been caught at last in the very act of making off with the contents of the plate-chest of a house into which he had broken."

"I shall be a man before he comes out," said poor Tom, "and too big to get through little windows or to hang on to ropes. Now, if Miss Bransome will only take me back again, there's a chance for me."

And I need not say that Miss Bransome was ready to have Tom back—this time for his own sake as well as her friend, Mr. Hartley's. But it would be some time yet before Tom would be able to leave Clapton, from whence he was not to go. Mr. Hartley said, till he was thoroughly well and strong.

Lawrence exulted greatly over the capture of Gregg.

"Served out at last for coming here," he said. "I only wish they had given him penal servitude for life. Well, we're quit of the villain, and so is Tom, for one while."

"And the villain might have been just such a one as Tom, once," said his uncle. "Let us hope we have saved him at least for something better."

(To be continued.)

## BOYS WHO HAVE RISEN.

II.—LINCOLN; OR, THE STORY OF A PIONEER BOY.\*

THE early life of President Lincoln, with which every boy should be familiar, was spent in the backwoods, and was, in most respects, similar to the youthful experience of Mr. Garfield, of whose career we gave a sketch last autumn. Both worked their way to the chief place in the American Republic by dint of wonderful perseverance in well-doing; and both, alas! in the prime of their days, fell as victims of cold-blooded murderers who gloried in their crimes.

The cottages of our poorest peasants are comfortable, or even luxurious, in comparison with the "floorless, doorless, windowless shanty" in which Abraham Lincoln was born, in Kentucky, on the 12th of February, 1809. His parents had settled there some few years before as pioneers, attracted by the reputed richness of the soil, in spite of the ever-present danger of attack from Indian tribes. Abraham's grandfather had been killed while at his work by the dark-skinned visitors, and many marvellous stories were told by others of heroic defence or of hair-breadth escape.

The educational advantages were either *nil*, or of the very poorest kind. Never having benefited by a day's schooling, Thomas Lincoln, the father, could neither read nor write; his wife could, however, read sufficiently well to enjoy the Bible, which, with a spelling-book and one other volume, constituted the entire household library; but, nevertheless, the honest people were anxious to secure something better in the way of education for their own children, while, what was better still, they trained them in the way of religion.

While Abraham was yet an infant of four years he removed with his parents to a more fertile spot six miles away, called Knob Creek, where the home was still "a floorless log-house, with one room below and a loft above, and the

usual accompaniment of stools, skillet, and a Dutch oven." Here for three or four years he fished, hunted, took long walks in the woods, played upon the water, and learned to shoot, until the hard-working father and mother realised that it was time for the children to go to school, the only place of learning within reach having been the cabin of an extremely ignorant man named Riney, under whom Abraham began to master the art of reading.

In course of time another tutor was found, and although his seminary was a rude cabin four long miles distant through the woods, Mr. Hazel was a man who knew "a heap more than Riney;" indeed, he was so learned that he could not only read the primer, he could actually sign his own name. With new advantages, Abraham progressed until he became wonderfully familiar with the Bible, that Book of books constituting the only reading within his reach. In this manner the future statesman received one of the best of Christian trainings, although, apart from his own home, there was neither Sunday school nor church within reach. An occasional sermon from a travelling preacher was all that the solitary household could hope to enjoy.

In the autumn of 1816 Indiana was received into the Union as a free State, and Abraham's father, allured thither by fairer prospects, sold his Kentucky home for 400 gallons of whisky and twenty dollars in money, and started off with his family in search of new fortunes. The bargain was not only a remarkable one in itself, one such as no man in his senses would now complete—it was remarkable in consequences, for while the adventurous farmer was floating along towards the Ohio with all his household gear, the boat, with a sudden tilt, sent the ten barrels of whisky to the bottom of the stream.

Only three barrels of the spirit were recovered, the remaining seven probably remaining until this day in fifteen feet of water. Proceeding on their way the veteran soon landed, and then began that battle with the virgin forest which earned for those who engaged in it the distinction of pioneers. With axe and pick a road

had to be made for the team to pass, and so trying was the work that the party were several days in travelling eighteen miles. At last Spencer County, Indiana, was reached, and having left his goods on the spot where he intended to live, Mr. Lincoln walked back through the forest, 120 miles, to fetch his family.

The family, four in number, including Abraham and his sister, constituted the travelling party; and, with the household bedding strapped on to the horses' backs instead of saddles, they were seven days on the road, camping out at night beneath the open sky. It was a rough experience, and there was a good deal of danger, but the hardy travellers, by trusting in God, were enabled to rise above fear. Even the wives and daughters of the settlers under such circumstances learned to become heroines.

Many examples of their courage could easily be given, but two will suffice. We are told that "soon after Abraham's grandfather removed to Kentucky, an Indian entered the cabin of a Mr. Davies, armed with gun and tomahawk, for the purpose of plundering it and capturing the family. Mrs. Davies was alone with her children. With remarkable presence of mind, she invited the Indian to drink, at the same time setting a bottle on the table. The Indian set down his gun to pour out a draught, and at once Mrs. Davies seized it, and, aiming it at his head, threatened to blow his brains out if he did not surrender. The Indian dropped the bottle, sat down upon a stool, and promised to do no harm if she would not fire." Tormented with fear of instant death if he stirred, the Indian was compelled to sit on the stool of penance until Mr. Davies arrived, when he, of course, had to surrender unconditionally.

In another instance a Mrs. Merrill killed, one by one, a number of savages, who, having made a hole sufficiently large for the purpose, crept into the house, and when they tried to come down the chimney they were so suffocated with smoke as to be easily killed outright when they reached the floor. The only one remaining at the door was glad to decamp. While all this

\* Mr. W. M. Thayer's Life of President Lincoln has just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in a five-shilling volume, under the title of "The Pioneer Boy, and How he became President." It is a book which boys will read with avidity, in common with their elders.



was in progress Mr. Merrill lay wounded on the floor, and the children were overcome with fright.

Abraham Lincoln was eight years old when he began a new experience in the Indiana wilderness, and a friend who had seen the family homestead says: "It was sixteen by eighteen feet in size, without a floor, the unhewn logs put together at the corners by the usual method of notching them, and the cracks between them stopp'd with clay. It had a shed-roof, covered with slabs or chapboards, split from logs. It contained but one room, with a loft, slabs being laid on the logs overhead, so as to make a chamber, to which access was had by pins driven into the logs in one corner. It had one door and one window." Glass being wanting, the latter was covered with semi-transparent skin, and the furniture had all to be made by the ingenious father and his still more gifted son. In the little attic the future President passed his nights, rolled in a blanket; by the "mammoth blaze" of the log fire he read away the winter evenings, and as the household could no more afford to provide writing materials than lamp-oil or candles, he practised penmanship with a burned stick on trees and slabs.

When he was eight years old Abraham's mother died of a disease which afflicted that part of the country, and the first letter he ever wrote was one to a minister, many miles distant, to ask him to come and preach a funeral sermon on the beloved one's grave. That was a memorable time to the young backwoodsman, for, through being so rarely treated with a sermon, the people flocked together from all the country round to hear the Gospel preached at the grave of one who throughout her life had honoured its teachings.

It is always a dark shade for a boy to pass through when he loses a loved mother, but it is commonly so ordered by Providence that the path soon brightens. It was so with young Abraham Lincoln. While he had more than the average share of hardship, he found that opening life brought many pure pleasures. With rare wonder and delight he read the "Pilgrim's Progress;" then followed "Æsop's Fables" and "Robinson Crusoe." Six feet four inches in height by the time that he was seventeen, Abraham was correspondingly strong to work, and it was hardly surprising



Abraham Lincoln.

that an uneducated man like his father should fear lest love of reading should interfere with the boy's usefulness on the farm.



Site of Birthplace, Rockspring.

When, however, Mr. Lincoln married a second time, his wife not only brought a large accession of wealth to the little household, she brought a

good name, industrious habits, as well as a kindly temper, and, being quick to perceive her stepson's talents, she encouraged rather than retarded his learning. It was she who now made his clothes, and took care that he went to a better school than he ever attended before. The tutor, a man named Crawford, had the sagacity to perceive that his pupil would develop into a great man, beyond which he was led to admire Abraham's Christian and moral qualities. "Abe is a wonderful boy," he once remarked — "the best scholar I ever had. He's never satisfied without knowing all about his lessons. He wants to know everything that anybody else knows, and he don't see why he can't." The worthy schoolmaster was able to say something more, for referring to what had occurred some few days previously, he said: "I saw that a buck's horn that was nailed on the schoolhouse was broken off, and I concluded that some of the boys did it; so I asked them the next day, when they had all got still, which of them broke it, and Abe answered, promptly, 'I did. I didn't mean to do it; I hung on it and it broke.'"

All will remember how, when he was a child and had a new hatchet presented to him, George Washington confessed quite as artlessly to the sin of having spoiled a cherry-tree in his father's garden. Abraham Lincoln may have been familiar with this incident, for about this time he borrowed the Life of the great President, and paid a heavy penalty for the gratification. After reading the book one stormy night, he laid it by in the attic bedroom, and in the morning was scared to find that the precious volume was soaked with water which had come through the faulty roof. As the book belonged to a surly man, who even turned accidents to his own profit if possible, the poor reader was required to work for several days at wheat-cutting to make good the damage.

Though it was an uphill path that this pioneer boy was treading, each year found him higher than he was before; and the secret of his success was that he tried to do all his work in the best manner possible, and every leisure hour was spent in self-improvement. At one time he accepted a situation in a household of the district, where he soon excelled as a "man-of-all-work." At the age of fourteen he had a companion in labour named John Hanks, who says: "When Abe and I returned to the house



Little Pigeon Baptist Chapel, where the Lincolns worshipped.





Anderson's Creek Ferry, near Troy, Indiana.

from work, he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn-bread, take down a book, sit down on a chair, cross his legs as high as his head, and read. He and I worked barefooted, grubbed it, ploughed, mowed, and cradled together; ploughed corn, gathered it, and shucked corn. Abraham read constantly when he had an opportunity." The boy was not only father of the man, he was so far in advance of his age, he was the only teetotaler in the district, and the first juvenile production of his ever printed was an essay on temperance.

By the time that he was nineteen, Abraham accepted another situation as "man-of-all-work," and so gained the confidence of his master, that with another lad he was dispatched with a cargo down the Mississippi to New Orleans, a distance of 1,800 miles. The trip was one of exciting adventure, including a fight with negroes who came to rob the boat and murder the occupants. The money he earned was cheerfully given to his parents, and he was as diligent in looking after their comfort as he was in promoting his own progress. When the family removed to Illinois, it was Abraham who week after week drove the waggon, now through the forest, and once for three miles through the swollen waters of the Kaskaskia, when it was uncertain whether or not the team would be swept away. It was he, moreover, when the new home was reached, who built for his parents a house of a better sort than they had possessed before. While he was always making way in self-improvement he never neglected those who had a claim upon him.

Getting on from one thing to another, Abraham was soon after appointed manager of a store in the pioneer town of New Salem, and there he met with varied adventures. He was the means of suppressing a gang of rowdy youths who were a terror to all newcomers. He was more than anything a man of peace; but if a bully came in his path, who refused to be quieted by nothing save chastisement, no one was better able than young Lincoln to administer the corrective. One such, who used bad language in the store before ladies, after intimating that

no one should stop his tongue, was thrown on his back, and some smart-weed was rubbed into his face until he "bellowed with pain, and promised to behave." At the same time

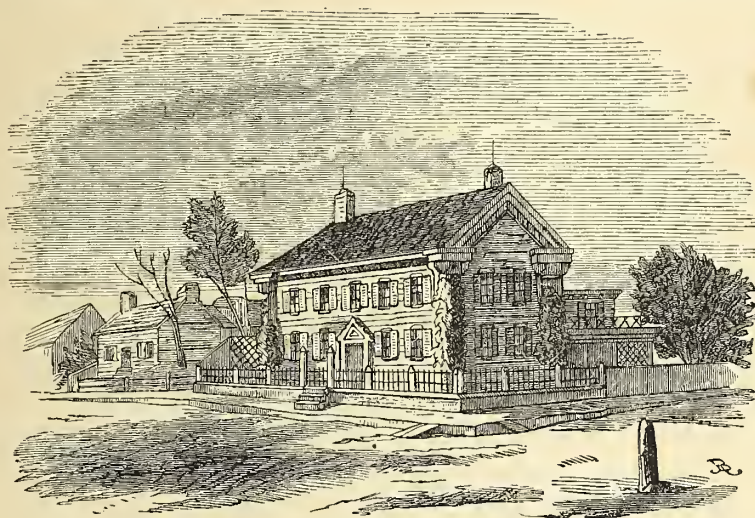
skunk," retorted Jack, with wrath. "No, Jack, we've done with that sort of thing in New Salem, you know," Abraham continued. "But he insulted me."

"And what did you say to him?" inquired Abraham. The question mollified Jack's wrath somewhat, for he began to get his eyes open. "I called him a coward and a liar," replied Jack. "Well, suppose you were a stranger, in a strange place, and a man should call you a coward and a liar, what would you do?" "Thrash him terribly," answered Jack. "Then this man has done no more to you than you have done to him," suggested Abraham. What with his growth in knowledge, and the general kindness of his nature, Abraham became a general favourite in all the country round.

Indeed the young man so rapidly rose in popular favour that the people actually elected him as their representative in the Legislature, although at the time he had to borrow money to purchase a suit of clothes.

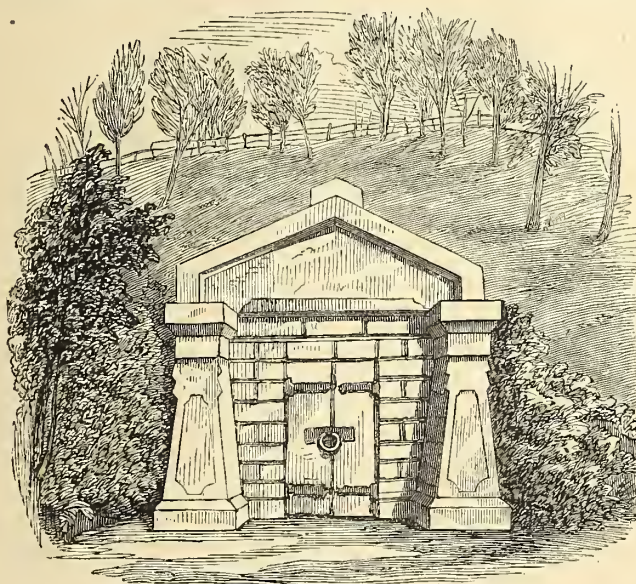
Then he found a friend in the Hon. J. T. Stuart, and in 1837, when he was twenty-eight years of age, Mr. Lincoln was admitted to the Bar, and became the partner of his benefactor.

As a lawyer he at once won a character for integrity such as had attended him all along. For example, a person who once desired to engage Mr. Lincoln's services was told, after stating his case, that he was in the wrong. "That is none of your business, if I hire and pay you for taking the case," retorted the man. "Not my business?" exclaimed Lincoln. "My business is never to defend wrong, if I am a lawyer. I never take a case that is manifestly wrong." "Well, you can make trouble for the fellow," added the applicant. "Yes," responded Lincoln, "there is no reasonable doubt but that I can gain the case for you. I can set a whole neighbourhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars, which rightfully belong as much to the woman and her children as to you; but I won't do it." "Not for any amount of pay?" inquired the man. "Not for all you are worth," replied Lincoln. "You must remember that some things which are legally



Lincoln's House, Springfield, Illinois.

Abraham was such a lover of peace that he once said to a companion who was about to resent a gross insult, "I wouldn't, Jack; it won't do you any good." "I'll thrash the



Lincoln's Tomb.



right are not morally right. I shall not take your case." If, on the contrary, the weak who were in the right asked for his services, he was willing, if need be, to work for nothing. At the same time he remitted many sums of money to his poor parents, and tried to encourage habits of industry in his somewhat shiftless foster-brother, John Johnston, by promising to give him a dollar for every dollar he earned.

We have not space to give particulars of Mr. Lincoln's eventful life in following years. In his younger days it was often predicted by one and then another that he would eventually become President, but when he actually became elected, the great enthusiasm of the main body

of loyal people was in part counterbalanced by threats of rebellion and assassination. How Abraham Lincoln conquered in the end, liberated the slaves, and died at last from the shot of an assassin, is now a matter of history.

He was throughout his life a strong man, because he looked to God for guidance, and resolved never to do what conscience disapproved. The miscreant, Wilkes Booth, who murdered the President, was just the opposite. From early childhood he progressed from bad to worse until he became a criminal whose memory will be held in lasting detestation. "Like most boys who go to ruin, he was disrespectful and saucy to his mother," says one

witness who knew the man. "She could do nothing with him. I am not surprised that such a boy should become an assassin." The President had done his life-work, and while his remains were buried amid the tears of a great nation, his spirit entered into rest. How different was the end of Booth, who was ignominiously shot while he was endeavouring to escape from a barn, which had been set on fire to compel his surrender. Thus it generally happens that the hand of the diligent maketh rich, and the righteous are held in everlasting remembrance, while the wicked are taken in their own snare, and end their course in shame and contempt.

## NAUTICUS IN SCOTLAND:

A TRICYCLE TOUR OF 2,446 MILES IN SIXTY-EIGHT DAYS.

By the AUTHOR OF "NAUTICUS ON HIS HOBBY-HORSE."

46th Day.

Altnaharra. Strath Naver. Betty Hill.

DURING last night's adventures I had felt that the crank was working rather loosely, and during the last mile or so it became much worse, but being intent on getting in, I did not care to stop and meddle with it in the dark. On examining the crank this morning I saw what a narrow escape I had had, for I found that one pin of the clamp had dropped off, and the other was within an ace of doing so. If this had happened, the balls of the bearing would have fallen out into the road, and the machine would have been rendered useless. As there was no blacksmith nearer than Betty Hill, I secured the clamp with stout copper wire, which answered very fairly.

I waited until eleven o'clock, hoping that the weather would hold up, but it was still blowing and raining when I started at that time. After crossing the bridge I turned to the right on to a narrow stony road, and while paddling along the bleak banks of the river I realised the cheerless situation of Altnaharra; but the comforts of the hotel, and the excellent fishing in the adjacent lochs, render it a very desirable place for the angler, and the cyclist may think himself fortunate if he can get a bed there in the season.

The first mile or two by Loch Naver lay through a pretty wood, and as the sun was now shining brightly, the view of the fine lake, with Mount Klibreck in the background, was of a pleasing nature. This did not last long, for I soon emerged on to a rolling, treeless country.

From the head of Loch Naver the road ran with gentle undulations by the banks of the river, and if the surface had only been good I might have made rapid progress, for the wind was in my favour; but it became worse and worse, first stony, next soft and sandy, then a combination of both.

I struggled onwards, but on the whole found myself more frequently on foot than in the saddle. I was quite prepared for open burns. The first I came to was of a tantalising width. After wasting some time in trying to get my tricycle across without wetting my feet, I had to strip and wade through.

By-and-by I came to Syre, where they were building on both sides of the river, and observing a heavy squall brewing, I left my uncomplaining steed to weather it, walked up to a large house, and found a party of men and women having dinner in the kitchen, which they invited me to share. I did not require any pressing, and thoroughly enjoyed some hotch-potch and oatcake, and afterwards chatted with one of the men (a shepherd). He cautioned me not to pat the dogs, as their temper was uncertain, and said that he never caressed them himself, for they would soon be spoilt if he did. I learned from him that the feathery ornamental collie is of but little use for sheep, and he

pointed out a smooth black-and-white dog as being his best.

The deluge being at an end, I continued my journey, and almost immediately came to a foaming torrent about as wide as Oxford Street. It seemed impassable, but there was no option in the matter, and I knew that the late down-pour would soon increase its volume.

I went very cautiously to work, and as I progressed the little wheel gradually disappeared; higher and higher rose the water. When about midway, what with the rush of the current and

showed that this must have been a thriving valley at one time. Even now it is more thickly populated than any other that I had seen in Sutherland.

The jolting and bumping did not agree with my poor Cheylesmore's constitution, for the Stanley head worked loose, and the pin of the clamp had to be frequently re-secured. These drawbacks and the difficulties of the way combined to make this one of the most harassing days of my tour, and I was heartily glad when the sixth and last burn had been waded through. Had I gone on a little longer I should have become quite smart in the exercise of off and on shoes and stockings.

However, bright sunshine gave a golden lining to my cloud of hindrances; in this I was uncommonly fortunate, for heavy rain was close behind me all day.

On joining the road from Tongue I found a great improvement both in width and surface; it led me up a steep incline, and I had a pleasant run by a fine cliff with trees on each side of me. I soon caught sight of the sand hills about the mouth of the river, and a short descent took me to the Chain Ferry. On the other side I climbed a stiff hill by the straggling village to the hotel at the summit, where in a moment I passed from summer into winter, for I was met by a bitter wind which set all my teeth chattering.

After engaging my room (5.30. p.m.) I took my tricycle to the blacksmith hard by, who, like his fellow at Garve, showed great reluctance to have anything to do with it.

However, I coaxed him into trying some screws, and, as luck would have it, one fitted the clamp; meanwhile, I busied myself with the Stanley head, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing my machine ready for work again.

This simple-minded countryman won my heart and made me feel quite young again by frequently addressing me as "my laddie."

Altnaharra to Betty Hill = 26 miles.

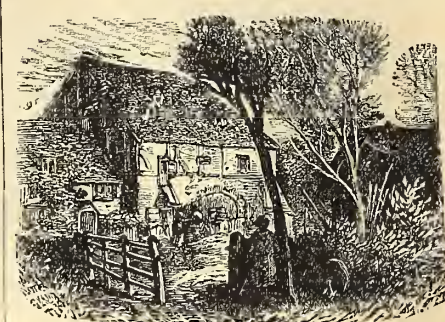
(To be continued.)



the slippery stones, I lost my balance, and just recovered myself in time to escape a compulsory trip down stream. My Cheylesmore, on the other hand, got wedged between two boulders, and would not budge either way, till by raising the hinder part I contrived to lever it safely to land. After this I growled no more about the provoking narrowness of any other stream.

I flattered myself that as the execrable road could not become worse, the chances were that it would improve. I was mistaken, for the sand became deeper than ever, riding was out of the question, and I was surprised to see that this was a mail route, and that the car could manage to get over the ground.

The scenery on the whole was decidedly monotonous, but there were several pretty spots, and the pasturage on both sides of the river was excellent. The numerous ruins that I passed





## THE GAME OF DOUBLE CHESS.

BY CAPTAIN CRAWLEY AND HERBERT MOONEY.

(Continued from page 631.)

## THE GAME.

THE diagram published in our last chapter will afford an accurate idea of the board used in the game of Double Chess.

It should consist of one hundred and sixty squares, twenty-four extra squares on each side of the central squares.

It is advisable to have the board to fold in two, the blanks on each corner being convenient for the reception of taken pieces, enabling players to see at a glance the amount of their own or their opponent's losses.

Having placed the pieces on the board as shown in the diagram, taking care that the queens are on the same colour, the adversaries proceed to try for first move, an unquestionable advantage for eight moves.

This is done in the following manner: Red takes one of Black's and one of his own pieces, and Black guesses, as in Single Chess. White and Green do the same. The conquerors then repeat, as in Single Chess. The victor has first move, and begins the attack, which should be directed towards his right-hand adversary.

His partner is now bound to remember that to him he must look for guidance, guessing at his plan of attack, and aiding him to the best of his ability.

Should the first mover decline to attack, he will move on the left, say his king's bishop's knight to king's bishop third for defence.

This will be sufficient warrant for his partner to make the attack and take the lead, as it is obvious that first mover wishes to follow instead of leading. In such an event, after the first round number one must look to number three for guidance.

The change is, at the best, a confession of weakness, and we cannot recommend its adoption, as in this game dash is most essential to success.

Each player makes a move in turn from right to left, and any player moving out of his turn (Rule 11) may be compelled to move the piece on which he has placed his hand, while his adversaries may also move out of their turn. The justice of this is obvious when one reflects that the mere indication of a piece may give a clue to the mover's plan of attack or defence.

No consultation or suggestion of any kind is allowed as the game proceeds (Rules 1 and 11). Those who cannot restrain shuffling their feet, wriggling in their chairs, or grimacing over a certain move, had better be avoided as partners. Such a proceeding is more than undignified.

The pawns move only one square at a time, taking obliquely, as in Single Chess. When friendly pawns meet they leap over each other, and continue their progress until they reach partner's king-row, when they return.

No object is gained in causing your pawn to reach your partner's king-row, except that coming back it takes in reverse way.

It is therefore advisable when they meet to permit them to remain together for mutual protection, as in such position they command four squares—forward and backward.

Should pawns by repeated captures reach the adversary's square, they become any pieces their player chooses to name, and such pieces cannot be taken except by a piece equivalent in rank, or by a king or queen. (Rule 8.)

As, however, it is next to impossible for a pawn to reach adversary's square, seeing that it can only do so by repeatedly capturing antagonists, this advantage goes for very little.

A pawn on the return march should be marked by tying a piece of thread or a ring round its neck. But it will be found that but few, if any, pawns will have to be so treated, and this most likely will occur at the end of the game, when one or other of the kings is hard pressed, and the pawn is hastening to his assistance.

(To be continued.)

## SOME ENTOMOLOGICAL LOCALITIES NEAR LONDON.

BY THEODORE WOOD,

Joint-Author of "The Field-Naturalist's Handbook."

IT has been suggested to me by our Editor that to the numerous young entomologists residing in the metropolis or its suburbs who are unable to travel to any great distance in pursuit of their favourite study, an article mentioning the most productive localities within easy reach would be of great service. I shall therefore give a short account of some of these, with the best means of access, and a list of some of the best insects likely to be found.

Taking the country south of London, in the neighbourhood of Croydon, there are three easily-reached and very prolific districts, each of them producing a different class of insects—viz., Riddlesdown, Shirley, and West Wickham.

The first of these is an open chalk down, sprinkled with juniper bushes, and is a grand place for those insects which frequent a chalk soil. The Adonis and Chalk-hill Blues (*Lycena Adonis* and *Corydon*) are common in their respective seasons, with several other butterflies, and the local Grayling Butterfly (*Salix semela*) is reported to occur in a neighbouring lane.

The moths, too, are largely represented. The Small Yellow Wave (*Asthenia luteata*) is very common in May and June, and may be knocked out of the hedgerows, etc., by the aid of the beating-stick. The Wood Carpet (*Melanippe rivata*) is by no means uncommon, and is sure to be plentifully met with, as is also the pretty little Clouded Yellow Moth (*Cidaria fulcata*).

From the clematis—of which there is great abundance on the down—the collector is almost sure to obtain the Small Waved Umber (*Phibalapteryx vitalbata*) and the Fern Moth (*P. tersata*), though not in any great numbers. The Bordered Chalk Carpet (*Melanippe procellata*) is, however, very abundant among the same plant, and with the Silver Ground Carpet (*M. montanata*), often proves a perfect nuisance to collectors.

Towards the end of autumn the very local Juniper Carpet (*Thera juniperata*) is to be commonly taken among the bushes of that plant as it flutters up and down the stems after dark. The neighbouring Purley Down—which, however, is private ground—also produces it in considerable numbers.

There are many other insects, too numerous to mention, which can be taken at Riddlesdown, and a collector sallying thither on a favourable summer's day is tolerably certain to return with full boxes.

The nearest railway station is Kenley, on the South-Eastern Railway, from Charing Cross and Cannon Street, which is exactly opposite the down. It can also be reached from East or New Croydon stations by asking for the Brighton Road, and following it for about two miles south.

SHIRLEY COMMON is a large, hilly heath, situated about two miles from Norwood Junction, and one and a half from East Croydon station. The vegetation chiefly consists of furze and ling, which latter plant covers the whole of the common.

There are several good insects to be captured at Shirley. The White-Letter (*Agrotis agathina*), the True Lover's Knot (*A. porphyrea*), the Neglected Rustic (*Noctua neglecta*), and the Barred Chestnut (*N. Dahlii*) are among the best of these, and should be searched for at night on the heather-flowers, in August and September.

The beautiful Yellow Underwing (*Anarta myrtilli*), with its exquisitely-marked wings, is very common in May and June, dashing about in the sunshine with almost lightning rapidity. It must be watched until it settles, and then approached with the greatest caution, the least footstep alarming it and causing it to again take to flight.

On Shirley Common, also, we shall find the Grey Scalloped Bar (*Secodiona belgaria*), the

moth in May and June flying by night over the heather, and the larva feeding on that plant earlier in the year. It is almost hopeless, by the way, to attempt to search for the heather-feeding larvæ in the ordinary way, owing to their great resemblance to the sprigs of the food-plant, and the sweep-net will consequently be found a necessity.

(To be continued.)

## The "Boy's Own" Lifeboat &amp; Hospital Fund.

Contributions received to April 25th, 1882.

Amount already acknowledged .. .. £1,293 2 3

April 19.—H. P. (Sydenham), 5s.; Miss Walker (Feltown), 2s.; Rory, 8d.; Per H. Francis (Holloway), 13s.; C. H. Wilkins (Tylehurst), 2s.; Phono (Cheltenham), 5s.; J. Southwell (Butterlaugh), 5s.; Per Hubert Webb (Randalstown), £1 9s. 6d.; Walter and Stanley Aston, 1s.; Per C. E. Nichols (Edgware Road), 6s.; Per A. Gilbert (Bloomsbury), 17s. 3d. .. .. 4 6 5

April 20.—Per Daniel Beckett (Bradshaw), 9s. 6d.; Per J. A. Poole (Boston), £1 12s.; G. F. T. L. (Tiekhill), 15s.; W. C. P. and C. H. P., 1s.; Eddie, 1s.; J. W. Spedding (Stockport), 1s.; Per G. A. Wintersale (Westward Ho), 14s.; John Reeves (Bevois Mount), 1s.; T. A. and C. Homer (Cradley), 6s. 2d.; Samuel Hargreaves (Kendal), 2s.; T. Brown (Hackney), 1s.; W. J. S. (Rotherhithe), 2s. 6d.; J. B. (Goudhurst), 6d.; Per C. Bridgman (Tavistock), 5s. 3d.; Willem de Odersfelde, 2s. 6d. .. .. 4 15 5

April 21.—G. S. Meason, Esq., J.P., 10s.; Per G. R. Macaulay, 5s. 3d.; Arthur Brooke (Swinton), 6s.; Brighton Boys, 5s.; Wm. Hartley, 6d.; G. W. Lanham, 5d.; Anonymous (Boston), 1s.; Per W. E. Grove (Newport, Mon.), 10s.; Per Fredk. G. Gregory (Cobham), 6s.; Per F. Smith (Fenton), 12s. 6d. .. .. 2 16 8

April 22.—Henry W. Dupuy, 6d.; R. Maxwell (Derby), 1s.; Per John R. Ellis (Wolverhampton), 6s. 6d.; Robert Lowe (Brentford), 2s.; Per Archie Duke (Brechin), 16s.; Per David Mitchell (Edinburgh), 9s. 6d.; Per E. A. Gage (Basingstoke), 9s.; Per A. W. Clarkson (West Brighton), 14s.; Per T. W. Poulton (Pimlico), 13s.; Brown and Co. (Boston), 1s. 3d. .. .. 3 12 9

April 24.—Per H. Synas (Swindon), 8s. 4d.; Per C. J. Day (Oxford), 7s. 6d.; N. Smith, 2s. 3d.; Per John Wiberley (Wigan), 11s.; Per William Taylor (Nottingham High School), 4s.; Per Albert Groome (Higham Ferrers), £1 4s. 1d.; Per James F. Tristram (Manchester), 8s. 8d.; H. D., 1s.; G. T. H., 5s.; A. Reader (Manchester), 6d.; Per Leonard K. Powlson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 10s. 1d.; C. S. P., 1s.; Percy, Lalla, Florence, and Bob Brown (Hereford), 8s.; C. E. T., 1s.; F. E. T., 1s.; Frank B. Grundy (Liverpool), 2s.; Per F. E. Harrison (Bardney), £1 5s. 6d. .. .. 6 0 11

April 25.—Frank R. Askew (Eastwood), 1s.; J. W. M. Williams, 6d.; William Henry H., 6d.; F. Castle, 5s.; Per Charles Crick (Rushden), 3s.; John R. Wildman (Bunley), 5s.; Per Charles Peat (Derby), £1; John Wright (Maresfield), 1s.; Per A. Bune, 2s. 7d.; Celtic Chief, 6d.; Per Tom Easton (Whitehaven), £5 3s.; Per Charles W. Tuke (Edinburgh), 8s. 6d.; Piney (Wandsworth), 5s. 4d.; Per W. G. Hurst (Stockport), 8s. 9d.; Per J. W. Trotman (Heudon), 4s.; John Huelin (Jersey), 2s.; Dr. Bickell (Hamburg), 1s.; Per W. A. Rushworth, 4s. .. .. 11 15 8½

Carried forward £1,326 10 1½





## DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

**THE POULTRY RUN.**—Summer is now with us, and the weather may be hot and dry; attend, therefore, with extra care to the comfort of fowls and chickens. Shade from the sun is essential to their health, so is plenty of fresh water, and this should not be placed in the sun's rays. Fill the pans or troughs three times a day if need be. Be careful to keep the interior of the fowl-house clean, and give occasionally a change of nests. Let the food be freshly made or mixed every day, and frequently change it. If in the habit of throwing green food or garden refuse into the run, do not leave the unused portion lying about to rot. Disinfection may be required in the run, in spite of every effort at perfect cleanliness: the best and cheapest is dry garden mould. In feeding scatter the food well about, and see that each has a proper share. Continue fattening for the market, and fowls may still be set. Eggs are now plentiful and cheap, so it is a good plan to preserve them against the coming dear season. This may be done by first smearing them carefully with butter or lard, and then packing them in salt—a layer of salt and a layer of eggs turn about in a barrel, always covering over those last added. Place them in the barrel on the very day they are laid.

**THE PIGEON LOFT.**—The loft should at this time of the year be kept as tidy and clean as possible, and care should be taken that the fountains and food utensils are clean as well. Nothing is so likely to breed disease as polluted water. Fresh rain-water is better for the birds than hard or river-water, but let them have it in abundance. Continue summer feeding, and do not forget the salt-cake or salt earth so necessary for the health of the birds. This is best placed in a small box kept for that purpose, and constantly replenished when empty. It may be composed of three parts of old lime rubbish—which can generally be easily enough procured from any place where building is going on—and one part of coarse salt, with a little dry clayey earth. See that your pigeon-loft has plenty of fresh air; if it has not, some plan of ventilating should be adopted forthwith. A good layer of sawdust with which a little turpentine has been mixed, if placed in the nests, is a good preventive against vermin.

**THE AVIARY.**—The breeding season will approach its close this month, and moulting will begin. The chief things to be attended to are the cleanliness of

the cages, the water fountain, and food tins. Less green food should be given than before, and plainer diet altogether. Wean young birds on to seed. Be as careful as ever against vermin. Do not set any more birds after the end of the month, and turn those who are done breeding once more into the flight or singing cages. The breeding cages ought to be put away as soon as out of use. Wash and purify them first, and hang them until dry in the sun and air. Destroy all old nesting material. Look out for the very first signs of moulting, for although some people trust entirely to nature, we deem it safer to go in for some judicious treatment. Illnesses caught during the moulting season often entirely undermine the health. If birds are observed to mope give them a little poppy-seed and plantain-stalks, and hang the cages in a more comfortable corner. See that there is a good supply of nice sand in the bottom of each cage, and place a senna-leaf in the drinking-water for the first day or two. We will give fuller directions for the treatment of moulting in our next month's DOINGS.

**THE RABBITRY.**—The cleanliness and disinfection of hutches cannot be too much attended to during the hot months of summer. A hutch cannot be healthy if it be offensive to the sense of smell. Take the hutches to a sunny corner, and thoroughly wash and scrub them once a month; after scrubbing, linewash them, and let them be dry and aired before the rabbits are returned. If the hutches are kept in an outhouse it ought to be a well-ventilated one, but do not stand them in a draught. A large rabbitry should have a thermometer hung in it, to enable the owner to regulate the temperature. Do not give too much green food at this season, lest diarrhoea be the result. Powdered acorns mixed with the food are said to be a good cure for looseness. It is a very simple one. Remember, however, that prevention is better than cure, and attend to careful feeding and dryness of hutches.

**THE KENNEL.**—All dogs at this season should have a bath whenever they want to take it. It is a good plan to throw the water over them before they have had breakfast. Wash dogs about once a fortnight. Groom with comb and brush every day to keep the coat nice. Frequently change the bedding, and remove all dust and filth from the kennel. This latter should be washed every time the dog is, but it must be thoroughly dried before the bedding is returned. Bed now with oat straw or pine shavings. A very little turpentine sprinkled over it will tend to keep fleas down. A handful of quassia-chips thrown into a bucket of water, and let stand for twenty-four hours, makes a good anti-flea wash. The coat has only to be damped with it occasionally.

**THE KITCHEN GARDEN.**—Make war upon weeds wherever they show. On no account allow them to run to seed. Keep things well watered if the season be dry. Hoe growing peas and turnips. Thin out carrots, onions, parsnips, and all vegetables sufficiently far advanced. Prick out celery plants. Keep walks and lawns neat and trim, and destroy slugs and snails, and insects of all kinds. Plant cabbages and kale, and gather fragrant herbs to dry, powder, and bottle for winter use.

**THE FLOWER GARDEN.**—Take up spring flowering bulbs, and, after they are dry, store them away in drawers. Keep down weeds, and see that the flowers now in bloom suffer as little as possible from wind, rain, or over much sun. Stakes may be used for some, and others will need pegging down. Study the appearance of gardens wherever you see them, and the kind of flowers in them, for your guidance next year. Take notes of them; do not trust to memory. Take a lesson or two in rose-budding; the operation is very simple, and affords much pleasant employment. Water well whenever needed, and stimulate if necessary with diluted liquid manure. Take cuttings of favourite geraniums.

**THE WINDOW GARDEN.**—Geraniums, calceolarias, and lobelias, with a few ferns, will make a good show of themselves; but many beautiful flowering annuals may be dug out of borders and potted—taking plenty of earth with them—and thus conveyed to the window garden to enhance its beauty. Fuchsias should not be forgotten, and mignonette should be grown for sake of its delightful perfume. Pansies and violets also aid the show. Sow mignonette for winter blooming.

## Correspondence.

**GEO. THOMPSON (Perth).**—1. Pirates are not unknown in the Arctic seas. The story of the pirate in "Snowbird" and "Arrandoon" was founded on fact. A pirate some years ago attacked some sealing ships, who could only save themselves by taking to the ice, where the freebooter, not being "fortified," could not follow. 2. Torpedoes in some form or other have been used for blowing up ice for thirty years, if not longer. 3. Falling into the water is quite a common occurrence while sealing. One has to dance and run when he gets out to keep up the circulation. 4. Yes; not only bears, but all wild animals, evince great curiosity on hearing strange sounds. 5. No; we must remember we have readers who can appreciate jokes. We cannot delete them all for the sake of "George Thompson, Perth."

**SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST.**—Distemper can only be kept at bay by perfect cleanliness of the dog and all his surroundings, by feeding regularly, giving him a good supply of pure water fresh every day, and plenty of exercise and fun.

**JUMBO.**—1. Egg-shells, if pounded up, may be mixed beneficially with the soft food, but must not be thrown at random into the run, or the fowls may learn to eat eggs. 2. We cannot give "a good receipt for a dairy cake;" do you mean a *dari*-cake? *Dari* is another name for Indian millet. It is wholesome and nutritious as a change. A *dari*-cake is advertised, but we cannot speak from experience of its use. 3. Your "writing" might be improved, but how can we tell what your "arithmetic" is like from reading your note?

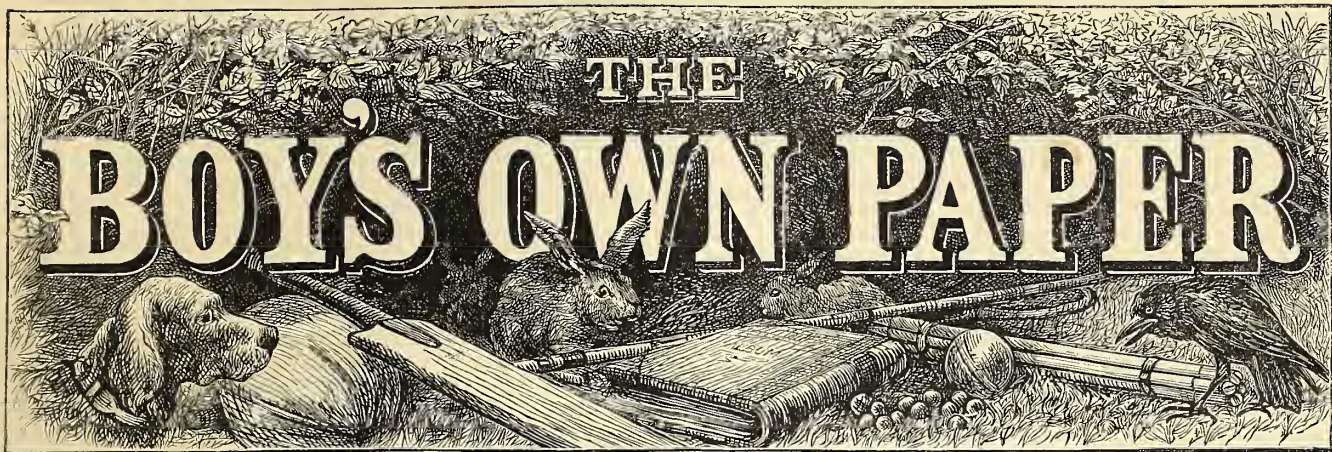
**AUSTIN WOOD.**—Possibly you kept them in too warm a room, and so accelerated their development.

**AN AMATEUR.**—1 and 2. The Pigeon series commenced in No. 109, and ended with No. 130. All these back numbers are to be obtained at 1d. each; postage extra. 3. The hen is no good; put her by herself for a time, and re-mate the cock. 4. Yes; the constant drinking of iron-ore water is bound to heat the blood and bind the bowels. 5. Easily-digested food—beans, barley, etc. 6. Gravel? Yes, and old lime. 7. No, we would never complain of the largeness of a pigeon-loft; it is want of space that produces the mischief. Yours is a nice one for space, but we hope it is very well lighted. There is a deal in that. Pigeons will not thrive so well in a dimly-lighted loft.



"Oh! I've something big this time!"





No. 182.—Vol. IV.

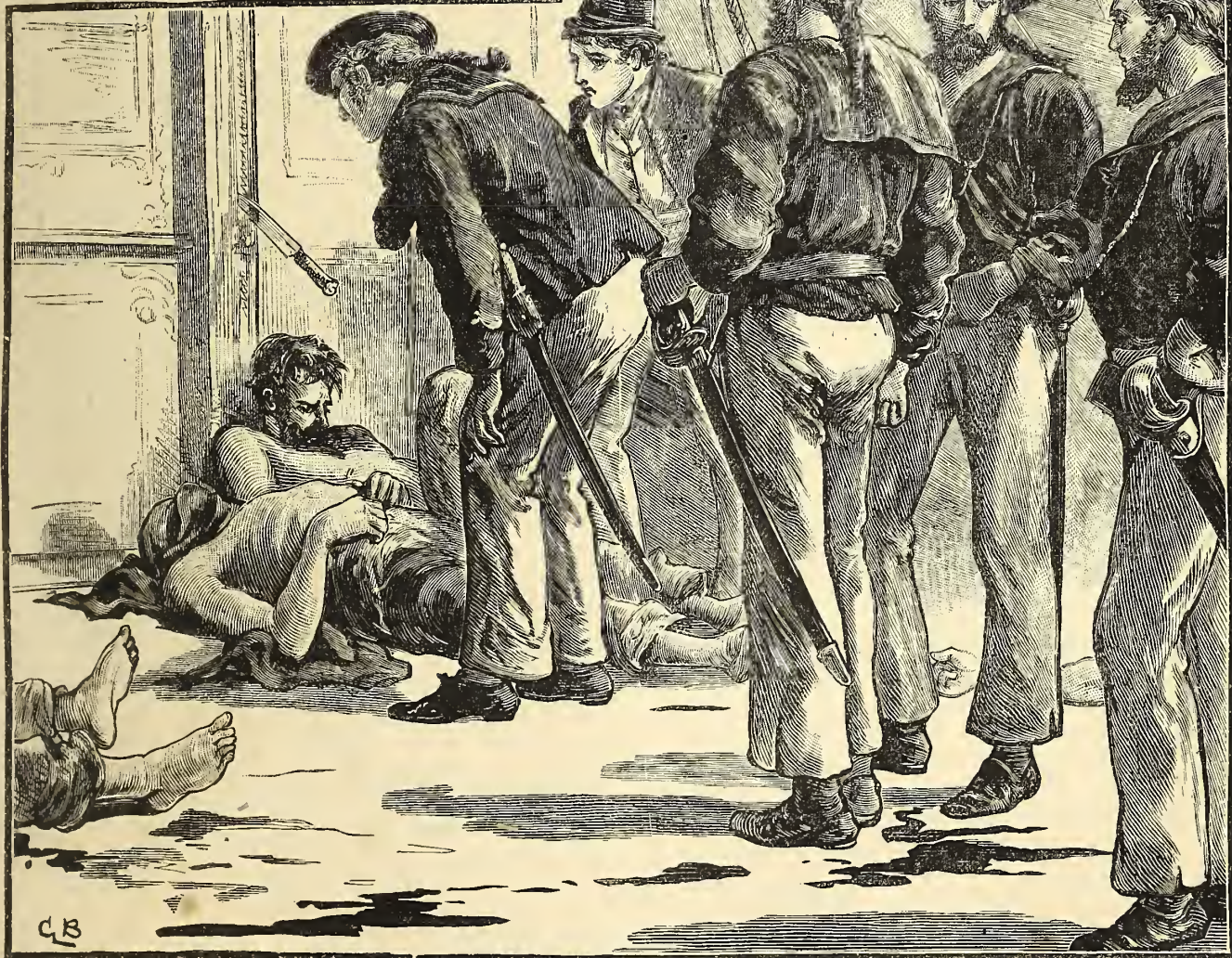
SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1882.

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## THROUGH FIRE AND THROUGH WATER.

### CHAPTER XII.

THE Hailstorm was not ordered home so quickly as had been expected. Other vessels which had been longer in commission returned to England and were paid off. Peace had indeed been concluded between France and the allied powers; and a few months later the war with America also came to an end; but the Continent remained in an unsettled state, and Bonaparte, the evil genius of France, and the great disturber of all Europe, was at Elba, to which island he had been conveyed in an English frigate,



The Pirate's Work.



fretting like a wild beast in its cage, and waiting for an opportunity to break forth.

The Hailstorm, cruising to and fro, sighted the place of his banishment, all eyes being turned to it with interest; and not long afterwards the report reached Malta that he had effected his escape and had landed in France. Then followed the "hundred days," a period of alarm and excitement all over Europe, which culminated in the battle of Waterloo, and the total defeat of Napoleon and the armies which had rallied to his standard.

Peace was then restored; and all Europe rested and rejoiced. The general exhaustion after so many years of warfare was so great that there was not much prospect that the peace would be again interrupted. And then at last the Hailstorm and some other ships of the Mediterranean squadron were ordered home.

It was in the autumn of 1815 that Jack and his shipmates heard the important news that their ship was to return to Old England to be paid off. It was little more than two years since they had left their native shores; but to some of them it seemed a long while; and if time is to be counted "by heart-throbs, not by figures on a dial," the multitude of events which had been crowded together into those two years might very well have seemed to them to have been spread over a much longer period.

"I suppose," said Jem to his friend Jack, as they stood together on the fore-castle—"I suppose we shall have no more fighting now."

"No," said Jack.

Jem made a face, to show his discontent. Jem had not grown more amiable with length of service. He had been often under punishment, and had narrowly escaped wounds on his back of a much less honourable kind than that which had caused so much distress to poor Jack. "Growling" grows upon one; and those who are easily dissatisfied are likely to bring upon themselves, in the end, plenty of cause for dissatisfaction.

"What a nuisance," he said, "to be ordered home so soon!"

"You used to think it a nuisance being at sea," said Jack.

"Yes, but I had got used to it latterly, and had begun to like it."

"Since when?" Jack asked. He had heard him growling about the miseries of a sailor's life only a day or two before.

"It's always the way," Jem said, without replying to his question. "One never gets to like anything but it is sure to come to an end."

"Get out of that, you young green-livered sojer," said Mr. Yapp, who happened to pass at that moment. "Never satisfied with anything! Get away from that gun-carriage, do you hear, or I'll lay this rope's-end about your carcass."

"I wasn't touching it," said Jem.

"Don't be saucy," said the gunner. "I wonder," he continued, addressing Jack, "that you are so thick with that sour chap. He's the biggest growl in the ship."

"Every one says we are as like as two pins," said Jack, laughing, "so we ought to be friends."

"Like!" said Yapp. "Well, to look at you *outside* there may be some points of resemblance. It's the same with my guns; they are all pretty much alike to look at, but they are not alike in temper. One will bang fire, as sulky as a bear with a sore head, while another answers to the match like a flash of lightning. There's a differ-

ence in their disposition, and you can't account for it. It's in the nature of the gun; in the iron itself, not in the shape or form.

"Now I'll tell you what I should like to do with that there boy Growl," he continued. "I should like to put him ashore for a week in that precious place, Algiers. I wouldn't give him more than a week of it. He would have something to growl about then all the rest of his days. We shall very likely come in sight of Algiers again with this wind."

"Algiers?" said the boatswain; "yes; not that I want to see the place again, unless it were to go in and blow the fortifications about their ears. I shouldn't wonder, now that there is not much else to be done, if we were ordered to do that. It's a national disgrace, I say, to be at peace with such a swarm of wasps. If ever a fleet is sent against Algiers, I hope I shall be on board the admiral's ship."

"I hope I shall be there too, or somewhere near it," said the gunner.

"So do I," Jack chimed in.

"I should like it myself," said Jem, "but there's no chance of it."

"No; if there were you wouldn't wish it," Mr. Yapp replied, giving him a cuff on the head. "Go along with you."

They had little idea how near they were to the accomplishment of their desires, nor in what strange way the result was to be brought about. They separated with light hearts, thinking of their homes; and that evening, when the boatswain's mate piped down the fore hatchway, "All hands dance and skylark," which was the usual call to an hour's recreation after the day's work was done, while some were dancing merrily to a fiddle on the main-deck, others sat about the waist and fore-castle, and sang their favourite songs of "England, home, and beauty," and even the growlers, both old and young, in spite of themselves, were pleased, and almost happy.

The Hailstorm passed Algiers the day after the conversation related in our last chapter, but at so great a distance that the white triangle, 500 feet in height, alone was visible as the sun shone on it. Later in the day one of the dark piratical sloops passed under their stern almost within biscuit-throw of the ship, taking no notice of them, and hoisting no flag, but gliding swiftly past like some evil thing that cares for nobody, that fears not God nor regards man. On she went in solemn silence, cutting the great highway with her sharp prow, as if in sullen defiance, carrying, perhaps, a load of quivering flesh under her brown decks, a cargo of miserable captives, snatched by violence from some peaceable merchant vessel, or from the shores of Spain or Italy; white men, Christians, to be sold into slavery, or worn to death by hard labour and repeated cruelties by the swarthy followers of Mahomet in the whitened sepulchre, the city of Algiers. She was allowed to pass unchallenged; for Great Britain had no quarrel with Algeria then, and might almost have been said to be in league with her, and her officers had no authority to interfere with the sea-robbers, who might carry on their iniquitous traffic under the very shadow of the British guns, so long as the liberty of British subjects was respected. The seamen could only look after the piratical sloop with useless indignation, ashamed for once of their own Government, and longing for the time, to which they all looked forward, when the word should be given to sweep

such scoundrels from the seas, and to purge the habitations of their cruelty from the face of the earth.

The Hailstorm had made a capital run so far, but that evening the wind dropped, and during the greater part of next day she crept along with all sail set, making only two or three knots an hour. A slight breeze reached them from the shore in the evening, but it died away again before daylight, and left the ship almost motionless. At sunrise the look-out on the fore-top cried out, "A sail, right ahead."

Such announcements did not cause as much excitement now as formerly, when actions were to be fought and prizes taken; but there was something very curious in the appearance of the ship, towards which all eyes were now directed.

She was evidently a merchant vessel, though her sides were painted with a white streak and imitation port-holes. There were also two or three guns pointing their black muzzles over the bulwarks. No flag was flying, nor was there anything about the vessel to denote her nationality. Though she was but a short distance ahead and right in the course of the Hailstorm, which was creeping gradually nearer to her, no effort was made by her crew to trim her sails or to avoid being run down. On the contrary, she lay like a log upon the water, her sails hanging idly from their yards, and her helm and every part of her deck apparently deserted. She took no notice of signals, and, as the ship approached, exhibited no sign of life, and gave no response to anything that was done to awaken her attention.

"I think she must be deserted," said the boatswain. "I can't see a creetur' moving aboard of her."

"Waterlogged, perhaps," some green hand suggested.

"Waterlogged? Go along with you! Does she look like it?"

The green hand thought she did, but did not venture to say so.

"Not so much waterlogged as you were yesterday, when you drank the king's health on the half-deck."

There was a laugh, and the green hand went below. Drinking the king's health on the half-deck was a punishment inflicted upon those who had disgraced themselves by getting tipsy, and were on the black list in consequence. Their allowance of grog was served out to them mixed with six measures of water, not at their mess, to be consumed in comfort, but on deck, where they took off their hats and drank at the word of command, in presence of the officer of the watch.

"It's a puzzle to me," the boatswain said again; "the brig is all right, but there don't seem to be no crew. Never a man on the look-out, nor at the wheel, nor nowhere."

"I see something moving now," said Jack; "a black thing; look there; at the gangway."

The gangway was open, and a black, shaggy-looking figure was seen there for a moment, as if looking at them. It moved slowly away and then returned, and a loud plaintive howl was borne to their ears across the water.

"It's a dog," said the gunner.

"So it is," the boatswain answered. "I'll be shot if I didn't think it was Davy Jones himself."

By command of the first lieutenant a boat was lowered and manned, and sent away under charge of one of the senior midshipmen to inspect the mysterious ves-



sel. They pulled round her and hailed her. No human voice replied, but the same black figure came quickly to the gangway—a large black Newfoundland dog, which showed its teeth, and barked furiously, as if determined to oppose their coming on board.

They pulled up alongside.

"Throw us a rope, old boy," said the midshipman, holding out his hand to the dog; but the animal only barked louder and more wildly, as if beside itself with rage or terror.

By this time other objects had begun to attract the attention of those in the boat.

A fearful odour was wafted past them at intervals.

"There has been a pestilence aboard," said one, almost in a whisper; "a plague of some sort. The crew are all dead, or have run away and left the ship."

The men dipped their oars, and waited for the word of command to pull farther away from the fatal ship.

"Look there!" cried another, pointing with an expression of horror to the ship's side. "What is that?"

Great black streaks were then observed going down the ship's side from the scuppers to the water's edge—patches of dark purple, covered with innumerable flies. They knew too well what it was—blood; blood which had been poured out like water, and left to dry in the sun.

After a short consultation the midshipman resolved to return to his ship and report what he had seen. Another boat was then lowered, and a body of seamen and marines, accompanied by Mr. Selborne and an assistant-surgeon, was dispatched to the brig.

The dog never ceased barking, tearing about like a mad creature from one end of the vessel to another; it met the boat's crew again at the gangway, so that it was with difficulty they could get on board.

The sight which there met their eyes was too appalling to be described. No language can convey even the faintest idea of it. Plague-stricken! Yes, but not by the destroying angel; not by the visitation of God.

The deck was everywhere besmeared with blood. In the scuppers and on the hatches human forms were stretched, mutilated and disfigured, scarcely to be recognised as men, so savagely had they been hacked about, so great had been their agony and contortions in their hour of death. Noses, ears, and lips had been cut off while the victims were yet alive; fingers had been stripped of their flesh in tearing off the rings with which they had been adorned, and the naked bones remained, curved in the agony of pain, like eagles' claws. In the cabin, and again between decks, other corpses were discovered; among them a woman and her little child, lying at opposite sides, denied even the dreadful privilege of dying together.

The sailors, old as well as young, stood aghast as they gazed upon the awful spectacle. Their lips quivered; they dared not trust themselves to speak, scarcely to look at one another. They had seen death in various aspects, and had trodden their way over the gory decks of their own ships, where men lay mangled, and blood was flowing much more copiously than in this little brig, but they had never before been affected with such horror, and rage, and indignation as then filled their hearts. Instinctively they knew, every one of them, whose work this must be.

"Pirates—Algiers!" broke from every

tongue, as they turned their eyes from the spot, and looked over the bulwarks at the blue waters for relief.

If only they had known of this when that dark, swift-sailing sloop, with the long rakish masts and the huge lateen sail, had passed under the stern of their ship a day or two before, it may almost be questioned whether even Captain "Sarvice," much as they respected him, would have had power to protect her from their guns.

The dog was quiet now, as if perceiving by an instinct of its own that these were friends who looked so pitifully upon the mutilated remains of those who had been his shipmates, and whom, as a dog, he loved. The men called him to them, and fondled him; but he refused their blandishments, and followed them about with drooping head and tail, stopping from time to time to look at them inquiringly, and lifting up his voice at intervals with piteous howlings and eloquent lamentations that could not be restrained. They wanted to take him on board the Hailstorm with them, but he would not leave the ship; they offered him meat, but he turned away from it, growling.

"Dog" is a Turk's epithet of contempt for a Christian," said Mr. Bree to one who was near him. "So be it! To give that name to an Algerian pirate, after such a scene as this, would be a scandalous profanation of it. 'Lord, how long shall the wicked—how long shall the wicked triumph? They slay the widow and the stranger, and murder the fatherless.'"

"Say rather," Mr. Selborne answered, "how long shall England suffer it? For what purpose is our strength given us if not to protect the helpless and to destroy these wolves and tigers?"

We need not dwell any longer on this scene. The description given of it in the log of the Hailstorm, and forwarded to the admiral at Malta, may have had its weight with the brave Lord Exmouth, who then commanded the British fleet in the Mediterranean, and who, only a few months later, exacted the severest retribution from Algeria for her cruelties, and put a stop to the atrocious system of piracy which had till then been almost unrestrained. History may not make special mention of H.M.S. Hailstorm, but the cry went up from a hundred similar instances, and not in vain. Some of her crew were present at the day of reckoning, though after strange and terrible adventures, and not in the way which they themselves could ever have anticipated, as the sequel to this story will reveal.

The surgeon's inspection was scarcely needed to pronounce the whole of the victims dead. Every clue by which they might have been identified had been destroyed, even to the maiming of their features, so that even their friends, had they been present, could not have recognised them. All that the seamen could do was to commit their bodies to the deep, to be devoured perhaps by fishes, not more rapacious and far less unmerciful than the human sharks which had been beforehand with them. Every part of the ship was then cleansed and purified. The vessel had been stripped and plundered of everything that could be conveniently carried away; some of her crew had also most probably been taken off, those only being put to death who, through age or infirmity, would be valueless as slaves—women, babes, and old men, or those who had provoked a swift, and perhaps enviable, vengeance upon their heads by their resistance.

Boats had passed frequently to and fro between the two ships while this was taking place, and many of the crew of the Hailstorm had obtained leave to go on board the stranger, the reports from which had caused great excitement both on the quarter-deck and for'ard. The day had been sultry and oppressive; what little wind there had been in the early morning had entirely died away, and not a breath was stirring. The dog-vanes hung motionless from the shrouds, and the water under the ship's side was smooth and transparent, reflecting the clear blue vault of heaven and the huge bulk of the 74-gun ship, almost without a tremor.

As the sun approached the horizon, although its rays were shrouded in a dense mist, the heat and oppression, instead of diminishing, became more intense. The seamen could hardly stand to their work or drag their weary limbs along the decks. The air was so hot and sultry that they almost gasped in breathing it, and it seemed to give no life or refreshment to their lungs. All round the horizon was a strange purple line, or bank of vapour, as if the very atmosphere were scorched, and this was creeping gradually upwards like a curtain, that would presently cover the whole face of the heavens.

A crew of officers and men had been selected to remain on board the Vesta, as the brig was called, with orders to keep company with the Hailstorm, and, if separated by accident, to rendezvous at Gibraltar; but there were still some few who had been engaged in purifying the vessel, or who had been led thither by motives of curiosity, who had to return to their own ship before sunset. The boat which was to take them was lying astern, secured by her painter, and Lieutenant Bree, after an anxious look at the weather, gave orders that it should be pulled alongside. A man went over the stern, down a rope, into the boat, and cast her off, and was bringing her to the gangway. Mr. Bree looked over the side and shouted to him to bear a hand, while those for whom she was intended stood ready to step into her.

A murmuring sound now made itself heard, as if the winds were in conflict overhead, though as yet the air below remained perfectly stagnant. Then came a wild gust, shooting past them like the wind of a cannon-shot, felt only for an instant and then gone, marking its course as if with a ploughshare upon the glassy surface of the water.

(To be continued.)

## THE BOY'S OWN POULTRY RUN.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

PART III.—HINTS ABOUT GETTING INTO STOCK  
—TREATMENT OF SITTING HENS—COOPS, ETC.  
—MALAYS—BRAHMAS—GAME FOWLS.

I MUST presume that, having made up your mind to try your luck in keeping fowls, you want to stock your run in the most economical way possible. There is one thing you must not forget to procure in the outset, and that is a small account-book, in which you must put down every halfpenny you lay out, as well as everything you gain by the sale of eggs, fowls, feathers, or manure. I have used the word "luck" in my first sentence; depend upon it that your luck will be very much in your own hands; and if you are wise, careful, and industrious, it is sure to be good luck. Good luck in a pecuniary point of view, and mayhap good



luck in breeding birds fit to win golden honours on a bench show. Only this very morning I had a letter from a boy who had taken up pigeons as a hobby, and made such good use of the advice given in the "Boy's Own Pigeon Loft" series,\* that he has already gained several prizes at some of the best shows in the kingdom.

It would be possible to at once stock your run, by purchasing adult fowls of good breed and prize pedigree. I do not counsel such a plan. It is better to begin at the beginning. Buy or borrow your broody fowl; a Dorking or half-bred Dorking will make as good a mother as any. Then get your setting of eggs, say thirteen in number, and set your hen. It is as well, if possible, to get your eggs from some one you know, and who resides not very far away, for a long journey by train cannot do the eggs any good, to say the least of it.

Set your hens in some place where there will be but little chance of their being disturbed. Never put them anywhere near other fowls. In spring time I have set hens in my straw loft, and they have done well. In summer, however, I think it more judicious to put them in the cellar. The atmosphere around a sitting hen must be pure, but not too warm nor too dry. If you forget that, your chickens will be few in number.

Probably the best plan is to make the nest on the ground, or on top of a large turf placed in a quiet corner. But a basket does well in spring,

Fowls require to be well fed while hatching their eggs. They come off once a day as a rule but some are such close sitters that they require to be lifted from the nest. This must be done very gently, else some of the eggs may come to grief. Give the hen barley or Indian meal, or grain of some kind, as it keeps the stomach best, and have her water handy. Some recom-

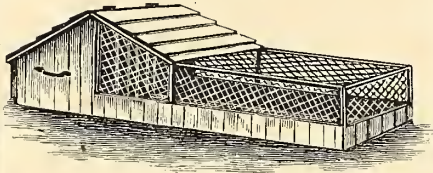


Fig. 1.

mend a dust bath, but this fowls will not always take time to use. You may give a little green food; that will be eaten if placed beside the nest within reach.

If, then, you have set your brooding fowl properly on a good nest, in a good position, and supply her with good food and pure water, you can hardly err by leaving the rest to Nature; too much interference is to be deprecated. At the same time, those who make the breeding of fowls a hobby take means to discover, as early

relations from a distance came to the funeral, and having once got a taste of Spratt's biscuit, decided to live with me as long as there was corn in Egypt. Meanwhile, the chickens were born, and by day they were cooped out. Well, the mother had not much room; that was fault number one. Whenever it came on to rain Bridget had to run with old sacks to cover the coop; fault number two. But fault number three was worse than all, for the rats turned fowl-fanciers and went for the chickens, killed them one by one, and mangled those they did not kill outright.

But you can, out of a few bits of old wood and that ever-handy wire-netting, construct a coop that has a sloping roof to keep it dry, and in which the hen can walk about without scratching her comb, and that shall be rat defiant, and have a door to shut up.

Well, I give you here (Fig. 1) a sketch of a really good one. I do not know who is the inventor, for I have copied it by permission from Messrs. Boulton and Paul's catalogue, with their own remarks on it:—

"This is a well-constructed coop, in which provision is made for the requirements of young poultry, from the earliest stage up to the time of perching at night. The enclosed and sheltered run is for chicks until they are strong and recognise the call of the hen. The front of the run then comes away, and the outer run can be attached. The top of the coop is hinged,

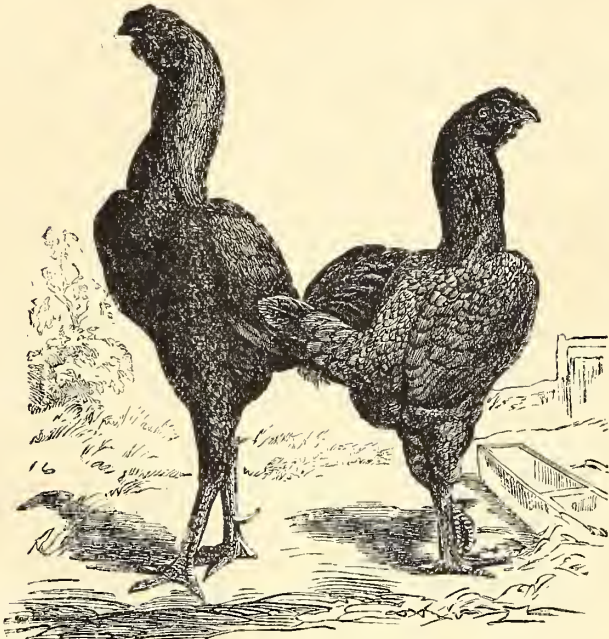


Fig. 2.—Malay Cock and Hen.

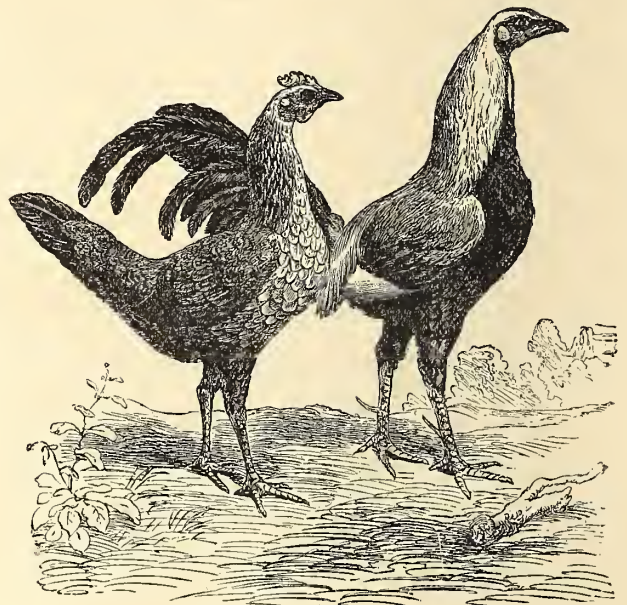


Fig. 3.—Duck-winged Game Cock and Hen.

with a good thickness of oaten straw in it, stood out in a shed where the rain cannot wet nor the wind annoy the hen.

In very dry weather you should either sprinkle the eggs now and then, or take them carefully out one by one and dip them in warm water.

If you set two hens at one time, and your luck turns out to be only very ordinary, then you may coop one mother with all the chicks, and dispose of the other in any way you think fit.

The straw of which the nest is formed cannot be too cleanly.

I have mentioned thirteen eggs as the probable number to set, but of course this depends upon the size of the fowl; for I have myself repeatedly set fifteen eggs under a fowl in the latter end of January, and have had twelve and thirteen chickens. The fowls were set in a coop on the ground, or earthen floor of a wood shed. However, my reader will gain experience himself about the best plan of setting, and that experience he will deem far more valuable than any advice I can give.

as the seventh day, which eggs are sure to be non-productive, and remove them. You will learn how to do this all in good time.

While the fowls are still sitting, it will be well to prepare for the reception of the coming chickens. You must know this much already, that they are developed enough as soon as they break the shell to run about and pick their food. They are not so helpless as the young of birds of the air. Experience has told me that the common basket coop is not a good one for chickens. Some years ago I had some nice broods of spring chickens—Spanish and Hamburgh, black and spangled. I had also, at the same time, a beautiful breed of large brown rats. These latter had got disgustingly tame. It is a fact that when the children were having summer tea under an awning in the paddock, the rats used to run round to pick up the crumbs. I dared not lay poison owing to the dogs; traps I found cruel and useless, and the cats had come to look upon them as private property, and part and parcel of my estate. I shot a large number, and now and then cleared them out with terriers and the ferret, but their

and folds over like the lid of a box, and is so fitted as to fold down, forming a shutter to the front of the coop, and a protection by night against vermin. There is a small door behind for the better convenience of attending chickens and hens. The coop has also a loose wooden floor."

A run like this can be moved about. It would not be policy to keep it long on the same ground. In my next paper I will have a word or two to say on the feeding and rearing of chickens.

Let us now have a look at the Brahma (Fig. 5, Part II.).

On glancing at the figure it will strike you at once that there is some resemblance at all events between this bird and the Cochins. But although both birds come to us from the land of the rising sun, it has been proved beyond all dispute that the Brahma is not by any means a cross, but a pure distinct breed.

These fowls are large and strong, and well-developed birds, wide through the heart, with well-filled breast-bones, sturdy, shortish yellow feathered legs, and short tail, with an upward



carriage. The neck is nicely proportioned—short, if anything—and the head is small, with a bold, beautiful pearly eye. The comb is what is called the “pea-comb,” a kind of triple comb. It should not be too large; it ought to stand straight, and not hang over, and be slightly peaked behind. There are light and dark Brahmas.

I have never bred these splendid birds myself, but they are universally acknowledged to be not only good layers, even in winter, but good mothers and excellent table-fowls. They are also said to be healthy birds. I subjoin some extracts from a letter I have just received from my friend, Mr. John Evans, of Keynsham, Bristol, on this his favourite breed:—

“The true and well-bred dark Brahma is a handsome bird, and, though massive and stately in appearance as he stands on the greensward, giving careful heed to his numerous wives, he nevertheless shows evident tokens of latent activity, which, on fitting occasions, can be called into exercise should his dignity at any time be questioned by an intruder on his domains. With a hardy constitution, which bids defiance to the frosts and snows of winter, he is equally at home whether in the restricted accommodation of the limited defined run, or in the broader expanse of field and wood, and the nature of the ground on which he lives does not trouble him much so long as it is not of a retentively wet character.

“Though bold and defiant when the occasion needs it, he can be gentle as a dove, and so tame as to feed freely from his master's hand at his call.

“At four months old he is, if proper care has been bestowed on him, quite fit for the table, and is a toothsome morsel even for an epicure. At six to eight months old he is still a table-bird, though a trifle depreciated, a pair of them reaching to something like twenty pounds' weight, so that it is quite pardonable if they are mistaken for a couple of young turkeys. The eggs from a well-fed Brahma are a delicious breakfast-table supply, being very rich and tasty in their constituent parts. It is a frequent complaint that Brahmas become broody so often, but this could be much obviated were more attention paid to selection in breeding for egg-supply. They are good and steady sitters, but, perhaps, a trifle clumsy, owing to their great size, and consequently sometimes an egg, and sometimes a chick, pays the penalty of this unfortunate infirmity. But notwithstanding this they are careful and watchful over their little brood.

“The cost of feeding on a grass run will, probably, be from one penny to three-halfpence per bird per week, and the value of the birds for the table more than that of ordinary birds, owing to their greater size. Birds suitable to win in high-class competitions have not unseldom reached fifty guineas for a pair of pullets or hens, and the same or more for a single cock or cockerel.”

On first glancing at Fig. 2, on the opposite page, boys who have never seen such birds as these before will very naturally exclaim, “Dear, dear! what have we here?”

A Malay cock and hen, that is all. Some-what different, are they not, from the beautiful Brahma? They look, too—that is, the cock does—as if he would just as soon fight as not. So he would, and that saucy, impudent hussy of a hen of his would stand by and roar good luck to him.

Notice his upright carriage—a line dropped from his eye in his present position would about fall between the feet. In this he resembles the game. They are far from being as pretty, however, as the game (Fig. 3). The Malay is a big, close-feathered, bold, gaunt, gawky bird, with long, unfeathered legs, long neck, and small but well-formed and pretty tail, small, thick comb, and small wattles. The head is flat on the top and long, with a heaviness over the eye which, with the curved beak, gives a look of rapaciousness which reminds one of the golden eagle of the Scottish Highlands.

I do not especially recommend them as boys' fowls, though they look nice strutting about a

yard. From bill to toe-ends some of the cocks would measure about thirty-six inches.

The illustration (Fig. 3) will give my readers a pretty good idea of the general build and appearance of those noble birds called game fowls.

They are of many different colours, but the properties or points are the same throughout. The head long, small, and snake-like; the strong, slightly curved beak; the bold, fearless, somewhat prominent eye; the fine furnishings of the head, the splendid wattles, broad chest, compact body, strong thighs, long but strong shanks, with fine scales, and the well-sickled tail. These points once seen cannot be forgotten.

Game fowls, however, are hardly suitable as a breed for boys, so I must be excused for not going further into their characteristics.

(To be continued.)

## FISH, AND HOW TO CATCH THEM.

By J. HARRINGTON KEENE,

Author of “The Practical Fisherman,” “Fishing-Tackle, and How to Make it,” etc.

(Continued from p. 639.)

HOW TO CATCH PERCH.



rod for perch-fishing need not be a long one; it is better about nine feet in length and rather stiff. The Nottingham barbel rod with a short top will answer capitally.

The winch and line may be of a similar make, rather stouter, if possible, but the former will do.

The tackle is commonly what is termed a paternoster, and consists of a length of gut or fine gimp, to which at right angles are attached say three or four hooks on gut about nine inches long, about a foot from each other. The hooks should be No. 8 or 9 size, Pennell's, and be whipped to stoutish gut on account of the sharpness and number of the teeth of perch. They may also be tied on fine gimp if pike are expected. The paternoster is indeed often used for small pike.

At the end of the paternoster, as shown in my articles on Tackle-making, is a plummet of lead, and this serves to deposit the baits in any precise locality, and as well assists in the casting of them to that spot. Sometimes the lead is light enough to simply buoy a somewhat heavy float, and in such case it is adjusted so as not to be nearer the ground than some inches, perch not being bottom feeders. If such be the style of tackle, it will be found necessary to distinguish between the movements of the minnows used as bait and the pluck of a fish.

Sometimes when a lake is known to possess large perch, it is eminently advisable to use spinning tackle, such as will be spoken of in regard to pike. Perch tackle in that case need not be so small as trout and not so large as pike tackle. A small spoon bait is a

capital lure, especially if bronzed and streaked with red paint. Generally, however, the paternoster is the fashionable and most effective piece of tackle for perch, and its manufacture being easy, it is, therefore, to be recommended in preference to any other species of apparatus.

Ground-baiting for perch, seeing that it is such a rover, would seem an absurd proceeding, and verily would have been stigmatised as such in Izaak Walton's time. It is, however, possible and profitable. There are two ways—one is to fill a glass globe with minnows and other tiny fishlings, and after tying a cover of coarse muslin over the top, lower it into the water where you expect to find perch; then fish over and all round it. The perch, seeing the incarcerated minnows, and being balked in their efforts to devour them, will, much to your satisfaction, revenge themselves on your bait, be it worm or minnow. It is better, of course, to use the latter, though small gudgeon are held by some expert anglers to be a superior bait to either.

The other method of ground-baiting is thus practised. Procure some bones from the butcher, from which the meat has been cut off, but not quite scraped away. Tie them to a string, either at a distance from each other or close together, and sink them in the swim or hole in which you expect your quarry, fishing with the paternoster all round them. Perch are very fond of fresh meat, and are likely to be caught in great numbers by its means if they of course are in the water. A hook-bait of meat should be used.

The baits most in vogue amongst perch-fishers are small fish and red worms. It is sometimes advantageous to use lob-worms if large fish are suspected; but fish of middling and small size will rarely refuse the gilt-tail or small red worm; and the brandling also, when it smells the foulest, seems to have a peculiar attraction. Minnows should be kept alive in hardish water—that is, spring water—for a few hours before using; this appears to render them more lively when on the hook, and they last longer. They should not be hooked in the lower, but in the top lip, taking care that the point does not come out at the nostril, but simply the cartilage of the nose.

When a bite is perceived, if the angler be fishing with a live bait, let him wait till he has leisurely counted ten, and then strike smartly. As the perch invariably seizes the bait head-foremost, and so swallows it, the period mentioned is quite sufficient to ensure hooking the fish. Play him firmly but gently, because it not seldom happens that another perch, excited and rendered adventurous by the gymnastic turnings and twistings of his congener, will take one of the other baits, and so you have to contend with double game, and your tackle, unless you carefully use it, is likely to break, if it be not extraordinarily strong.

Perch are partial to old camp-sheathing and such submerged woodwork, because of the insects finding cover thereabouts, and such a spot should never be missed when searching for the fish. The little fresh-water shrimp to be found under stones is a capital lure for perch, as, indeed, it is for many other fishes.

### PIKE OR JACK.

The pike, jack, or luce, as it is indifferently termed in some parts—though a jack is not popularly supposed to attain pikehood till it weighs three pounds and a half—is the tyrant of the stream, and has been not inaptly termed the “fresh-water shark,” on account of its extreme ferocity and voraciousness. It will take as many as three dozen gudgeon in a day, though it weigh but half a dozen pounds; and there are many instances on record where a three-pound fish has choked itself by attempting to swallow another of almost its own size.

Its natural history, so far as the practical angler is concerned, is extremely simple, and may be dismissed in a few words. It is found in nearly all the rivers of Britain where there are weeds, and, unless kept under, it proves a very formidable enemy in a trout river. Its largest weight in England has seldom mounted



up over thirty-five pounds. It delights in weedy lakes, and it is probable that it never grows so large in a river as in still water. It will take *any* fish when hungry; though it has a preference for carp, dace, gudgeon, and roach, yet have I known it to take tench—though it is credited with not doing so—and even the prickly-finned perch. Goldfish are to the pike what caviare is to the Russian, or turtle-soup to the alderman; so if ever you know of a big pike who resists every other bait, try him with this, and I predict success.

From August to February the pike is in fullest condition.

There are several styles of fishing for pike, and, as this is an important fish, I must occupy a somewhat long space in order to do his capture the justice it demands. Spinning, trolling, and live-baiting are the three modes, and it will be well if my readers will turn back to the page in which I treated on the tackle for these methods, in order to fully comprehend what follows.

#### HOW TO CATCH PIKE.—SPINNING.

The rod for spinning should be of bamboo, greenheart, or hickory, and should be specially made and arranged for spinning by a competent tackle-maker. The Nottingham rod, in my opinion, is not hardy enough for spinning and trolling, so I would prefer that the angler invested a guinea in the purchase of a good rod, with a couple of spare tops, to adapt it to the emergencies one inevitably encounters in pike-fishing. Its length should not exceed twelve feet, to be handy for a boy—and, indeed, this is quite long enough for anybody. The rings should be upright, and be careful to have the ferrules double-brazed, for many a rod is excellent in every other respect but this, and just when a good fish is straining it, it here comes to grief.

The reel is best of brass oxidised, and the handle should be of conical shape, and placed very truly on the plate of the winch, so that the line cannot get between, or remain round the handle, to the interruption of the course of the line.

The line is a matter of some importance, inasmuch as that it must possess three qualities in perfection—viz., strength, lightness, and smoothness, to allow of its freely running with the least possible friction when the cast is being made. I prefer an eight-plait silk line, dressed hard, with any of the dressings in my articles on Tackle-making, and there is no necessity for it to be very stout. A light line often proves the most serviceable, on account of its being easier to get out and easier to dry. Let the angler always remember, by-the-by, to dry his lines after using. The *trace* is a length of gimp with swivels, and ought to be carefully tested before being used, as I know to my cost, having lost more than one good fish through neglect of this precaution. The flight has been described also, and I prefer the "Pennell" to all others.

Now having baited the flight with a dace or gudgeon—I confess to preferring the former—the next thing is the throw. This is accomplished from right to left, or *vice versa*, and ought to be rather up and across stream, if there be a choice. Carefully look to where you coil your line, and do not be in a hurry, or exert yourself to make a long cast. Just before the bait falls on the water raise the point of the rod slightly, so that it falls with a less splash and noise than would otherwise be the case. On feeling a fish, strike hard once or twice, to effectually fix the barbs in his bony jaws, and then with deliberation proceed to play and land your fish, taking care that you never allow one inch of *slack* line. Sometimes a pike will spring up out of the water; in such an event lower the rod's point slightly, or his falling weight will break the hold you have on him.

Just outside weeds, and even over deep water, you should spin, in the latter case slowly, and in the former with some rapidity.

Trolling is fishing with the gorge-hook, also before shown. The bait is any of the following—dace, gudgeon, and roach; for preference,

gudgeon or dace. The rod for trolling must be stiffer, as there are weeds to encounter, and therefore a stiff top ought to be kept in reserve, and that used for spinning replaced by it. In this fishing try every nook and crevice, and immediately you feel the curious tug tug of the fish, let the line go loose. The pike then retires to pouch the bait, and an interval of ten minutes must be allowed for this process. As soon as this has expired begin to wind in—do not strike, that is not necessary—and land your fish. This style of fishing is exceedingly killing, though it is not so scientific nor so sport-producing as spinning, because the fish, having the hook in its stomach, is unable to make so valiant a struggle.

Live-baiting is even less sportsmanlike than gorgeing, though it is yet more killing. The bait is either hooked through the back fin or lip, and a triangle hook as well as single hook are attached to the trace. A large dace is the usual bait.

I have thus concluded all that boys will desire to know, this season at least, about the ordinary so-called "coarse" fishes. Trout and salmon are not within many boys' reach, but as it is desirable that they should nevertheless be taught something even of angling for both these fishes, I may at some future time treat on them. For the present, gentle piscator, *adieu!*

THE END.

#### THE GAME OF DOUBLE CHESS.

BY CAPTAIN CRAWLEY AND HERBERT MOONEY.

(Continued from page 647.)

**N**O player is allowed to expose either his own or his partner's king to check, and, though he is not compelled to cover his partner's check, it is advisable in most cases, when able to do so, as it will be found that when the king is checked by one adversary, the other will profit by it to obtain a piece and a position.

Bear in mind that in this game everything depends on mutual assistance and self-sacrifice. In nine cases out of ten the one who refuses to sacrifice in order to save his partner from checkmate brings speedy defeat on each.

Castling is not allowed; it is therefore advisable to get out one's knights as soon as possible in order to give castles an opportunity of moving out of the way of a sudden combined attack.

Another advantage in getting out the knights is that their greatest value is at the beginning of the game.

Towards the end of the game, in consequence of the combined action of the pawns, and the distances to be traversed, a knight's value is greatly reduced.

We have found it advantageous to exchange a knight for a bishop towards the middle of the game.

The great object of the game is by combined action to suddenly checkmate one adversary. His pieces, though not removed from the board, are then dead, and cannot return to life until the checkmate is removed.

They cannot be taken, but are practically useless, except as offering the shelter of inert matter to partners' pieces.

One partner having been checkmated, the antagonists concentrate their attack upon the remaining one with the enormous advantage of having two moves to his one!

Only, therefore, by making desperate sacrifices to release his partner from checkmate can the non-checkmated one hope to save the game, except his adversaries should stalemate him, when it is drawn.

While one is checkmated the adversaries may move in and out amongst his pieces with impunity, and should adversaries' kings do so, they are not exposed to check, as the pieces are considered dead.

This is most important, as it enables the adversaries, having once secured checkmate, to

render it permanent by pieces of lesser value, withdrawing important pieces to fight against remaining partner, who, although combating single-handed, may be numerically superior to both.

It is lawful to open adversary's checkmate for the purpose of capturing any of his pieces, who by that means are returned to life. But it should be borne in mind that if in doing this stalemate is given, the game is drawn.

Though the adversary may at any time open checkmate, he cannot in the same move take a piece, but his partner may do so, and he may close the checkmate again at his discretion when it comes to his turn. (See Rule 4.) The game is only won by both partners being checkmated.

A game is drawn when only one piece is left on the board, or when only pawns are left, as it is then impossible to secure a double checkmate.

But should each partner have a piece, or one of them two pieces, the game should be fought out, as, with the assistance of their kings, they may secure a double checkmate.

The adversaries have the forlorn hope of either taking one of their pieces—in which case the game is drawn—or of securing a stalemate.

This latter event, unlike the former case given, in which one was checkmated before the stalemate, will be a victory for them, as one king is free to move.

It is as well for beginners, having reached that stage of the game in which only two pieces are left, to declare the game drawn, with the honours of war attached to those with the two pieces left, as the game in that event will probably last long enough to tire out the patience of all engaged. Some ten years ago the writers sat from six o'clock in the evening until half-past four the following morning over a game which had dwindled down to the above-mentioned dimensions, and had all but given up the task as hopeless ere the desired result was obtained.

The pieces may range all over the board, as in Single Chess, and are equally at home in partners' squares as in their own.

(To be continued.)

#### ALL ABOUT FIDDLES.

BY JOHN SACHS.



**T**HE Editor having promised a series of articles on "How to Play the Violin," has thought it might be interesting to

give, in a sort of introductory chapter, the history of the violin itself, and has committed to my hands the pleasant duty of writing it.

The words Fiddle and Viol do not seem much alike, though they both come from the same root, "Viol," which was a musical instrument played with a bow, and used in churches and elsewhere, from Saxon times up to the invention of the violin in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

The north-western nations altered the word viol to fithele, and afterwards thickened the th to d, hence the word fiddle. On the other hand, the Italians, after improving the instrument to the present state of perfection, called it violin; but stringed instruments played with a bow have a far more ancient origin.

The ancient Egyptians and Assyrians enjoyed the music of lutes, as we can see depicted on their mural paintings and sculptures, but we fail to find a lute fitted with a bridge and played with a bow, so as to get a sustained.



sound, which want must have been felt as music was more studied. That David introduced new musical instruments is inferred from Amos vi. 5, and among these may have been some kind of viol. The modern Egyptians use several sorts of viols, which they call "Remengeh," meaning a bow instrument. From the con-



Remengeh, or Rebec.  
(Chapter House, Westminster Abbey.)

servative habits of the Eastern nations, their musical instruments are most probably copies of ancient examples; in fact the handsome modern Remengeh presented by his Highness the Viceroy of Egypt to South Kensington Museum is similar to one painted on the walls of the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey, about A.D. 1460, showing its Eastern origin.

The bodies of Eastern viols have a distinct peculiarity, they are all of the drum kind. The Remengeh, engraved in our page illustration, has a body perforated with holes utilised from a coconut, of which a fourth has been cut off; over the front is stretched a piece of fish-skin, and upon this rests the bridge. Another Egyptian viol is called the Raba'b esh sha'en, or Poet's Viol. The front of the body is covered with vellum, and the back left uncovered like our banjos: both these instruments are strung with horsehair. The words "Remengeh" and "Raba'b" are of Persian origin; the latter is probably the root of an old English word for a fiddle, "Rebec."

The West Indians claim a remote antiquity for their viols. An example called Sarinda (see next page) has the peculiarity of having a large opening at the lower part of the belly, also curves at the sides to make room for the play of the bow; the upper part only of the belly is stretched with vellum, on which the bridge stands; the strings are of gut, and three in number. Another instrument is the Sarangi (see illustration), which is the viol the Indians prefer to represent on their mythological pictures, a specimen of which I possess. It is carved out of a solid piece of wood; the belly portion is stretched with thick vellum, on the upper part of which stands a bridge that is pierced with eleven holes, through which eleven thin wires pass and are fastened over the end of the instrument; the other ends of the wires pass through the finger-board and are attached to eleven consecutive pegs; these are tuned to a scale, and act as sympathetic notes to four stout gut strings tuned in fourths, which are stretched over the bridge and fastened to pegs in the usual manner.

It is curious that this invention of sympathetic strings was adapted by the Europeans to the viol and bass during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, several specimens of which are preserved in the collection at South Kensington Museum. The "Ur-heen" is engraved from an old Chinese drawing. Similar shaped instruments are used both by the Hindoos and Japanese; but the Chinese, who do many things contrary to other nations, use the hairs of the bow inside the strings instead of outside.

It has been seen that the East Indians, with all their improvements, arrived at little. The sounding-board of wood, the value of the post, the proportions and construction of the future violin, were not found out by them. The ease with which rapid music could be obtained, the difficulty of playing in tune, and the want of quality of tone in the Eastern fiddles, probably kept them confined to the lower orders of society, which may be the reason they do not appear in ancient Eastern paintings and sculpture.

Vellum as a sounding medium was not used by the Anglo-Saxons and Normans; their fiddles appear as lutes fitted with bridges, and of a variety of forms. The following illustration represents a pear-shaped violin with one string, copied from an Anglo-Saxon psalter in the British Museum.



Pear-shaped Viol.

From the same collection is selected a viol which remarkably assimilates in shape to our violin. From the five pegs it probably had five strings; it occurs in a ms. psalter of the twelfth century. The figure represents King David playing a viol but dressed in Anglo-Saxon costume. From the abundant illustrations of the viol in ms. it is inferred that these instruments were much used during the middle ages, both for religious and secular purposes.

The next illustrations are from the picture by Fra Giovanni Angelico in the National Gallery. The subject is Christ surrounded by angels, patriarchs, saints, and martyrs. I select a guitar-shaped and also a pear-shaped viol. From the pose and handling of the violists I should think the monk-painter was a fiddler himself. This work was painted about the year 1420. In the same collection are other examples of viols, such as in the picture of the Madonna and Child by Fra Filippo Lippi, "who lived 1412—1469." There is represented a viol with three strings; also in another picture of the same subject by Cosimo Tura, painted 1481, there are represented viols of a Gothic pattern. Likewise a kite-shaped instrument in the picture by Giovanni di Pietro, of the Glorification of the Virgin. These examples exhibit varieties of form, some artistic, others eccentric. The Crwth (see illustration), from its name, has an ancient Welsh or British origin; it is mentioned by Hudibras, Leyland, and others. A player on the crwth was called a crowth or crowder. The instrument is a sort of transitional lyre and fiddle; the engraving is from the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey. There is a real specimen on loan at South Kensington Museum of this rare and scarce instrument.

About the year 1660 an improved form of viol gained a temporary favour, the patterns becoming more like our violin tenor and violoncello. At this time concerts of viols were in fashion, and played on both by ladies and gentlemen. An instance of the custom of ladies playing the fiddle at this period may be remembered in the second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress," which was published A.D. 1684, where it is stated "that Christiana, if need was, could play upon the viol, and her daughter

Mercy upon the lute." At this period musical families and societies kept a chest of viols, which mostly consisted of six instruments—that is to say, two trebles, two tenors, and two basses. The set, when not in use, was kept in a large case or chest lined with baize.

The bass-viol had six strings, and was originally a concert instrument. It was frequently played alone, and also as an accompaniment to the voice in the manner of a lute. The



Crwth.  
(Chapter House, Westminster Abbey.)

finger-board had frets like the guitar. A bass-viol is represented in the picture called, "The Music Lesson," by Titian, which was painted about the beginning of the sixteenth century. The tenor-viol had sometimes six strings, but both it and the bass varied in this respect, besides having sometimes the sympathetic strings before mentioned underneath or at the sides of the bridge to cause resonance.

These many forms and appliances exhibited effects and phenomena which induced the Italian Masters to study further the causes of the varieties of tone, force, energy, and exactness of note which the viols revealed, and during the wave of increased knowledge that was given us in the sixteenth century, the makers effected such great improvements in these instruments that the attention of the musically-minded aristocracy of the period was attracted to their use. Further improvements suggested themselves, frets were banished, and the finger-board left smooth; the belly, or sounding-board, was constructed of thicker wood, and the circular sound-hole removed, sympathetic strings were abandoned, and the violin was the result.

The genius that discovered the proportions of the violini is not exactly known. The invention appeared in the middle of the sixteenth century, and issued from the viol-makers, who cultivated their art at Brescia in Italy. Most probably it was Gaspar di Salo, who certainly constructed both viols and violins. I have engraved the tenor-violini from a genuine specimen of this artist. A school of Italian violin-makers followed, who worked at Brescia, and also at Cremona. They produced violins that have never been equalled in quality. Their names are Andreas Amati, the reputed pupil of Gaspar di Salo; Nicolas Amati; Antonius Stradivarius, the great artist of his family; Joseph Guarnerius, Carlo Bergonzi, and Jacob Stainer.

The last-mentioned acquired the art at Cremona, but removed to the Tyrol, where the greater number of his instruments were constructed. He was the founder of the school of German violin-makers. Facsimiles of the labels of these celebrated makers are inserted wholesale in modern violins. It is common to see advertised for the sum of thirty shillings a violin by Antonius Stradivarius, which, if genuine and in good condition, would be worth £300.

"How to Make a Violin," and the patterns of the celebrated makers, will be shown in future numbers of the BOY'S OWN PAPER.





RABAB ESH SHAM' EN.



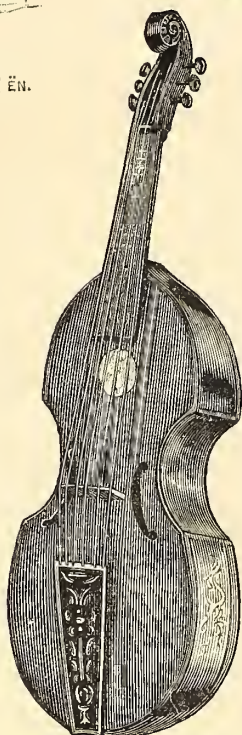
KEMENGH.



SARINDA.



SARANGI.



COUNTER TENOR VIOL.  
A.D. 1375.



TENOR VIOLIN BY GASPARD DI SALO,  
A.D. 1540.



UR-HEEN.



ANGLO SAXON VIOL.  
12. CENT.



GUITAR & PEAR SHAPED VIOLS  
A.D. 1420.



*Geo. Satch*



## SIGURD THE VIKING.

BY PAUL BLAKE, AUTHOR OF "THE NEW BOY," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER II.—SIGURD SAILS AWAY IN THE DRAGON.

AT noon of the day after the feast, Bor and his comrades sailed away in their ship, the Raven, followed by the gaze of Sigurd till they were out of sight. Turning round as the sun struck the sail for the last time, Sigurd saw Gunnhilda standing by him.

"Brother," she said, "I have persuaded our father to let you have part of your wish. He is to lend you the Dragon and thirty men for you to sail about the world and see the lands which lie far away to the west and north."

"And be a viking?" asked Sigurd,

the provisioning of the Dragon, saw to the arms of the crew, drilled them in seamanship by taking the vessel out for short cruises every day, and at the end of a fortnight he stood on the prow of his ship with everything ready for the start.

The night before the day fixed for sailing, Thorkell called him into his private chamber, where Gunnhilda also awaited him.

"My son," said the old man, "you must make me one promise before you go. In my youth and manhood I slew many a man—ay, and many a woman too—in the

enemy appeared, the townsfolk, who had been frightened at Bor's news, settled down again to their usual sense of security, strong in the protection of the mighty Earl Hacon of Norway. When in September the news came that Harald had been defeated by Sweyn of Denmark, and that out of his thirty ships only three now remained, the good people congratulated themselves on the destruction of one more set of sea rovers, and thought themselves safe from Harald's anger for ever.

One night at the end of September Thorkell and Gunnhilda sat talking to-



"Women were weeping over their dead."

eagerly. "Oh, Gunnhilda, you are the best woman in the world."

"No, not to be a viking," she replied.

"Why, Gunnhilda, I believe you think it wrong to fight. Suppose Harald were to come here and attack us, does your religion make it wrong to resist him?"

"No, I don't say that, but isn't it wrong of Harald to attack towns which owe him no tribute, and to try and kill people who have never done him an injury?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Sigurd, hesitatingly; "every one used to do it in the old times. But never mind about that, Gunnhilda; tell me about my journey. When am I to start?"

"As soon as you like, come in and speak to our father."

This was a gala-day for Sigurd; to be the captain of a ship—a ship, too, that in old days had seen many a hard fight—seemed too great happiness. Ulf was to be his companion; and thirty picked men, many of them old sailors, were to be under his command. He eagerly superintended

lust of my strength and ambition, and now, since Gunnhilda has taught me the faith of the Christian, I spend my days in repentance. Vow that you will not fight with those who have not first attacked you."

With Gunnhilda's loving eyes fixed on him, Sigurd could not do otherwise than obey, though in his heart was the hope that some rover or other might soon cross his path and feel the Dragon's claws. So he gave his promise, and received Thorkell's blessing and Gunnhilda's kiss, and before the next evening came he was out at sea with the salt breezes filling the wide wings of the Dragon, whilst Gunnhilda was on her knees in her chamber praying to the Christ she had learnt to love, to protect and guard her dear brother and bring him safe back again.

Thorkell would not have permitted Sigurd and his comrades to depart, had he not felt certain that Harald dared not fulfil his threat of making a descent on the coast. And his belief seemed to be true, for as the summer wore on and no sign of the

gether, for since the death of his wife eight years ago the old man had spent much of his time in the society of his daughter. Both of them were devoted to Sigurd, and the conversation always turned to him before long.

"When do you think he will return, father?" asked Gunnhilda. "In another month winter will have begun."

"He will return before then, my child; in the winter time even vikings lay up their ships and live on land, much more do the peaceful forsake the stormy sea. Fear not, in a few days we shall see the striped sail of the Dragon."

"Do you think, father, he has fallen in with any enemy?"

"I hope not, though so many roam the seas whose hand is against every man's that it is not improbable. But I do not fear that Sigurd will not be able to stand against any ship he may meet; he is a brave lad and would never flee."

"I so long to see him again, father."

"So do I, my child. Every feast seems



sad without his bright face to cheer us all."

By midnight the town was wrapped in slumber; one solitary sentinel watched on the lonely tower that stood at the entrance to the harbour. But the night was dark and cloudy, and it is no wonder that he found the task of watching wearisome. What foe could be expected so late in the year, and who had ever heard of a descent on this coast? So the sentry stood idly at his post, half asleep, till an axe clove his head, and hurried him into the sleep that knows no waking. Harald and his vikings had come.

Maddened with defeat, the viking had resolved not to return to his fastness in the Baltic without a desperate effort to redeem his falling fortunes and revenge himself on one of his many enemies. He still had three ships and two hundred men, and with these he determined to make a sudden descent on some unprotected towns, choosing Thorburg, where Thorkell dwelt, for the first. Silently mooring near the shore under cover of night, he landed his men without exciting alarm; the sentinel was slain as he stood, and Harald with a hundred sea-rovers were now close to the unsuspecting town.

"Quietly, my men," he whispered to his eager followers; "there are five hundred men ahead of us, we must never let them know our weakness. Leave all plunder till afterwards; slay every man you see before he has time to get his arms, then for the spoil. Let every blow be like the blow of Thor's hammer, which never needed to strike twice."

A few minutes afterwards and instead of silence a fearful uproar prevailed. With shouts the vikings rushed on their easy prey; lighted torches soon set the wooden houses in a blaze, and by the light which the burning dwellings gave the marauders attacked the inhabitants, thoroughly taken by surprise. Axes gleamed in the air, arrows whistled, swords flashed, as up the narrow streets the horde of invaders rushed,

giving no quarter to any one; in vain the bolder of the townsfolk met the onslaught, they were borne down and trampled on before they could form in line. The only place where any resistance worthy of the name was made, was at the house of Thorkell. The first cry had roused the old warrior from sleep. Hastily grasping his sword, he had shouted for help; the doors of his dwelling were barricaded against the invaders, and from the windows a shower of arrows rained on the attackers. But Harald was too wise to waste his strength in attempting to carry the house by storm. Leaving a few to guard against a sortie, he hurried with the rest to complete his victory, or rather massacre. Before half an hour had gone there was not a man left alive in Thorburg, except those who had taken refuge in Thorkell's house.

"Open, Thorkell," cried Harald; "it is Earl Harald who commands."

"Harald is no earl," returned Thorkell, "and were he twenty times earl I would not open."

"Burn down the house," shouted Harald; "let them choose death by sword or flame."

An arrow was quickly shot with a bunch of flaming tow attached. It lodged in the wooden roof, which soon burst into flames.

"Father," cried Gunnhilda, "we are lost. Oh that Sigurd were here!"

"My child, were it not for thee I could face death bravely, as I have faced it a hundred times."

"Fear not for me, I too can face death unflinchingly. Did not Christ die without a murmur, and shall I be afraid?"

The flames spread rapidly. The frightened inmates crowded down to the great hall, and Wolf, one of the old comrades of Thorkell, implored his master to throw open the doors and let them all die like men instead of burning to death like beasts.

"It is our only chance," assented Thorkell. "Stay here, Gunnhilda, perchance

you will escape notice. Now, my men, follow me."

The door was thrown open, and the old viking, with his white hair flowing behind him, rushed out sword in hand. The first who met him fell to the ground elven right through the head; the next met with no better fate; and the sea-rovers fell back in terror at the apparition of a mortal who seemed endowed with Thor's might in the battle. But it was all in vain; an arrow shot by a sure hand sang through the air, and Thorkell fell pierced to the heart. His followers were soon slain, and when the morning sun arose his beams fell upon a piteous sight. The town was in ashes; not a man survived; women were weeping over their dead, forgetting in their sorrow to bemoan the fate that awaited themselves. The vikings were collecting the plunder of the town, heaping together in reckless profusion the treasures of many a household, and carrying their dead to a knoll outside the town for burial. Truly these were cruel days.

"We must lose no time," cried Harald. "If this gets to the ears of Hacon we shall not reach the Baltic unmolested. Bring the spoil to the ships as soon as possible, and take the maidens with you. I will keep this one on board the Bear; she is indeed worthy of gentle treatment."

So saying he beckoned to Gunnhilda to follow him. She did not weep, her anguish was too deep for tears, but silently obeyed.

"Do not sorrow, fair maiden," said Harald, as kindly as he could. "Do not fear that you will be made a thrall; nay, there is many a man in my fortress of Helder, and of noble birth, who will be glad to make you mistress of his house."

But Gunnhilda did not hear. She turned away from her captor and sat silent, saying to herself, "Ah, if Sigurd only knew!"

But Sigurd was far away, joyously watching the Dragon as she bounded over the waves on her way towards home.

(To be continued.)

## THE ILL-USED BOY; OR, LAWRENCE HARTLEY'S GRIEVANCES.

By MRS. EILOART, AUTHOR OF "JACK AND JOHN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—THE LAST OF THIS EVENTFUL HISTORY.

IT was about a month after Tom's arrival at Clapton, a fine bright day, wonderfully mild for the time of year, and Tom was in the garden with his hands in his pockets, walking up and down, and occasionally indulging in a hop or a jump, and looking altogether something like a boy instead of an old man worn with all the wickedness he had seen. It was a half-holiday, and Ted had come to spend it with his friends. They ran out in the garden directly lunch was over, and there they found Tom.

"I'm going back to Miss Bransome's to-morrow, Master Ted," he said to that young gentleman. "I'm so well now, the doctor says I'm quite fit for school."

"And won't be run away with again, eh, Tom?" answered Ted, while Lawrence drew him apart.

"Now, Tom, I've been wanting to ask you ever since you've been here about those papers of my uncle's. You said they

were down a hole. Now I should like to know what you meant by that. Was it only to play me a trick? I won't be angry with you, only tell me the truth."

"I did tell you the truth, Master Lawrence," answered Tom, "and the bag that you said had got the papers in was down a hole, only I couldn't just make you understand where the hole was. It's this tree I told you of," and he pointed to the one down which Diek had gone, and from which he had found it so difficult to get out.

"Well, and we sent Diek down there," cried Lawrence, "and we couldn't get him out again," and he pointed to the hollow inside the trunk.

"But you shouldn't have sent him down the hole, but under it," cried Tom; "that's where Gregg put it when he found I'd hurt my leg and he'd got to carry me away. He meant to come for it again, but he told me afterwards that he didn't think it

worth while. He was afraid he shouldn't get the money Mr. Hartley offered, without questions being asked, and questions wouldn't have suited Gregg. I'll see if I can't fetch it out," said Tom, and he took off his jacket, and, to the astonishment of the boys, made a way somehow between the gnarled, twisted roots of the old tree, into what must have been an opening of considerable size, for Tom was lost to sight, but presently came backing out, feet forward, covered with cobwebs, dust, and mould, and dragging a bag that he proclaimed, as indeed it proved, to be the very one Gregg had hidden there the preceding summer.

Lawrence sprang on it with delight. "Won't my uncle be pleased!" while Tom, who was beginning to have some regard to appearances, ruefully brushed his trousers, and wondered what James would say to him.

Nothing very severe, you may be sure.



He was as pleased as the boys at the recovery of "master's bag," as was Mr. Hartley himself, when he came home from the City and heard of it.

Tom went to Miss Bransome's the next day, and before long was one of her best

boys and aptest pupils. Mr. Hartley has parted with his pleasant house at Clapton, and lives in the quiet of the country, while Bob is in his uncle's counting-house, and likely to follow in his footsteps in more ways than one. Lawrence is there too,

and, like Robert, he has learned to be so ready to help others over their troubles that he has forgotten there ever was a time when he had nothing to do but to think of his own.

THE END.

## SEVENTY YEARS AGO!

BY ASCOTT R. HOPE, AUTHOR OF "ALL BY HIMSELF," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER II.

"I WAS up and out with the early dawn. The wind had risen to a gale through the night; no boats would be putting to sea. But as I wandered down to the quay, expecting to find myself alone with the thoughts that thus troubled me, I met several people stirring in the grey morning. A little group of my schoolfellows ran up, crying,

"Have they been found?"

"Who? What?" asked I, quite at a loss.

"Have you not heard about Owen Hughes?"

"How glad I felt it was not light enough to show my guilty looks! Had this treachery of mine taken effect already? Then the doctor came hurrying past, his wig all awry, and his face unshaved, like one who had been up all night. When one of the boys asked him a question, he stopped, exclaiming, in the utmost agitation,

"No more news! Oh! if I had only been with them, the foolish boys! The foolish boys! He must have had the sail fastened; just like him, for he never knew fear, but it was madness on such a day."

"All at once I guessed the truth, and turned sick at heart with horror. A small crowd gathered round the doctor. Without saying a word, I heard the questions, the answers, the conjectures, the lamentations, and soon learned as much as was known of what had happened.

"The wind yesterday had been fresh and squally, with deceitful gusts, which, blowing off the shore, did not make themselves felt under its lee, and gave the sea an appearance of being calmer than it really was a little way out. As the doctor said, Owen knew no fear; it was his keenest pleasure to sport with winds and waves that would have frightened other boys. A passing fisherman had hailed him, advising caution, but he answered only with a shout of careless glee, and turned to run before the wind. So all the evening he had remained out, tacking along the coast, for the most part under shelter of the hills, till it began to grow dark, when, making for home, he took a longer tack out into the bay. There a sudden squall had struck the boat, she heeled over, filled, and went down in the twilight. The accident was seen from the deck of the *Cygnus*, which sent a boat to the spot without delay, but in the rough sea and the darkness nothing could be done, except to bring the bad news on shore. While I was still nursing such wicked hatred in my heart against Owen, he must have been struggling in these cruel waves.

"Were they drowned, then?" asked one of the boys, who had been listening with breathless interest to this story.

"What else could we believe? There was some faint chance, indeed, that one or

both of them might yet be heard of. Owen was known to be a famous swimmer, but those who knew him guessed also that he would do his best to save the little boy, who could not swim; and hampered with Rees, and having the tide against him at that hour, it was hardly to be hoped that he could have gained the nearest part of the shore. It was just possible that they might have been picked up by a fishing smack which about that time had been seen running for the other side of the bay, or they might have been able to support themselves on the oars and the rudder, and thus, drifting out to sea, be picked up by some passing vessel. From hour to hour there was anxious expectation of some such news, but none came. I never expected it; I believed the worst all at once.

"The place where the boat had sunk was soon discovered, and when the sea grew calmer she could be seen lying at the bottom in no great depth of water. The doctor refused to let her be raised, declaring that he could never bear to use his boat again, proud as he had been of her. It must have been as well for him if he had not many patients on his hands at that time, for while the fate of the lads was still uncertain, he did little but ramble about between his house and the harbour, unable to rest for anxiety, and almost as disconsolate as their nearest relations. So other people thought of Owen, whom I had hated! This old doctor, his employer, had come to love him like a son of his own. And his poor parents! Little Rees was an orphan; he lived with his old grandmother, who, they said, had never raised her head since the clergyman came that dreadful night to break the news to her.

"The whole village took part in the sorrow of the two bereaved families. For the next few days there was always a little crowd on the quay-head, watching the boats which were dragging for the bodies. Twenty times a day old folks and young came out of doors to ask if anything had been found. For my part, I durst not ask. I went about stupefied by that heavy load of remorse which I had to keep to myself. Yet even my schoolfellows noticed the trouble I was in; and wondered I should take the accident so much to heart. In their rough way some of them set it down to my miserable cowardice. They were sorry for Owen, too, but they had not the reason that I had, and could not tell. The older people found my concern more natural, as it was known that I had been one of the last who saw and spoke to the missing lads.

"What a torture it was to me to hear the universal regrets and praises that found such an echo in my smitten conscience! Everybody else had a good word for him—a pleasant recollection of him. It was Owen that had so often scaled the highest

rock to reach the seagull's nest; it was Owen that had flung off his jacket and shoes and plunged into the sea that stormy Christmas Day to help two fisher-boys whose boat had been swamped in a whirlpool of waves foaming over the bar to meet the outrushing tide. Owen's voice was the finest when, on long, fine Sunday evenings, the young folks gathered on the beach after church-time to sing their sweet, plaintive Welsh hymns, while over the sea the calm summer sunset brightened all the west, glorious as the gates of the New Jerusalem. It was Owen who would make the noisiest boys in the school cease their careless din, and steal, soft as cats, past the cottage of some family in sickness or trouble; and it was he, too, who gave up hours of his play-time helping the rheumatic old ferryman to work his heavy craft, almost as cranky and used-out as its master. Every hour brought some new memory of his cheery unselfishness. This was the youth whose life I had hoped to ruin. But now death had done, had it not, more than I could do to him? Never more would he think little of me, nor could I intend him harm any more. But oh! how could that be wiped from my memory which I had purposed so wickedly? Let him but come back from the dead, and how easy it would be, so I told myself, to bear his indifference—even his contempt. But he never came back.

"It was on the third or fourth evening that I saw several people running towards the harbour, and was drawn along with them by an impulse I could not resist, though all the while dreading that which I was to see. As we went along I heard the rumour: the bodies had been found, the little boy locked in Owen's arms, and the boat was now bringing them in. We saw it entering the harbour just as we reached the steps.

"The quay was crowded with people, shading their eyes against the glow of a red, angry sunset as they eagerly gazed at that boat drawing nearer and nearer, till we could see the black tarpaulin spread out in the stern. Beneath that rough pall lay her mournful freight. The women were sobbing; even the weather-beaten faces of the men showed signs of emotion; the children looked frightened and clung close to their mothers. Then there was a pitying murmur as the crowd made way to let his mother come forward, her face hidden in her apron and leaning on her husband, who tried hard to hold himself upright and go through with it like a man. While others pressed round them with vain words of pity and consolation, I shrunk away from this sad couple as if my touch might be pollution to them.

"The boat came alongside the steps. A dozen arms were ready to offer their aid



as the tarpaulin was reverently, gently moved away, and first Rees's body was lifted out, his light yellow hair dripping over the white face, and a great bunch of seaweed clasped tightly in one little hand. He was half undressed, as if they had had notice enough of their danger to make some preparations before the boat went down. The body was carried up the steps, I staring upon it as one in a dream—it was the first time in my life I had seen death so near. But when they were about to uncover the other body I could bear to look

A lifetime has passed over me since then, but I can see him still, so bright, so hearty, so full of life, as he was that March afternoon, when he slighted me in his careless strength, and I hated him as only the weaker and the base can hate. It seems now like yesterday, but it was seventy years ago.

"How well do I remember the funeral! It was a cold, sullen day of driving showers and low hanging mists; but nearly all the people of the village followed along the long road to our little churchyard upon

would rise above their sinful selves. My nature is one which, without grace, were poor indeed; but grace and mercy have been with me in a life-long struggle against the sins that so easily beset a soul like mine. In a few years at most, in a few days or hours perhaps, the fight will be over for me, and I trust to be more than conqueror through Him that bare my infirmities and gave His life for all men, even me. I fear not to stand in the presence of my Maker, yet at times—when the spirit is weak—my heart fails me to think



"With an agonised shriek, the mother swooned at sight of her boy."

no more. I turned away my head, I stole behind the crowd, and sped away, struck to the heart by that agonised shriek of Owen's mother as she swooned at the sight of her boy.

"I never had courage to look on the corpse, but in my mind's eye I saw him night and day. Night and day I was haunted by his pale face, and by the thought that the last thing I had done to him had been— Oh, what would I not give now to have mastered my spiteful heart in time!"

Mr. Griffiths stopped, and seemed on the point of breaking down in his story. Then he went on, in a low, trembling voice,

"Seventy years ago—seventy long years!

the mountain side. The two lads were laid side by side, as they had been in death; and when the earth rattled on their coffins, the clergyman's voice was drowned in a general outburst of grief. Nobody noticed me lying behind the wall outside, and crying so bitterly, as I prayed Heaven to forgive me for not having forgiven him before it was too late. Boys, boys, if you had such an hour as that to look back to over a lifetime, you would pray always for grace to keep your young hearts from malice and hatred.

"Long and deep was my repentance for that hateful afternoon. I took the lesson to heart; I learned where to seek strength in my very weakness, as all must learn who

how can I bear, before that Throne, the gaze of one accusing face? Shall I meet *him* there and forgive myself?—it was seventy years ago—"

The old minister's voice had sunk to a whisper. He stopped and leant his head in his hands, as if in silent prayer, and forgetting he was not alone. The two boys gazed at his white hairs with a kind of awestruck surprise; then, finding him still silent, they were for stealing quietly away. But he looked up and called them back.

"Dear boys," he said, gently, "let us say the Lord's Prayer together, and may He teach you to forgive as you hope to be forgiven."



## NAUTICUS IN SCOTLAND:

A TRICYCLE TOUR OF 2,446 MILES IN SIXTY-EIGHT DAYS.

By THE AUTHOR OF "NAUTICUS ON HIS HOBBY-HORSE."

47th Day.

Betty Hill. Thurso. John o' Groats.

THIS inn, as I have said, stands in a very exposed situation. During the night the building fairly trembled with the violence of the wind, and in the morning the prospect from the window was the reverse of cheering. Heavy masses of nimbus cloud were chasing one another



across the leaden sky, while sheets of rain partially obscured the bare sand-hills and the gloomy cliffs of this iron-bound coast.

Taking advantage of a lull, I started for John o' Groats at 8.15 a.m., and commenced my pleasure trip by walking down into and up out of a precipitous ravine. After riding a short distance over a peat moor, another steep gully had to be crossed, and my temper was acted upon in the same manner by torrents of rain and a rough road. My journey for the next ten miles may briefly be described as a succession of stiff braces on a bad surface through hard squalls, the redeeming points being a fair wind and occasional glimpses of fine coast scenery.

In about an hour and a half I came to a number of scattered dwellings, a manse, and some limestone quarries.

"Bravo! here's Meloich!" exclaimed I; but it was Strathy. Meloich, when reached, was more compact and boasted an hotel. Finding, however, that the bad weather was being left behind, I resisted the temptation to refresh the inner man and pushed on for Thurso.

The next excitement was crossing the Halladale Ferry, where my Cheylesmore had to squeeze himself into a cobbie. From the ferry we walked up a long rocky hill on to a bleak plateau, but the worst part of the day's work was over, for the gradients began to tone down, the surface to improve, and last, but not least, the sky was clear overhead.

I now passed the boundary of Sutherland, quite an event to me after all my varied experiences and adventures in that county. Beyond Reay the character of the country underwent an entire change, for although it still remained open and treeless, sand gave place to shale, and extensive fields of corn and other cereals formed a striking contrast to the patches which on the west coast can only thrive in sheltered nooks. The road, too, became firm and good, buildings cropped up in all

directions, and other signs tended to show that I was approaching the busy haunts of men.

From the top of a hill I came into full view of Thurso. The immense extent of monotonous country in the background gives the town a desolate appearance, but the bay and the bold red cliffs of Dunnet Head were very fine. I enjoyed a capital L. O. H. run of three miles to the Royal Hotel, where I halted at 1.15 p.m.

After luncheon I strolled through the broad streets of this neat little town, and feasted my eyes on the contents of the shop windows, with the usual result—i.e., an irresistible inclination to buy something. In this case it was really necessary, for my boots were ready to drop from my feet, and other items of my toilette were in a dilapidated condition.

A day would have been well spent in visiting Holborn Head, the Clett Rock, and the magnificent cliff scenery in the neighbourhood, but my time being limited, 3 p.m. found me padding over the bridge. Having turned to the left I came to the castle, ascended a hill to the right, and from thence made rapid progress along level ground. The whirl of vehicles and the number of people about made me feel like a country bumpkin in the Strand, so accustomed had I become to travelling for miles without meeting a soul.

About a mile and a half beyond Castletown a finger-post sent me to the left, and at Greenlands Farm, three miles farther, I again turned abruptly in the same direction on to a narrow road with a splendid surface. The cyclist is advised to take this (the lower) road, and for fear of missing it he should make frequent inquiries after leaving Castletown.

After running through a mixture of bog and cultivated ground for two or three miles I arrived at Houna. This is a hamlet with an hotel so exactly like John o' Groats that more than one deluded tourist has been known to give a graphic description to his friends of what he had seen at the celebrated house, when all the time he had never been there.

Avoiding this mare's-nest I turned to the right and worked on a semicircle of two miles to John o' Groats Hotel, where I arrived at 5.30 p.m. I had quite counted on meeting some fellow-wheelmea here, and on finding the house empty was much disappointed, for I had met with the same luck at Betty Hill. However, the landlady was a host in herself, and her powers of persuasion overcame my intention of proceeding farther, so I settled myself down for the night. I passed the evening in reading up the history of the old house, the remains of which—a green mound—was just in front of the window.

It appears that once upon a time there were eight Dutch settlers of the name of Groat. These gentlemen used to hold an annual festive gathering to commemorate the arrival of their ancestor in Caithness. To prevent the continual quarrels about precedence on these occasions, one of them named John built an octagonal room with eight windows and doors, in which he placed a table of the same shape. At the next anniversary he invited each of his kinsmen to enter by a separate door and to sit at the head of the table. In this way he pleased them all, for each supposed himself to be in the place of honour.

Distance—Betty Hill to Thurso = 32 miles.

Thurso to John o' Groats 21 "

Total = 53 "

48th Day.

John o' Groats. Duncansbay Head. Wick.

The morning being moist and unpleasant, I thought it advisable to wait a little. The landlord recommended me to go off to Duncansbay Head, but as the view appeared very tame from outside the hotel I pooh-poohed the idea, and said that I had seen Cape Wrath. Presently, having had some further talk about it, I thought it would be just as well to go, if only to kill time.

A walk of a mile and a half on soft ground brought me in sight of the Stacks, three stately-pointed rocks. At certain times of the tide tremendous waves, called the "Bears of Duncansbay," roll between these rocks and the shore, a distance of about 500 yards, but just then Bruin was taking a siesta.

I rambled along the cliffs, which are composed of Caithness flagstone. They do not reach the altitude of those at Cape Wrath, but the variety in the shades of colour (delicate pink to black) and their different stages of decay and ruin render them highly interesting.

I noticed in many places that the sea was slowly but surely undermining the cliff, and the swell, when rolling into these caverns, thundered and roared, and occasionally the compressed air made a report like a gun. There were many rocks of different shapes which had been detached by the action of the sea; one of these still maintained its hold on the mainland by a natural bridge, which had a very picturesque effect. This stone is so rich in fossil remains and shells that it pays to burn it for lime.

On reaching the Head I came upon a stupendous chasm 500 feet in depth, and running 700 or 800 yards inland, and I was much surprised and impressed to find such a remarkable proof of the resistless power of the ever-rolling waves. Myriads of sea-birds were here to be seen, some making the rocks re-echo with their



shrill cries, others circling overhead or taking a seaward flight, while numbers seated in rows on the ledges of the cliff were watching the more adventurous divers in the sea below.

I could make out guillemots, razor-bills, kittiwakes, and puffins. All seemed to consider me



as one of the crowd, but the puffs were the most cheeky; several of them squatted close to me, and twisting their oddly-shaped heads, looked at me out of the corner of their eyes as much as to say, "Pray who invited you to our picnic?" All this made me feel as though I were once more at "Kittiwake Fair" on Ascension Island.

I saw several small craft being carried along by the tide, which was racing by at the rate of seven or eight knots, and I had a striking proof of the dangers of navigation in these parts from seeing two wrecks on the west side of the Head. One lay high and dry on the beach, and the mastsheads of the other (a steamer) were just showing above the surface of the water.

On my return to the hotel I made a note in the visitors' book advising every one to pay a visit to Duncansbay Head, and shortly afterwards had the satisfaction of seeing two new arrivals shut up the book and start off at once.

In the afternoon a touring bicyclist came in. He had travelled over some of the same ground as myself, and on comparing notes I found that his opinion concerning the roads tallied with mine.

4 p.m.—Although the weather had settled into a real Scotch mist I decided to make a move, and tear myself away from Mrs. McKenzie, who presented me with an envelope full of a kind of cowrie shell peculiar to this place, called Groatie buckies. The road, which consisted of a succession of rideable undulations on a good surface, lay through a melancholy tract of moorland, with here and there a house and a plot of cultivation. The last two miles into Wick were level. The town looked imposing in the distance, but a nearer approach displayed narrow dirty streets, reeking with the smell of herrings. I put up at the Caledonian, but would advise the tourist to try the new hotel.

Distance—John o' Groats to Wick = 19 miles.  
(To be continued.)

## SOME ENTOMOLOGICAL LOCALITIES NEAR LONDON.

By THEODORE WOOD,

Joint-Author of "The Field-Naturalist's Handbook."  
(Continued from page 647.)

ABOUT midsummer, the Common Heath Moth (*Fidonia atomaria*) will be found in great numbers, and another insect of the same genus—the Bordered White (*F. pinivaria*)—may be found a few weeks earlier as it flies among the pine-trees which border the common. The female of this insect, who bears very little resemblance to her mate, is much more sluggish in her habits, and will require a sharp application of the beating-stick to the branches in which she has taken refuge.

Early in the spring—say about the middle of April—the handsome Emperor Moth (*Saturnia carpinii*) appears on the wing, and is not at all uncommon at Shirley. The beautiful green larva may be swept from the heather later in the year, or sometimes found feeding on the bramble and blackthorn bushes in the valleys.

Among the little Pug Moths (*Eupithecia*), the Narrow-winged Pug (*E. nanata*) is very common, and the Ling Pug (*E. minutata*) by no means scarce, while several other species are to be found in the neighbourhood.

Both by day and night Shirley Common is sure to well repay a visit. While the heather is in bloom the treacle-tin will be almost useless, but at other times the bait will mostly be found very productive. The local Bird's Wing (*Dip-terigia pinastri*) is very common among the pines in June.

In coleoptera the neighbourhood, as well as the common itself, is very rich. The rare *Dicaster dichrous* is occasionally found all over the Croydon district, and a fine specimen fell to our share on a recent visit. This was in the road near Woodside station.

On the same day we also met with *Salpingus ater*, another rarity, which we swept from a batch of nettle bordering the roadside. No less

than four examples of the scarce *Ocypus fuscatus* also turned up on another occasion.

On the broom in the old gravel-pit on the common the local *Tychius venustus* is fairly common, and is sure to be found in the sweeping-net, in company with several other beetles.

At the back of the common will be noticed a close oak fence, which surrounds the park belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury. This is the beginning of the famous Bishop's Fence, which extends from here as far as West Wickham Church. By following this up along the footpath the collector will find himself, after about a quarter of a mile's walk, opposite Shirley Church, and in the direct road to West Wickham Wood, which is one of the best localities for collecting in Surrey.

Should he wish to proceed direct to the wood from either Norwood Junction or East Croydon stations, he can do so by striking down the Shirley Church road, a few hundred yards short of the common. He will in that case find himself opposite the church after two or three minutes' walk, and not more than a mile from the wood. The Bishop's Fence runs the whole of this distance on the right-hand side of the road.

Early in the spring we shall probably find on these palings the Pale Brindled Beauty (*Phigalia pilosaria*) and several of the Hibernias. A month or so later the handsome and conspicuous Oak Beauty (*Amphidasis prodromaria*), the Pale Engrailed (*Tephrosia binudularia*), the Yellow Horned (*Cymatophora flavicornis*), and the Pine Beauty (*Trachia piniperda*) may be expected, and the rare Birch Prominent (*Notodonta carmelita*), which has several times occurred here, should be carefully looked for.

With the beginning of May the *Geometrae* show themselves in considerable numbers and great variety of species, and until the end of July or thereabouts the Bishop's Fence is sure to be very productive both in this group and also in other moths.

The Pale Oak Beauty (*Boarmia consortaria*) is sometimes to be found resting with extended wings, looking like a large and rather worn specimen of the Engrailed (*Tephrosia crepuscularia*). Near the pine-trees the Orange Footman (*Lithosia aurcola*), the Barred Red (*Elloppia fasciaria*), the Tawny Barred Angle (*Macaria liturata*), and the Pine Carpet (*Thera firmata*) are nearly always to be found, both on the palings and also on the trunks of the trees in the pine plantation in the wood.

The Cream-spot Tiger (*Chelonia villica*) may sometimes be found drying its wings towards dusk, especially in the neighbourhood of chickweed, the food-plant of the larva. The Hopdog (*Orygia pulibunda*), sometimes known as the Pale Tussock, often occurs on the fence, generally looking like anything but a moth.

Among the Thorn Moths, the Early Thorn (*Sclenia illunaria*) is always very common, and a few weeks later the Lunar (*S. lunaria*) and Purple (*S. illustraria*) Thorns appear on the wing. The Scalloped Hazel (*Odontoptera bidentata*) is by no means uncommon, and has a singular fancy for resting, head downwards, on the larch trunks, within a foot of the ground. With the exception of the very rare Large Thorn (*Ennomos alniaria*), the whole of the remaining Thorns may be found in their respective seasons.

In fact, there is hardly a moth to be obtained in the neighbourhood which has not, at some time or other, been found on these palings, and an examination of the fence alone will often fill the boxes of the diligent collector.

The earlier in the morning he "goes round" the better, for not only are insects far more abundant on palings before the sun is high, but he may forestall the many collectors who habitually work the fence, and who would otherwise deprive him of his game.

After walking about a mile along this Shirley Church Road, we come to a footpath striking into the wood on the left-hand side of, and at right angles with, the road, with a small cottage at the entrance. Another pathway runs between this and the road, but hardly leads to as good collecting-ground as the former.

For the first three or four hundred yards of its course this path is bordered on both sides with pine-trees, sparsely sprinkled with birch and oak. On these pines the Pine Beauty (*Trachia piniperda*), mentioned already, is far from uncommon in early spring, and may be found resting on the trunks of the trees in the daytime, or sometimes beaten from the overhanging boughs into the umbrella. It is also attracted by "treacle" and sallow-blossoms, and is tolerably sure to visit those baits in company with a host of *Tæniocampidæ* and other noctua. Later on we find the Barred Red (*Elloppia fasciaria*), the Pine Carpet (*Thera firmata*), the Bordered White (*Fidonia pinivaria*), etc.

On the right-hand side, behind the pine-trees, is a cluster of fine old beeches, running for some little distance almost parallel with the footpath. On the trunks of these the scarce Lobster Moth (*Stauropus fagi*) is sometimes to be found drying its wings on a June afternoon, and the extraordinary larva will sometimes fall to the beating-stick at the beginning of autumn. The Beech Hooktip (*Platypteryx unguicula*) and the Clay Treble-Lines (*Epione trilinearia*) may also be knocked out of the foliage.

After passing the pines we come to a plantation of birch and oak trees on the left, and a patch of heather on the right.

From the former the Pebble and Scalloped Hooktips (*Platypteryx faleria* and *lacertula*), several of the Prominents (*Notodonta*), and many other moths may be beaten out, and their larvae obtained in their seasons. Among the heather on the other side of the road occur nearly all of the moths to be obtained on Shirley Common, and the sweeping-net will often bring up some nice beetles. The Pearl-bordered Fritillary (*Argynnis euphrosyne*) is very common behind this patch in May and June.

A couple of hundred yards or so farther on we come to a large clearing on the right hand, the left being still thick wood, and admirable for beating. This open space is one of the best places in the wood for treacing, and almost every tree is adorned by a long black streak, the fruits of the labour of multitudinous collectors for years past. It is also a very good spot for butterfly-hunting, and the bushes with which the place is sprinkled are worth trying with the beating-stick.

Hovering over the flowers here we may, if we are lucky, find a specimen of the Broad-bordered Bee-Hawk (*Macroglossa fuciformis*), with its transparent wings bordered with rich brown. Being quite as quick on the wing as its relative the Humming-bird Hawk (*M. stellatarum*), a quick stroke with the net will be needed to capture it.

Some little distance from the path, and nearly in the middle of the clearing, there runs a small stream, along the edges of which are numerous small sallow-bushes, whose attractive catkins provide a feast for thousands of insects of all orders in March and the beginning of April. In the moths, all the common species of the genus *Tæniocampa* are extremely abundant, and the rarer and more local Lead-coloured Drab (*T. populeti*) and the Blossom Underwing (*T. miniosa*) are now and then to be met with. Besides these, hibernated specimens of many of the autumn noctua, such as the two Sword-grass Moths (*Calocampa vetusta* and *exoleta*), the Satellite (*Scopelosoma satellitia*), the Chestnuts (*Cerastis vacciniæ* and *spadicea*), the Orange Upper-wing (*Hopiorina croceago*), and the Herald (*Gonoptera libatrix*) sometimes put in an appearance at the banquet. In the bright sunshine the pretty Orange Underwing (*Brephos parthenias*) will perhaps be seen, as it flies round the catkins of these sallows.

The group of pines at the farther corner by the path is very productive in the moths which feed upon those trees, but the collector must be quick with his net, for the startled insects almost invariably fly over the thick undergrowth which borders the place, in which case pursuit is out of the question.

From here until the keeper's cottage at the end of the wood there is good beating on both sides of the footpath, and the occasional trees are very productive when treaced.



Coleopterists will find the sweeping-net of the utmost service to them, not only in all parts of the wood, but also in the neighbouring fields and lanes. Many of the very rarest of the British beetles occur in the neighbourhood, and, even if none of these "plums" turn up, the collector is sure to enrich his collection by the addition of many new species.

In the wood he should keep a sharp look-out for the "keepers" trees, where those gentlemen suspend the carcasses of the cats, weasels, and other "vermin" which they find in pursuit of the game. All the burying beetle tribe are especially common in such localities, and the application of a stick, the umbrella being held beneath, will cause them to emerge in swarms. I have myself taken four species of the *Necrophori*—the burying beetles proper—viz., *N. humator*, *interruptus*, *ruspator*, and *mortuorum*, from a single carcass, besides *Silphas*, *Staphylinidae*, etc., in abundance.

In different parts of the wood rotten stumps, logs, etc., will probably be found, and should be carefully examined for the wood-boring beetles. Some instrument with which to scrape away the rotten wood will of course be necessary. As good a tool as any is an ordinary butcher's knife, costing sixpence, and suspended in a sheath by a belt round the waist, so as to be concealed by the coat. With sheath, etc., complete, this ought not to cost more than a couple of shillings. The blade is of Sheffield manufacture, takes a very good edge, and can be used down to the very last shred. It is sharply pointed, so that the knife answers the double purpose of cutting and digging.

Leaving the wood behind us, we walk for some little distance down a lane edged with a very varied vegetation, which affords capital sweeping for both larvæ and beetles. This lane shortly joins a road, which, after a little way, branches off into two parts, the way to the left, the Wickham Road, leading back by a rather circuitous course into Shirley Road, while the right-hand one forms the nearest route to Beckenham railway station on the Chatham and Dover line. For nearly two miles of this road there is capital sweeping on the right-hand side, and on the left very productive palings run nearly the whole distance to the station, rather more than three miles. On the flowers of hemlock, which is very abundant in places, some of the Longicorn beetles simply swarm, with hosts of *Telephori*, or "Soldiers and Sailors," weevils, etc., etc.

The gas-lamps along this road sometimes produce good insects. The Oak Beauty (*Amphidasio prodromaria*) early in spring, and the Sprawler (*Petasia exsiccata*) late in the autumn, are among these.

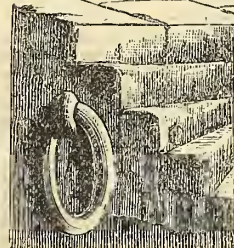
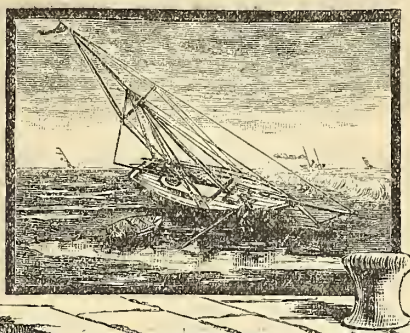
As regards pupa-digging, the more attainable part of West Wickham is rather disappointing, partly owing to the character of the soil, which is largely composed of pebbles of considerable size, but in a greater degree to the encroachment of the mole. This creature may fairly be considered as the bane of entomologists, for it drives its tunnels round the roots of every favourable tree, devours all the pupæ, and also the hibernating beetles, which had sought a refuge there, and nips the pupa-digger's hopes in the bud.

Larva-beating and searching generally, however, and more especially in the spring and autumn, is exceedingly productive, and a heavy "bag" may be looked for with tolerable certainty.

The great drawback to this very productive locality lies in the keepers, who are ruthless in ejecting any unlucky person found trespassing. The footpath is the only public ground in the whole wood, and the collector leaving it, even for a few paces, must keep a sharp look-out for these bêtes-noir.

In a second article I intend to offer a few remarks on Darenth Wood, near Dartford, Epping Forest, and one or two other easily attainable localities.

## The "Boy's Own" Lifeboat & Hospital Fund.



(Contributions received to April 23th, 1882.)

Amount previously acknowledged		
£	s.	d.
1326	10	1 1/2

April 20.—Per F. and B. Sherrard (Leicester), £1 3s.; H. Dewar (Poplar), 6d.; Jolly Cricketers (Towyn), 1s. 3d.; Per Francis E. Lloyd (Walton), 7s. 6d.; Per Edward B. Cotton (Old Swan), £1 3s. 9d.; J. C., G. S., and E. C. Roper, 1s. 6d.; Per H. C. Mason (Cambridge), 10s.; Per Edward Penberthy (Lelant), 8s. 3d.; Per W. Humphreys (Cornwall Gardens), 9s.; Don (Finsbury Park), 1s. 6d.; Jumbo, 1s.; S. H. Cattle, 2s. 6d.; J. Chaplin (Plumstead), 2s. 6d.; Per H. L. Williams (Manchester), 11s.; Forester (Lyndhurst), 1s.; Per P. E. Gibson (Morpeith), £2 8s.; Artist (Leith), 1s.; Anonymous (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; Per H. Anderson (Bayswater), 10s. 1d.; Per H. W. Taylor (Cleeveham), 10s.; Per J. W. Willson (Peterboro'), 15s. 10d.; Per Sydney H. Crocker (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 15s.; Alberto (Oxford), 1s. 3d.; Per W. Harden (Barnes), 17s.; A. Meldrum (Dunkeld), 1s. 6d.; Anonymous, 6d.; Per R. Barfoot (Brighton), 14s. 4d. . . . . 12 7 3

April 27.—Per Conrad L. Huhn, £2 3s.; Per Harry S. Denton (Wolverhampton), 10s. 3d.; Per Henry Stallard (Hampstead), £3 13s. 7d.; Per C. W. Irving (Croydon), £1 10s. 6d.; A Cornish Maid, 1s.; Per Miss Crabtree (Redhill), 17s. 6d.; Per J. Jas. Pope (Blackheath), £1 11s. 8d.; Per F. Carter (Connaught St.), £3 0s. 10d.; Rugbiensis, 2s.; Sally, Mother, and Sisters, 2s. 6d.; E. E. and G. Saunders (Holloway), 2s.; Per J. and E. Sampson (Hixon), £1 12s. 6d.; N. C. Swan (Lincoln), 2s. 6d.; Frank H. Sowersby (Sheffield), 1s.; Per Robert Watson (Liverpool), 11s. 2d.; Per Herbert Lunn (Gnildford), 12s. 6d.; G. B. S. (Canterbury), 1s.; Per F. Duncombe (Abergele), 7s. 7d.; Arthur L. Slater, 6d.; Per R. P. H. Oliver (Portsmouth), 8s. 6d.; W. E., 6d.; Per S. Denby (Bradford), 12s.; H. B. Ellis (Leicester), 1s. 6d.; Per R. Collingwood (Rohdale), 15s.; Per W. E. Ireland (Birmingham), 13s. 6d.; J. W. Harrison (Stapleford), 5s.; Per E. A. Smith (Devizes), 17s.; F. J. G. (Devon), 1s.; Per Robert Bell (Edinburgh), £1 4s.; Codram de Bert-

fish (New Wandsworth), 2s.; Per M. Bince (London, N.W.), 15s.; Drummer (South Lambeth), 1s.; Frank A. Noah, 6d.; Per L. H. Moseley (Old Kent Road), £2 2s.; Captain Reade (Notting Hill), 5s.; Per James Lynch (Whitby), 12s. 8d.; George Clark (Lower Tooting), 1s.; Per E. J. Brown (Amesbury), 6s. 6d.; Per Edgar Williams (Camden Town), 6s.; Per Geo. Daves (Long Lane, S.E.), 8s. 6d.; Per G. Nickson (Liverpool), 1s.; Per T. L. Webster, 10s.; T. Biggin (Sheffield), 5s.; Per H. A. Fraser (Stockton), £1 2s. 6d.; Per William Howse, 9s.; Per L. Aulagnier, 1s. 6d. . . . . 29 16 9 1/2

April 28.—Per James Forbes (Edinburgh), 5s. 6d.; W. B. Lumley (Hythe), 2s. 6d.; Per Leonard York (Newport Pagnell), 17s.; Per A. R. Trinder (Highbury), 9s. 6d.; Charles Forrester (Shepherd's Bush), 1s.; Per A. and F. Phelps (Gloucester), 17s.; Per John Towers (Manchester), 9s. 1d.; Per Paul Towers, 10s. 8d.; P. J. R. (Creech), 2s.; F., 1s.; Per J. E. Lewis (Farnham), 6s.; Per M. L. Weber (Shepherd's Bush), 7s.; Per W. Reynolds (Brighton), 2s.; E. J. Redgrove (Brixton), 2s. 6d.; Per Samuel Davies (Manchester), 9s.; Per Geo. A. Hill (Liverpool), £1 1s.; Christ Church (Mayfair) Youtths' Association, per A. W. Poplett, £1; Aniline Dye (Salford), 1s.; Bloomsbury Young Men's Club, per W. Jones, £1; Per H. E. Wroot (St. Albans), £1 11s. 3d.; Geo. Tye (Kentish Town), 2s. 6d.; Per Chas. Wood (Peckham Rye), 18s. 6d.; Per W. R. Parnell (Paignton), 5s. 3d.; W. Ball Acton (Tunbridge Wells), 3s.; Per Miss A. A. Read (Bromley), £1 6s. 6d.; Per A. Pritchard (Faringdon), 10s.; F. C. (Derby), 1s. 6d.; Per J. Borcham (Tottenham), 7s. 8d.; Per J. H. Miller (Hertford), £3 0s. 9d.; Per A. B. Browne (Salecombe), £1 2s. 6d.; W. S. D., 1s.; Per Wm. Patrick (Bradford), £1; J. D. A. (Manchester), 1s.; James and Joseph Thomas (Sharnbrook), 2s.; Per H. W. Watson (Cheltenham), 15s.; H. T. Winney (Tavistock), 1s.; Per Philip Gray (Bevois Mount), 3s.; Per Harry Lucas (Aberdare), 7s. 6d.; Per E. G. R. Wale, £1 1s. 8d.; Walter and Norman Drysdale (Gateacre), 2s.; Per W. de Lacy Devereux (Clifton), £4 11s. 6d.; A. Graham (Springfield), 1s.; George Pratt (Tweedmouth), 1s.; Per T. W. Hillyard (London, S.W.), £1 6s. 1d.; Per Wm. Southon (Chiswick), 9s. 4d.; Per A. K. Martin (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 10s. 6d.; Per John A. Jessop, 2s. 1d.; M. A. Maxted (Portsmouth), 2s. 6d.; John Baird (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; Per C. Tyrrell, 2s.; W. G. G. and H. J. G., 1s. 6d.; Jack Gray (Glasgow), 1s.; Robert Lillie (Crail), 1s.; Robb (Glasgow), 2s.; Per J. L. Copland, 5s. 9d.; E. W. Barnes (Old Kent Road), 2s.; Anonymous (Hinckley), 2s.; Per H. B. Meakin (less 2d. for unstamped letter), 11s. 10d.; Edward A. Coombs (Haekney Road), 2s. 6d.; Per W. Wood, Jun., 2s. 6d.; Per Miss J. Richmond (Crouch End), 5s.; Per W. Stockins, 5s. 10d.; Per J. F. Coote (Regent's Park), 11s. . . . . 31 9 9

Carried forward . . . £1400 3 11





**WALTER CHURCH.**—Give your birds their food in the morning before you have your own breakfast. Wash their food and water tins or glasses, and replenish them; clean and tidy the cage. One supply of food should last all day. For blackbirds and thrushes German paste, soaked bread and milk, insects, worms, egg and bread-crumbs, or hard-boiled egg, and snails. Change frequently if you want to keep them healthy. Linnetts may be fed on the smaller seeds—canary, rape, maw, and a little hemp. Give green food, and put sea-sand or gravel in the cages.

**ECCLES.**—1. For dandruff get a pomade as follows:—Nitric oxide of mercury ointment one part, ordinary pomade four parts; rub in night and morning, not on the hair, but into the scalp; wash twice a week with carbolic soap; take a little sulphur internally three times a week, and, if the health be low, a course of iron and quinine. 2. Grease spots may be taken out by placing pieces of brown paper over them, and pressing with a hot iron as long as the bits of paper will absorb the grease. 3. Depends entirely on the kind of ink and colour of cloth. Spirits of salt will remove some. 4. "Where is the man?" Evidently "under the garden wall."

**H. D. MCCHEANE.**—Read our articles on the Thames, beginning in No. 130 and ending in No. 140.

**REGINALD G. D. BONSOR.**—Dress the sore on the rabbit's ear with an ointment composed of one portion of green iodide of mercury ointment, and one of compound sulphur ointment. Wash the place twice a week. We fear you do not keep it over cleanly. Change the hutch. Give it a run every day on the grass, and plenty of sunshine.

**W. S. JACKSON.**—The Camera Lucida is simply a four-sided bar of glass, with two of its faces at right angles to each other, and the other two at an angle of 135°. The glass is held with the right angle upwards, and the eyes being directed down upon the surface, see, reflected from the sloping sides, the object down the tube of the microscope, or whatever the instrument may be. A Camera Obscura is a rectangular box with a lens, whose focal length is equal to the length and depth of the box. This has a reflector fixed at half a right angle behind it, and this throws the image of the object towards which the lens is directed on to a piece of ground-glass fitted into the top of the box.

**SKYLARK.**—German paste may be made by mixing together a pint of fine oatmeal and a pint of pea-flower, with three ounces each of honey and salad-oil or lard, rubbing it well together, and frying a light brown, stirring all the time. A little hard-boiled egg, a little maw, and a little crushed hemp may be added each day to the portion you give the bird. Do you give your lark a nice clovery turf every second or third day? Do so, and put a rusty nail in the water.

**OBSERVER.**—Observe all you can, but do not be dogmatic. No one can say that the cuckoo does not lay in and not beside the intended foster parents' nest as often as not. Birds can lift and carry their eggs, and many do; but what you assert is no proof that as regards the cuckoo this is always the case. We wish, however, that all our country readers were like you—observers, and sent us their experiences of what they saw and heard.

**LORRIE.**—Skins of all kinds can be dressed for making trimmings or muffs simply enough as follows. First, as to cleaning. Stretch the skin, feather, or fur downwards on a board, and tack it there; then with a knife remove every bit of flesh and fat, and scrape it well; then rub over with alum and soda pounded together in a little water; leave it to dry for a day or two, then scrape again and rub down with pumice-stone to soften. A final dressing of alum alone will suffice to preserve it, and softening can only be performed by the application of elbow-grease.

**L. C. THOMAS and Others.**—1. It is against our rules to answer by post. 2. The feeding and treatment of your pet rats is so perfect that we fear we can recommend no cure for the ailing one. It is evidently asthma. A few drops of warm castor-oil might do good once a week, and the placing in the drinking-water of a rusty nail. 3. No, it is not catching.

**T. P.**—See other answers. All nonsense. The true lucky, unlucky, mystic, and magical number is number one, for all the others are but its multiples.

**NIL DESPERANDUM.**—1. The letters at the foot of the pages are the "signature" marks. They distinguish the sheets for the convenience of keeping the printing accounts, marking the progress of the work, and guiding the bookbinders. 2. They are the insulators, and keep the wire from electrical contact with the ground.

**MARTINI HENRY.**—The answer is obvious. Apply to the headquarters of the volunteer regiment you think of joining, and ascertain for yourself. It depends on your health and build. There is no strict age limit in the majority of cases.

**LIGHT.**—The English were first in the matter. Swan's incandescent system is of prior date to that of Edison. In the Edison lamp it is a fibre of bamboo which glows. Swan began his experiments as far back as 1845. The Brush light is an arc light, but the same company supply the Lane-Fox lamp, which is an incandescent one.

**S. W. F. C.**—If the team is of full strength when you commence to play, you cannot add to or alter it during the game, and you cannot play substitutes, or change substitutes, without the consent of your opponents.

**CONCHA.**—Sowerby has a good book on conchology. Far better get a book on the Mollusca say Woodward's Manual, or Gwyn Jeffrey's work, and study a far more interesting subject. Conchology is hardly a science.

**A SUBSCRIBER.**—It is unusual for pigeons to lay three or four eggs, but such cases are of frequent occurrence.

**F. T.**—Better buy your size ready made. It is a weak solution of impure gelatine evaporated until it forms a stiff jelly, and its manufacture is somewhat odiferous.

**BOW.**—A first-class violin has seventy separate parts. Two form the back, two the belly, six the blocks, six the sides, twelve the lining, twenty-four the purfling, and there is the tail-pin, its peg and fastening, the tail-piece, the bass-bar and sound-post, the bridge, nut, head and scroll, the finger-board, and the four pegs and four strings. The body weighs about half a pound, with the neck and scroll about twenty ounces, and when tuned to pitch the pressure on the bridge is over ninety pounds.

**OLD PREWEEP.**—1. We neither know, nor have we any means of knowing, which is the strongest man and best racehorse in the kingdom. 2. You need not alarm yourself, the report was circulated in error. Mr. Proctor, in his own paper, "Knowledge," gave an article on the 17th February last, in which he denies having said that the world was coming to an end at any fixed date, by any means, cometary or otherwise. A greater than he has told us that "the times and season knoweth no man."

**NEMO.**—Guinea-pigs must be kept very cleanly, else their places are apt to smell disagreeably. They are fond of changes of diet. Give oats or grain of some kind once a day, and bread soaked in milk; also an allowance of garden roots, cabbage, greens of any kind, or weeds, such as sowthistle, plantain, etc. They ought to have water to drink.

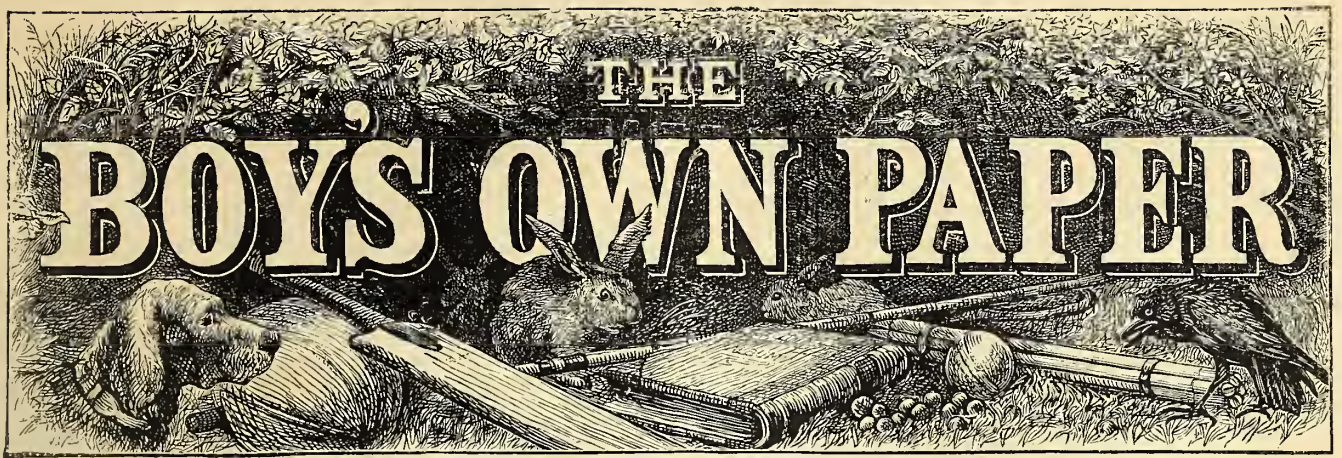
**N. D. 306.**—Our thirty-eighth number was re-printing, but it is now ready again.

**A. M. T.**—In asking us to prescribe a method of treatment for any pet animal, whether bird or beast, our readers would do well to mention how it has been fed. Feed your canary only on canary-seed and rape, two parts of the former to one of the latter. Give three drops of castor-oil every week; put a rusty nail in the water for a fortnight, and anoint the naked parts once a day with pure salad-oil.

**E. HALL.**—You can get an Geolipile at most chemical-appliance shops. You have not got its description quite right, but the thing is well known.







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SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1882.

Price One Penny.  
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## THROUGH FIRE AND THROUGH WATER:

A STORY OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL.

By THE REV. T. S. MILLINGTON,

Author of "Some of Our Fellows," "A Holiday Tramp," etc.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE crew of the Hailstorm might now be seen from the brig, running aloft with all speed to shorten sail, and those on board the Vesta followed the example. In a few minutes sails were furled, the topgallant-masts struck, the mizen-yard lowered, and the jibboom run in; the guns on deck were firmly lashed, tarpaulins and battens made ready for the hatchways, and everything done that could be thought of to make the vessel snug.

"Borne on the breast of a mighty wave."



Strange voices, sighs, moans, increasing gradually almost into a roar, were now heard, louder and louder, like the reverberation of cannon in the distance. A dark line came sweeping along the surface of the sea, like the shadow of a cloud; and then a terrific burst of wind fell upon them with a force and suddenness which seemed as if it would sweep away everything before it.

The brig, though almost under bare poles, heeled over nearly to her beam ends; her masts creaked, her cordage whistled and roared, the timbers of her hull groaned in every part, and everything on deck that had not been secured went flying over the side or into the scuppers.

The men, who only kept their places by holding on to whatever happened to be near them, could scarcely open their eyes or draw their breath. They waited, motionless, until the first violence of the blast was over. The ship soon righted, but they could only let her drive. The sea was now covered with foam, the wind having swept the surface only; but the waves were beginning to rise, and everything wore a threatening aspect.

When they looked for the boat it had disappeared, with the man in it; and the darkness had come down so suddenly that they could not see more than a few yards in any direction. They hailed the boat, but received no answer; and presently the violence of the tempest and the closing in of night, black and starless, compelled those on board the brig to give up all thought of returning to the Hailstorm.

Among those who were thus detained in the strange vessel, in addition to the appointed crew, were Mr. Selborne; Mr. Wren, midshipman; Mr. Yapp, gunner; and boy Chip or Smith.

It was a fearful night; the gale increased from hour to hour, and even when it was supposed to be at its height, blowing great guns, it went on increasing still, blowing guns yet greater. Men and officers stood together under a penthouse forward, not liking to go below; for the memory of what they had seen there made the place dreadful to them in the gloom, and the air between decks seemed foul and fetid, in spite of the wind which raged above. The dog lay down close to them, attaching himself to no one in particular, not choosing to be on familiar terms with mankind after his recent experiences.

The darkness and the gale had come upon them so rapidly that they scarcely knew what kind of craft it was which they were called upon to navigate in such a storm; but they soon discovered that she was a cranky vessel, badly built and poorly fitted. Her cargo consisted chiefly of dried fruit; she was down by the head, and not sufficiently ballasted. She rolled frightfully, and did not answer to her helm; and they were obliged to let her drive before the gale, endeavouring only to keep her head to the wind lest she should be cast upon the shore, which, as they knew, could not be very far distant on her lee.

They saw nothing during the night of the Hailstorm or her lights, and scarcely knew in what direction to look for her. They could only wait and hope for the morning, doubtful whether the ship, which laboured and creaked as she rose and fell upon the billows, would hold together until daylight. Although there was no serious leak as yet, the water entered through her seams, and rose continually though slowly in the well; and the pumps were out of order, and almost useless.

As soon as the first streak of morning light appeared one of the men went to the masthead to look out, and almost instantly exclaimed,

"Land ho!"

"Where away?"

"On the port bow."

The gale, though it had moderated a little, was still raging; and the man's voice, as he hailed the deck, was scarcely audible.

"How far off?" was the next anxious question.

"Three or four knots."

Mr. Bree sprang into the shrouds, and could then see the long, low line of coast stretching away to the south-west, with a range of hills farther inland. He came quickly down again and went to the helm, giving orders at the same time for the try-sail and canvas to be set close-reefed.

"She will hardly bear it, sir," the boat-swain's mate remarked.

"She must bear it," was the answer.

The ship was drifting rapidly towards the shore; her head must be brought to the wind instantly, or she would become a wreck. If they must choose between foundering at sea, or being cast upon the coast of Algeria, he, for one, would have preferred trusting himself to the waves.

"Let us fall now into the hands of the Lord, for His mercies are great; and let us not fall into the hands of man," he murmured, as he repeated his former order.

The sails were unfurled, they flapped for a moment in the wind, and before they could be sheeted home, were torn into ribbons. The next moment the tiller broke short off in the rudder-head, and the ship lay wholly at the mercy of the wind and waves, driving straight towards the shore.

Meantime Mr. Wren, steadying his glass upon the bulwarks, had swept the horizon in every direction, but not a sail was to be seen. The Hailstorm had, no doubt, kept on her course, in spite of the gale, and though it was to be expected that she would lay-to and keep a good look-out for the little vessel which had been parted from her under such critical circumstances, there was not much reason to hope that she would come across their track in time to be of service.

An effort was now made to get the boats out, or at least to have them in readiness, though they were so small that it was scarcely likely they would live in such a sea. Soundings were taken, and the anchors let go, but the cables were good-for-nothing, and parted one after another. So nothing remained but to wait for the moment when the ship should strike, and for such deliverance as God might send them. They did not know anything of the nature of the coast, and could only judge from the formation of the land, and from the broad belt of breakers which intervened, that the shore was flat, shelving gradually. They waited in silence, each occupied with his own thoughts, while the vessel drove on, getting every instant nearer to the dreaded shore. Every moment they expected to feel the shock of the keel striking upon the rocks or sand. The nearer the ship approached the shore before striking, the better would be their chance of reaching it alive.

Jack threw off his jacket. He could swim well, but to swim in such a sea as that would, he knew, be difficult, if not impossible. Still he resolved to be prepared. He clasped Clara's letter, folded in the glove, to his heart, and his thoughts flew back, with a feeling of sadness which

he had never before experienced, to the happy days which he had spent in the colonel's house at Valetta. Especially he thought of Clara, who had been like a sister to him in his illness. He could see her gentle face before him at that moment, her eyes looking down into his, as when she watched by his pillow. He could feel the touch of her hand, and hear her voice whispering words of encouragement and kindness. He wondered whether she had thought of him since they were parted as often as he had thought of her. He pictured to himself her sorrow and distress when it should be told her, as he feared it would, that he had been drowned on the coast of Barbary. The colonel had said he would look after him, and make something of him after his return to England. He had looked forward to that return and to that promise more than he would perhaps have confessed, but now there must be an end to all such thoughts. That letter would go down with him to his watery grave. He hoped, if he were drowned, that his body would be washed away into the deep, and not cast up on the Algerian shore, and that if it should ever be recovered, Clara would know somehow or other that the glove and the letter had been found tied to his neck and clasped to his heart.

Marks, too—he thought of Marks, for at such a time thought is swift, and the events of years will pass under review in an instant. Marks had tormented him, and caused him a great deal of pain; and a momentary feeling of displeasure took possession of him. If it had not been for Marks he would not, perhaps, have been there waiting for death; but Marks had also been kind to him, and Marks had been forgiven long ago; if not, he must have been forgiven now, for Jack had said his prayers many a time that night, and the spirit of prayer sanctified all memories of the past as well as all hopes of the future. Others round him were praying who perhaps had not often prayed before. Jack, even while he stood clinging to the bulwarks of the Vesta, with his mind wandering to earthly scenes and earthly friendships, was yet resting in spirit upon the help and presence of One who rules the storm, and without whose knowledge not a hair of his head could perish.

Thus they remained, officers and men, huddled together under the bulwarks of the doomed ship, waiting in gloomy silence for the moment which should bring them face to face with death.

The Vesta went straight on towards the breakers, and approached within a hundred yards or so of the shore. An immense wave then struck her, throwing her upon her broadside on the rocks. She fell over, and instantly became a wreck; the water backed up over her bulwarks to leeward, half way up the deck, and, filling the cutter, which was on the davits ready to be lowered, dashed it to pieces. At the same instant the masts went over the side and lay along upon the water. Two men were crushed by the fall, but their fate awakened only a momentary compassion, each one expecting his own death the next instant. With each advancing wave the stern of the vessel was lifted round towards the shore, her decks rising and falling, and her timbers crashing and grinding together with a fearful noise, heard above the roaring of the sea and wind.

"Which of you can swim best?" cried Mr. Bree. "Who will carry a line ashore?"



"I can swim," said Jack.

"Nonsense, boy!" said Mr. Yapp. "I'm a good swimmer, Mr. Bree. I'll do it, please God!"

His round figure, somewhat in the shape of a buoy, seemed to promise well for his power of flotation, while the strength of his limbs as he cast off all superfluous clothing showed him well calculated to battle with the waves.

A line was given him, which he made fast round his waist.

"Good-bye, shipmates," he said; "good-bye. If I never see you again, God bless you!"

They gave back his parting benediction with earnestness and reverence, and he then stepped cautiously on to the mast which projected over the side, creeping along upon it on his hands and knees. A huge wave approached; he stopped, and, lying down upon his breast, clung tightly to the spar until it had passed over him, and then rose and clambered farther. Those on board watched him with the greatest anxiety, and gave him notice with their voices of the approaching billows. More than once they thought, as he disappeared from view under the rolling surge, that he had been swept from his uncertain footing, but he held fast, and kept on his perilous path until he reached the "top." Then, watching his opportunity, he struck out rapidly for the shore, diving under the rollers, which would have thrown him back if he had attempted to rise over them, tossed to and fro and rolled over and over whenever a wave caught him unawares, often hidden from view, but reappearing, shaking the water from his eyelids, and striking out, with failing strength but unabated resolution, towards the shore.

It seemed as if he would never reach it. Those who watched him from the deck saw him at last on the point of yielding; his arms were stretched out motionless upon the water; his body was rolled over lifeless, now touching, as it seemed, the very margin of the land, and now drawn back again with the retreating surge. Already those in the broken ship lamented for him—lamented for the true-hearted, brave companion of their misery, forgetting for the moment their own peril. But presently, when they had given up all hope, they saw his form again, borne on the breast of a mighty wave, which they might well suppose had been raised up on purpose for its work of mercy, and cast up high upon the sand, beyond the reach of further buffetings. The following surges scarcely reached him where he lay; they played around him, as if eager to draw him back again into the vortex, but he was beyond their power.

After a few moments the figure was seen to move, his arms were spread out again, and his knees drawn up as if still swimming, and then the brave gunner was observed dragging himself, with much labour, a few feet at a time, up the sandbank. He sat down and waved his hand towards the ship, and presently began to pull upon the line, which he had carried safely with him. But for this line his task would have been much easier; it was that which hindered him. But he would rather have lost his life than cast it off; and now it was to be the instrument for saving his shipmates. By means of it a much thicker and stronger line was drawn to shore and made fast, and a block was rigged to run upon it, with a loop or stirrup, in which, one after another, the seamen were drawn safely to the shore.

Poor little Mr. Wren, the midshipman, was the only one who came by any mishap. As an officer and a gentleman, he insisted on being one of the last to leave the ship, and, disdaining to be secured in any way to the becket or loop, when he had reached about half way to the shore a wave rolled him over and carried him away from the rope, which his hands were too small to grasp with firmness. A cry broke from every observer, but not one of them could help him. Mr. Bree was on the point of springing into the sea—though if he had done so his life also would almost certainly have been sacrificed—when the dog, which had already swum to shore, instigated by Jack and others, leaped again into the water and made his way rapidly to the spot where Mr. Wren had disappeared. With unerring instinct, the animal dived after him, brought him to the surface, and turned with him towards the shore. The task was evidently too great for him; it was impossible to breast the waves with such a burthen, but the good dog would not lose his hold. Lieutenant Bree hastened down the rope, calling to the dog, who, with renewed efforts, brought the boy, now senseless, to the spot where he was waiting for him clinging to the line, and by their united efforts the midshipman was saved. Again they must needs think of the Turkish name of scorn—a dog! There was this difference, at least, between the Algerian and the four-footed beast: the one delighted to save life, and the other to kill.

Mr. Bree called the men together as soon as they were sufficiently recovered from their exhaustion, and on their knees they offered up their praises, each one in the silence of his heart, for the mercy which had brought them through such peril. They knew not what dangers and sufferings might be reserved for them in the cruel and inhospitable land upon which they had been cast, but experience of Divine Providence in the past gave them hope for the future, and they thanked God and took courage.

The small party who had thus escaped the perils of shipwreck were for some time too much exhausted to move far from the spot where they had first touched land. They had passed a night of terrible anxiety, without rest and almost without food. They had been buffeted by the waves, and had, almost without exception, suffered contusions, more or less severe, from the violence with which they had been dashed against the shore. The gunner especially, and the gallant young midshipman who, though the smallest of the party, had insisted upon his right to be the last to quit the ship, with the exception only of his superior officer Mr. Bree, were so exhausted that for a long time they were almost incapable of moving, and had to be carefully tended by their companions in misfortune.

But as soon as they were able to confer together, the question arose, What course would it be best for them to pursue—or rather, what course was open to them? They were almost without provisions, and the brig was breaking up so rapidly that it was not likely they would be able to recover anything from her stores, even if the weather should moderate, of which there were as yet no signs.

By keeping to the shore they might for a time escape observation from the natives, and might also cherish a hope of being taken off by the Hailstorm, which would doubtless make search for them. If, on the contrary, they should be discovered by the Moors or Arabs, they would most prob-

ably be carried away inland as prisoners or slaves, and might wear out the remainder of their days in captivity.

They could not tell on what part of the coast they had been thrown, but by calculating the distance they must have run during the night, and the bearings of their own ship, which Mr. Bree remembered very well, at the time they quitted her, they were of opinion that they must be somewhere on the Riff coast of Morocco.

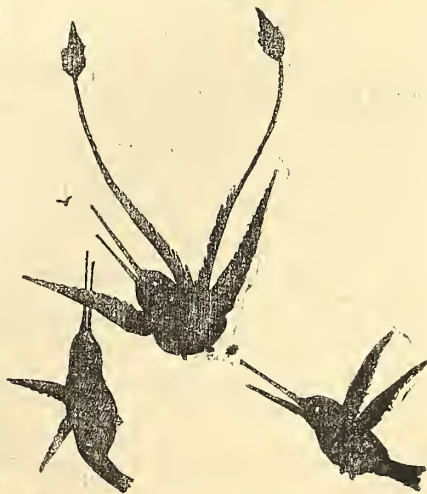
This would have been anything but encouraging, but they were as yet imperfectly acquainted with the character of the people whom they might expect to meet there. The Berbers, who are supposed to be descendants of the ancient Numidians, are fierce and lawless beyond all others of the North African tribes. "Audacious pirates, sanguinary bandits, eternal rebels, on whose shore no foreigner may dare to set his foot unless under the protection of the saints and sheikhs." Such is the description given of them by a modern traveller; and nothing better could be told of them at the period of which we write.\*

On the other hand, if they should escape these Riffians—or "ruffians," as they might well be called—the Moors are generally less savage than the Algerians, and there would be more hope of deliverance from them. There was a great deal of trade carried on between Morocco and Spain, and Tangier was only a biscuit-throw, as one of the sailors said, from Gibraltar, which was a piece of Old England. If only they could make their way to Tangier they would soon be all right.

It was a long way to Tangier, however, and they could not hope to reach it by land without the assistance of the natives, and it was quite uncertain whether they could be induced by the hope of reward to conduct them thither, or even to supply their most pressing wants. It was a comfort to them all to believe that they were not in Algeria, but they resolved to conceal themselves, and to keep to the coast as long as possible, in the hope of being taken off by their own ship or by some other friendly vessel.

A few casks, spars, and other things were cast ashore in the course of that day, but nothing that could be of much use to them. And next morning the beach was strewn with fragments of the wreck. The Vesta had gone to pieces, and nothing remained of her but boards and spars and fragments of the ship, which came floating on the billows to the shore.

\* De Amicis, "Morocco, its People and Races."  
(To be continued.)





## NAUTICUS IN SCOTLAND:

A TRICYCLE TOUR OF 2,446 MILES IN SIXTY-EIGHT DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NAUTICUS ON HIS HOBBY-HORSE."

(Continued from page 662.)

## CONCLUDING HINTS.

THE space allotted for the section of my story in the *Boy's Own Paper* having come to an end, I will conclude by strongly recommending a tour in the "Land of the Mountain and of the Flood." In this country, where historical, poetical, and romantic associations meet one on every hand, the cyclist, instead of being tied down to certain lines of route and halting-places, is like the bee, free to settle where he pleases, and after having taken the essence out of one place he can flit on to the next. He may thus see all the objects of interest, and at the same time avoid the expensive hotels in their immediate neighbourhood.

One of the charms of riding in Scotland is the diversified scenery. The bleak moor quickly gives place to the lovely lake, cradled amid woodland hills, and from a gloomy pass one may emerge on to a quiet strath, watered by its softly-flowing stream. All this, with the pure, bracing air and the exhilarating exercise, combine to give both mind and body healthy recreation.

Moreover, whilst the railway traveller is being whirled along the line, and perhaps losing a choice bit of scenery in a tunnel, the independent wheelman can select his pace, and thus take in the beauties of nature according to his own individual taste.

In Scotland he has the farther satisfaction of traversing excellent roads. Even those in Skye and on the west coast, although hilly, are remarkable for their splendid surface, devoid of mud or ruts.

I am glad to say that I found nearly all the Scotch inns comfortable and moderate. My daily expenses, as before stated, amounted to twelve shillings, including tips, postage, and minor repairs to the machine; but I met a bicyclist who was averaging ten shillings a day, and I have no doubt that any one with care could manage on that sum.

For a short tour let me advise the cyclist to take the train to Berwick and thence spin through Tweeddale, see Edinburgh, Glasgow, the Falls of the Clyde, and return by Carlisle.

My distances will enable him to calculate the number of days required for the trip.

I have now much pleasure in acting on the suggestion of the Editor of our "*Boy's Own*"—viz., to jot down a few hints to beginners. These I will divide into the following heads:

- (1) Choice of machine. (2) How to propel.
- (3) To keep in order. (4) Equipment. (5) On the road.

## CHOICE OF MACHINE.

Any one who beheld the bewildering maze of spokes and the great variety of machines at the Stanley Show this year, might have been puzzled to decide which was the best kind of tricycle. For my part I did not see one which I preferred to my own, but I will not presume to express an opinion on the subject. I merely advise the intending purchaser to procure the services of an experienced rider, and to select the vehicle which most nearly combines the following points: Safety, simplicity, moderate hill-climbing power.

I would also caution him not to buy or hire a second-hand article, unless he is quite sure that it is in perfect order.

**Safety.**—Look for strength of construction, sufficient breadth for stability, and a powerful brake.

The position of the steering-wheel is a much-disputed question. I have found an open front very convenient for mounting and dismounting quickly, and when I went over the brae at

Strome Ferry I should certainly have sustained very serious injury, to say the least, had I been boxed up among the wheels.

It is important, however, to see that the rear wheel bears well, otherwise when descending steep gradients it is liable to be lifted off the ground. My Cheylesmore has never shown any tendency to play me this trick, but I always take the precaution to lean well back when going down hill.

There is no advantage in having a very sensitive steering arrangement. On the contrary, it becomes a constant source of anxiety and danger to the rider, whose whole time is occupied in trying to keep the machine from sheering about.

**Simplicity** is of the utmost importance. Complication of any kind means friction, and only too frequently a "break-down," which cannot be repaired by an ordinary blacksmith. I think that the best way of transmitting the power is by means of chains. If short and strong they stretch very little, can be easily tightened, and give and take on rough roads. I have never had any trouble with mine, and if blacklead is used as a lubricator they keep clean and in good order.

**Hill-Climbing.**—Too much stress is laid upon this point. Can you drive it over all the hills? How do you manage when you come to a steep incline? are questions that one is invariably asked by non-riders; their tone implying that to dismount and walk at any time would be discreditable and tedious. For my part I quite enjoy a walk occasionally, for by bringing other muscles into play, it rests and relieves those used for propulsion. Therefore content yourself with a tricycle which will carry you over the generality of slopes, and do not have a machine with larger wheels than forty-eight inches. I find the forty-four inch speedy and an excellent hill-climber.

**Note.**—The seat should be cut away to allow the free use of the legs. Sit high, for by so doing you are brought over your work, and can apply your weight with greater advantage. Having selected your machine, master all its details, and learn how to take it to pieces and to put it together again.

## TO PROPEL.

Press on the front treadle, and allow the rear one to rise until it has passed the perpendicular, then push, and not before. This latter is the difficulty with beginners, who are prone to apply pressure on the rising treadle, thus working one against the other. The feet should not leave the pedals, for the crank revolves inside them. After a little practice the learner will get into the stroke and thrust mechanically at the right moment. When you can make fair way on level ground, select a moderate slope and see how far you can work up it. Your daily progress can thus be marked, but do not attempt too much at a time.

## TO KEEP THE MACHINE IN ORDER.

In these days of ball-bearings and plated spokes, half the labour of cleaning and "oiling up" has been done away with. Nevertheless, the owner should frequently examine the details himself, for a small bit of grit or a little rust may not only interfere with the harmony of the working parts, and render one's pleasure a toil, but the machine may be permanently injured as well. A good motto for the cyclist is, *Trust no one.*

## EQUIPMENT.

Always carry a spanner, can of oil, bell, and lamp. If about to take a journey, besides the above take a screwdriver, small pair of pliers, a few spare nuts, a piece of rag or cotton waste, some tyre composition, a knife, and some stout string. The best oil is pure sperm, with a few drops of paraffin to prevent it from clogging.

Wear either flannel or woollen clothing, with a muffler to put on when standing about. Do not overload the machine.

During my late tour I carried three shirts, one pair of trousers, one waistcoat, three pairs of socks, six handkerchiefs, collars, slippers, washing-gear, note and guide books. These stowed very well in one of Anderson and Abbott's waterproof tricycling bags, which I strapped to the backbone of my Cheylesmore with another strap to the spindle of the seat, to keep the bag from slipping back when going up hill. Total weight = 18 lb.

The trousers should be strongly seated; boots without nails; a close-fitting soft hat (well ventilated), with a brim or a peak to protect the face from the sun and the eyes from insects; a light waterproof (which should be kept in a case when not in use) and a pair of gloves will complete the outfit.

## ON THE ROAD.

I extract the following from "*Nauticus on his Hobby-Horse*":—

1. "Study the map and note down the principal towns and villages on the route.
2. "Before starting, I carefully examine and oil every part of the machine that requires it, tighten up all the nuts and test them occasionally during the day.
3. "It is my custom to go easy for the first mile or so until the muscles are fairly in tune.
4. "On approaching a hill I gauge it and decide whether to 'spring' it or to dismount and walk up.
5. "Directly I begin to feel distressed, either in mounting a hill or on heavy ground, I at once get off and walk.
6. "I have avoided stiffness by being careful never to strain the muscles by undue exertion in spurring, etc.
7. "My fatigue has been reduced to a minimum by adding the weight of the body to the thrust of the leg in a steady pressure."

To these I will add:

Before starting, spin all the wheels to make sure that they revolve freely.

Slacken the speed and keep a good look-out when turning a corner.

Never fly down a hill at top speed, for nearly all cycling accidents are due to recklessness. Keep the brake touching, and dismount if there is any doubt about the gradient.

Remember that the spoon-brake is not so effective when the tyres are wet.

Travel slowly on a bad surface, for if one of the wheels gets into a rut, the machine is liable to be suddenly shot across the road.

When working up hill, grasp the handles firmly, and use them as a fulcrum against the thrust of the leg. A good way of getting a roar-wheeler up a long steep incline is to turn it round and push it up backwards.

During my late tours I was frequently accosted with the question, "How far have you



We have found a board of two-inch squares suit our purpose, and those which fold in the



centre, leaving a blank in each corner, seem to us the handiest.

If bone black and white and red and green men cannot be obtained easily, the ordinary wooden black and yellow, and bone red and white, will answer the purpose just as well, but any turner will turn a double set for about two pounds. Messrs. Parkins and Gotto, 54, Oxford Street, will furnish the set complete, with board and book of rules.

Captain George Hope Verney says, in his "Four-Handed Chess":—

"I use two sets of Staunton men. One set is of black and yellow wood, and the other is of red and white bone.

"The latter was made to order for me at the Civil Service Store in the Haymarket, at a cost of about eighteen shillings."

The base of the king measures one and five-eighths of an inch, and is three and a half inches high.

#### EXAMPLES IN OPENING.

First round—Black king's pawn to king's third; green ditto; white ditto; red ditto.

Second round—Black bishop takes red bishop; green queen takes black queen; white queen takes red queen; red king takes white queen.

Third round—Black king takes green queen; green moves queen's pawn one, white king's knight's pawn one, red king's knight to royal square.

Fourth round—Bishop takes knight's pawn.

Thus at the beginning of the fourth round red and green find themselves obliged to put up with the loss of a bishop and pawn, and a strong attack, to be followed up by the knights, will be directed against red, who is severely crippled. Should green check black king, it will do him no good, as black king's bishop is protected by white.

Red and green have drawn disaster upon

themselves at the beginning of the game by imitating their opponents' move, and black and white thus early starting with an advantage and well-defined attack, should win the game, since red has not only lost a piece and pawn, but also a move.

Should green check black king third round, he will lose his bishop. Should he take white's bishop, black will retreat without breaking square, as that would liberate red's castle. He will thus save his partner a pawn.

A variation of the same opening will be for black second round to play his knight to bishop's third, thence to castle four. If this opening is not seen through and frustrated before four moves, green loses his queen. But red can easily frustrate the design, or green king's bishop's knight to bishop's third will suffice.

These two openings must suffice for the present; meanwhile we shall be glad to know that our readers are following up the subject.

## HOLIDAY SKETCHES.

### III.—A SPIN ON THE RHINE.

"On the banks of the majestic Rhine  
There Harold gazes on a work divine,  
A blending of all beauties; streams and  
dells,  
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, moun-  
tain, vine,  
And chiefless castles breathing stern fare-  
wells  
From grey but leafy walls, where ruin  
greasily dwells.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Beneath these battlements, within those  
walls,  
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud  
state  
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,  
Doing his evil will, nor less elate  
Than mightier heroes of a longer date."  
—Byron.

THE evening was cool and pleasant after an unusually baking day even for the Rhine-side, where Sol is so lavish of his rays, and we were enjoying the gentle breeze upon the flat house-top of our temporary home, situated on the Coblenz road a short distance from the pretty little village of Pfaffendorf.

Belind us sloped the vineyard-covered terraces purpled with the ripening harvest, and in front at the foot of a grassy slope flowed the strong gurgling current of the stream so replete with poetic, weird, and historic associations, reflecting on its eddying surface the rosy tints of evening, and the long low schloss and gardens on the opposite bank.

Away down stream to the right, the bridge of boats and spires of Coblenz stood out clearly against the blue haze, indicating the meeting of the fair Moselle with her darker sister; and over all towered the majestic battlements of the ancient fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, from whose modernised ramparts the junction of the two rivers is so beautifully apparent.

The blue waters of the "river of the white grape" do not mingle at once with the turbid current of the Rhine, but for some distance flow in one channel, presenting a line of demarcation reminding one strongly of certain drawing-room conjuring tricks, where sundry different-coloured fluids in tall glasses are prevailed upon to stand on each other's heads, without mixing, in a most obedient and acrobatic manner!

Sounds of music and merry laughter were wafted now and then to our airy perch from the

tea-garden down by the water's side, and seemed at that distance to harmonise sweetly with the tranquillity of the surrounding scene. Close beside our chair a golden-haired little fairy was engaged in the time-honoured pastime of blowing bubbles from a mystic brew of soapsuds in a blue china mug—her wand a prosaic "clay"—and as the rainbow-hued globes floated over the old carved oak balustrade, and soared balloon-like skywards, they seemed to assume some of the qualities of the magic balls of crystal, wherein the wizards of old, by aid of sundry potent spells, were wont to make visible events of the present, the past, and the future. Pictures of bygone legends of the river whose rush, at intervals in the music, reached our ears, seemed conjured up in the gleaming tints of our fairy's handiwork.

Here are some jottings of those evanescent bubbles within bubbles of the ever-bubbling Rhine. Music and song mingling with the rush of the river is borne upwards. It is now the plaintive strains of Heine's "Lore-lei," so dear to German ears.

"I know not whence it rises,  
This thought so full of woe,  
But a tale of days departed  
Haunts me and will not go.

The air is cool and it darkens,  
And calmly flows the Rhine,  
The mountain peaks are sparkling  
In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,  
The fairest of the fair,  
With gold in her garments glittering,  
And she combs her golden hair.

With golden comb she combs it,  
And a wild song singeth she,  
That melts the heart with a wondrous  
And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom  
With a nameless longing move;  
He sees not the gulf before him,  
His gaze is fixed above.

Till over boat and boatman  
The Rhine's deep waters run:  
And this with her magic singing  
The Lore-lei has done!"

The young lady in question was undoubtedly a most reprehensible specimen of the water-fay; and, having a capital assortment of fearful whirlpools and dark, jagged rocks at her command, made it her chief occupation to drown fishermen, or, for that matter, any other men, who, lured by her entrancing singing, were rash enough to venture too near her craggy retreat.

This bubble has burst, and in the next we recognise the brother castles—Liebenstein and Sternfels—the subject of the following poem by the author just quoted. Heinrich and Conrad Bayer, according to the legend, held the adjoining castles somewhere about the thirteenth century, and unfortunately both fixed their affections upon the same young lady, a certain Hildegard Brömser, a ward of their father's. The tragic sequel is given in the accompanying ballad, of which she is the "Laura":—

#### THE HOSTILE BROTHERS.

"Yonder on the mountain's summit  
Lies the castle wrapped in night;  
In the valley gleam the sparkles  
Struck from clashing swords in fight.

Brothers they who thus in fury  
Fierce encounter hand to hand;  
Say what cause could make a brother  
'Gainst a brother turn his brand?

Countess Laura's beaming glances  
Did the fatal feud inflame,  
Kindling both with equal passion  
For the fair and noble dame.

Which hath gained the fair one's favour?  
Which shall win her for his bride?  
Vain to scan her heart's inclining,  
Draw the sword, let that decide.

Wild and desperate grows the combat,  
Clashing strokes like thunder fly;  
Ah! beware, ye savage warriors!  
Evil powers by night are nigh.

Woe for you, ye bloody brothers!  
Woe for thee, thou bloody vane!  
By each other's swords expiring,  
Sink the brothers, stark and pale.



Many a century has departed,  
Many a race has found a tomb,  
Yet from yonder rocky summits  
Frown those moss-grown towers of gloom;

And within the dreary valley  
Fearful sights are seen by night;  
There, as midnight strikes, the brothers  
Still renew their ghastly fight."

The bubble bursts and is gone, and now we have "a change into something rich and strange."

A dragon! and a terrible fellow he was, by all accounts, who built his nest on the top of the precipitous DRACHENFELS, one of the seven mountains of the Lower Rhine. He levied contributions on all the country folk round, and was a most exacting collector. He behaved in a generally terrifying manner, and when irritated, had the startling habit of going off like a squib, spouting fire and smoke over the peasantry of the period, who did not at all appreciate those free pyrotechnic displays. What a catch he would have been for our present Crystal Palace!

A weak spot, however, showed itself even in this monster. A certain beauteous maiden attracted his dragonly attention, and, in the words of the ballad,

"The dragon looked down from his tower above  
Till his heart began to flame,  
And he fell over head and ears in love  
With the fair—I forget her name!"

During this trying period

"His appetite, strange to say,  
So failed him, he could scarcely get through  
A dozen fat sheep in a day!"

Such a state of affairs of course could not go on long without being prejudicial to his health; and quinine-and-iron tonic, a few hogsheds of which might have stimulated his failing appetite, not yet being invented, he popped down from his rock one moonlight night, and carried off the young lady in spite of all protestations. How Sir Siegfried, a "gallant knight and true," hearing of the state of affairs, spurred in haste to Drachenfels, slew the dragon, rescued, wooed, and won the lady fair, form the subject of many ballads of the land of song.

So much for the Drachenfels. And now we have a sadder story to tell about this solitary arch on the opposite side of the river—all that remains of Rolands-eck, literally Roland's corner, where the unfortunate knight expired, his gaze still fixed upon the island convent of Nonnenwörth, whose walls still gleam whitely through the old poplars and lindens.

Lord Lytton, in the Introduction to his translation of the following poem of Schiller, which is worth quoting as bearing such a close resemblance to this legend, although differing in some points, says:—

"Schiller has rather founded this poem, which sufficiently tells its own tale, upon a Tyrolean legend similar to the one which yet consecrates Rolands-eck and Nonnenwörth on the Rhine. In these few stanzas is represented the poetical chivalry of the age—the contrast between the earthly passion and the religious devotion which constantly agitated human life in the era of the Crusades. How much of deep thought has been employed to rouse the feelings—what intimate conviction of the moral of the middle ages, in the picture of the knight looking up to the convent—of the nun bowing calmly to the vail."

Then follows the legend of

### THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

"Knocking at her castle gate  
Was the pilgrim heard,  
Woe the answer from the grate!  
Woe the thunder-word!

'She thou seekest lives—a nun!  
To the world she died  
When with yester morning's sun  
Heaven received a bride!'

From that day his father's hall  
Ne'er his home may be;  
Helm and hauberk, steed and all,  
Evermore left he!

Where his castle-crowned height  
Frowns the valley down,  
Dwells unknown the hermit knight  
In a sackcloth gown.

Rude the hut he builds him there  
Where his eyes may view  
Wall and cloister glisten fair  
Dusky lindens through.

There when dawn was in the skies  
Till the eve star shone  
Sate he with mute wistful eyes,  
Sate he there—alone!

Looking to the cloister, still  
Looking forth afar;  
Looking to her lattice—till  
Clink'd the lattice-bar:

Till—a passing glimpse allow'd—  
Past her image pale  
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed  
Meekly towards the vail.

Then the watch of clay was o'er,  
Then consoled awhile,  
Down he lay, to greet once more  
Morning's early smile.

Days and years are gone, and still  
Looks he forth afar,  
Uncomplaining, hoping—till  
Clinks the lattice-bar:

Till—a passing glimpse allow'd—  
Paused her image pale  
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed  
Meekly towards the vail.

So upon that lonely spot  
Late he died at last,  
With the look where life was not  
Towards the easement east."

Our final picture is one that will readily recall a legend familiar, we should think, to most boys. If any reader should not have heard the story, we would recommend him at once to turn to Southey's poems, and peruse with eager interest, as he can hardly fail to do, the curious tradition of Bishop Hatto and his mouse-tower on the Rhine. How the summer and autumn "had been so wet, that in winter the corn was growing yet;" how the grain lay rotting on the ground, and the starving people daily crowded round the Bishop's doors, for were not his

granaries amply furnished with last year's store?—

"At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day  
To quiet the poor without delay;  
He bade them to his great barn repair,  
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced at such tidings good to hear,  
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;  
The great barn was full as it e-uld hold  
Of women and children, young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more  
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;  
And while for mercy on Christ they call,  
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

'I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!' quoth he,  
'And the country is greatly oblig'd to me  
For ridding it in these times forlorn  
Of rats that only consume the corn.'

So then to the palace returned he,  
And he sat down to supper merrily,  
And he slept that night like an innocent man;  
But Bishop Hatto ne'er slept again.

In the morning when he enter'd the hall,  
Where his picture hung against the wall,  
A sweat like death all over him came,  
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked there came a man from his farm;  
He had a countenance white with alarm.  
'My lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,  
And the rats have eaten all your corn!'

Another came running presently,  
And he was pale as pale could be:  
'Fly! my lord bishop, fly,' quoth he;  
'Ten thousand rats are coming this way;  
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!'

'I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,' replied he,  
'Tis the safest place in Germany;  
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,  
And the stream is strong, and the water deep!'

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,  
And he crossed the Rhine without delay;  
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care  
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there."

But what were barred doors to such a besieging army as followed him? The rats by tens of thousands swam the river, climbed the shores, and penetrated even to the Bishop's tower. That his bones were picked white we might very well imagine even if tradition had not told us so.

Here we lay down our pen and pencil. We have gathered together but a few of the more prominent of the legends with which the "sunny land" abounds; and as Germany, both by its language and literature, and also the cheap means of transit in the summer, is now brought increasingly near to English lads, we may well hope that many of our readers will pursue so interesting a theme for themselves.







## SIGURD THE VIKING.

BY PAUL BLAKE, AUTHOR OF "THE NEW BOY," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER III.—SIGURD'S RETURN HOME.

LEAVING Gunnhilda for a time on board Harald's ship, which was speeding its way towards the Baltic, we must return to Sigurd and the Dragon. Joyously had the young captain sailed away to the northern seas, feeling that he was a man indeed. He loved to stand on the prow of the vessel and feel it dip into the trough of a wave and then rise again till the head of the Dragon seemed bent back over the rowers; sometimes he would hold the helm, and, for very love of power, make

plenty of welcome if my old comrades at Faroe have not forgotten Ulf."

"North let it be, then, and then home, or winter will catch us first, and we have promised to be home for the first winter night."

Cornwall was rounded, and the Dragon sped on through the Irish Sea. Winds were often contrary, but when the sail was of no use the oars were still numerous enough to bear the vessel on its way. Twenty stout rowers filled the waist of the

Ulf; "we had better make ready for action."

The ship was cleared, and all the crew prepared their bows and spears for use; the stones were arranged ready for throwing, and the shields laid down where they could be picked up at a moment's notice. Sigurd eagerly watched the approaching vessel, and saw that she was rapidly gaining on the Dragon, driven by twice as many rowers. Suddenly he shouted to his crew,



"Blackened walls and roofless houses met his bewildered gaze."

the obedient ship turn to starboard or port. Old Ulf was almost always at his side, instructing him as to his course, or telling him tales of the peoples who dwelt on the shores they passed, for the viking had sailed every water that lay between Russia and Iceland.

"Would that your father, Thorkell, had never made you vow that vow," said Ulf, as they sailed past the coast of the south of England; "there is many a fat farm lies close to the sea which would well repay a visit. Not ten miles from here is a Christian monastery, too, where there is plenty of treasure, though the monks pretend that they are poor as rats, and go about barefooted asking for charity."

"It's no good talking, Ulf, I have given my promise; and even had I not I would spare the Christians for the sake of my sister Gunnhilda. But where shall we sail when we have passed through this channel? To the north or south?"

"North, ever north, young captain; it was a mistake to come even so far south as this. Up yonder lie the Orkneys, and far farther on is Iceland, where we can get

ship, whilst Sigurd stood on the poop, and Ulf held the tiller. Once or twice they sighted a trading vessel, broad and heavy, which made all speed to get out of the way of a ship built like the Dragon, long and narrow, evidently belonging to a viking; but the traders were allowed to go on their way in peace, followed only by the growls of the disappointed Ulf.

But one day, when struggling against the tempestuous seas that break upon the northern coast of Scotland, Sigurd sighted a vessel in build like his own bearing down on them. It was too far away for him to distinguish its sign, but evidently it belonged to a sea-rover.

"There's a chance for a bit of a fight at last," said Ulf, as he watched the stranger approaching. "It isn't likely that there is another peaceable crew in a war-snake except ours. So, captain, are you going to fight or flee?"

"I am going straight on," answered Sigurd; "if they choose to attack us, it isn't our fault; we have as much right here as they."

"Might is right in these seas," said

"Back water, my men; unstring your bows; 'tis the Raven, and on her prow stands Bor the Red-headed."

So saying he gave a lusty shout, which attracted the attention of the viking.

"Who is it calls?" cried Bor.

"'Tis I," replied Sigurd—"Sigurd, the son of Thorkell of Thorburg."

Soon the two ships were alongside, and Bor stepped over into the waist of the Dragon.

"Welcome to these seas, Sigurd!" he exclaimed. "I did not look for you so soon. Has Thorkell relented, and let you come and join my company?"

"No, I am but sailing to see the world; we turn our prow towards home to-morrow."

"Then let us feast together to-night. There is a haven an hour's pull from here, where another ship of mine lies; it is beyond that promontory on which stands the broken tower. See who will reach it first."

The race was an unequal one; but, thanks to Sigurd's clever steering, ended almost a tie. The Dragon had a short



start, and Sigurd kept in the way of the Raven, steering so as not to let the latter pass. But, knowing the coast better, Bor managed to enter the little harbour first, as became the host.

"It would not do to let the guest be the first to enter," said Bor, as the crews landed. "Welcome, all of you!"

It was a barren spot; but blazing fires, and large joints, and plenty of mead, soon made them all forget their surroundings. Long hours they sat around the rocks which served for tables, and many a tale and song beguiled the time. But, none the less, at early morn Sigurd and his men were up and away, resisting all Bor's persuasions to remain.

"It is not often I meet a ship in peace," said Bor. "If I come across a trader I capture her; if I meet a war-ship I fight her. But the Dragon and the Raven shall never meet stem to stem. Come again as soon as you can, and I will show you better cheer up in far Iceland."

"I may come some day," answered Sigurd; "but now farewell, and a good voyage to you."

So southwards once more the prow of the Dragon was turned, and through the shortening days and lengthening nights of September, Sigurd and his men sailed for home.

"We have left Denmark behind us," said Ulf one starlight night, as he and Sigurd stood together at the helm. "To-morrow we shall be home again, and good-bye to the open sea for this winter, at all events."

Sigurd did not reply; he was thinking of the welcome he would receive from Gunnhilda, and of the pride with which he would show her the peaceful spoils they had won from sea and land. Never in his life before had he been separated so long from his sister, and now he was obliged to confess to himself, with a feeling of shame that was more boyish than manly, that he was home-sick.

"Yes, Ulf," he said at last, "to-morrow we shall have more comfortable quarters and better food than we can get on board the Dragon. How fast we speed on! One would think that the good ship wants to get home as well as we!"

"Ay, she seems to have the wings of Loki. But you turn in now, captain, or you will be falling asleep to-morrow at the evening feast."

The next day was cold and bright, giving earnest of approaching winter. The hills around Thorburg came into sight before noon, and as they neared the town the vessel was made gay with pennons, the coloured shields were hung along the gunwale, and every preparation was made for a triumphant entry. Sigurd stood at the prow, and looked anxiously for signs of welcome, but none came. This seemed strange, so he called Ulf to his side.

"They must see the Dragon now," said Sigurd.

Ulf took a long look at the shore, and answered,

"Yes, if they are there to see us."

"What do you mean, Ulf? Ah! see there; some one is waving to us. They see us at last!"

"Ay, captain, some one is waving to us."

"Ulf, what has happened? Tell me what you think!"

"My eyes are better than yours yet, my lad. Thorburg is Thorburg no longer. There isn't a house standing."

Sigurd reeled with the shock, but Ulf's strong hand upheld him.

"Wait till we get ashore, captain; things mayn't be as bad as they seem."

But as they approached land Sigurd saw that the old viking's report was only too true. Blackened walls and roofless houses met his bewildered gaze; the trees were lying on the ground; the vessels had disappeared from the harbour. With bursting heart he drove the Dragon on to the shore, and leaped out. As he did so he saw running towards him a boy whom he knew as one of his father's thralls, Thorleif of Scania. The lad had a deep cut on his forehead, hardly yet healed. Without waiting for questions he told the story of Harald's massacre, from which he had been the only one to escape.

"And Gunnhilda?" asked Sigurd, anxiously, as the lad finished.

"She was carried away in Harald's own ship, and men said that he meant to marry her."

Sigurd ground his teeth with rage, and strode up the town, past houses which had looked so fair when he last saw them, but which now were charred and blackened, till he came to his father's house. As he entered the hall, which still stood, a raven fled with a screech through the open roof.

"And this is my welcome home!" he groaned, as he threw himself on the ground and wept bitter tears.

(To be continued.)

## THE MATCH OF THE SEASON.

### A CRICKETING STORY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS KEYWORTH,

Author of "Dick the Newsboy," "Green and Grey," etc.

THERE had been a great deal of talk about cricket all through the winter. Football had scarcely become a regular game at Westside in those days. This may seem strange to people who know the place now; for Westside is only a mile or two from Sheffield, and there is no town in the country where football is played more earnestly than at Sheffield. But when George Featherstone was at Westside School winter seemed to be a long preparation for spring and summer, as it had very few games of its own. Skating and snowballing were not looked upon as games; they were very fine fun, no doubt, when the ice would bear, or when the snow would fall; but they were not like cricket.

It had been the talk of the boys all through the winter, that if the school was ever to have a chance with the Thursday Club, it would have to play the match before George Featherstone left school. He was to go at Midsummer, and after that something like chaos was expected to come back again. So a challenge had been sent to the Thursday Club, and accepted. The boys were indignant, of course, when the secretary of that redoubtable organisation wrote back asking whether the committee were to understand that the Thursday Club was to play a first eleven or a second eleven on the occasion. A meeting was held at the school, and some very sharp answers were proposed. Little Sanders, the boy with a large head and sarcastic manner, wanted another challenge to be sent, offering to play fourteen of the Thursdays. This suggestion met with enthusiastic applause, and for a short time Sanders seemed to be popular. But he was not in the first eleven himself; and some of the boys who were knew that it would be as much as they could manage to meet the Thursday Club on equal terms without being badly beaten. Featherstone listened to all that was said before he spoke. That was just like old George, as he was called. It might have been known that he would tell the very thing which ought to be done, and that his ideas would be carried out. Who ever heard of him being overruled at anything connected with cricket?

He said, "Look here, you fellows; it's all very well to be showing off now, but when we come to play them they'll remember all about it; and if we happen to have no chance with them, how shall we look?" Of course that was all very well, but it was rather too bad for George to hint that they could be beaten. But a great deal can be forgiven in the person on whom we chiefly depend for our hope of success.

A very civil answer was sent by the secretary, to the effect that the school hoped to have the honour of meeting the first eleven of the Thursday Club, and if the result proved that the challengers had been too ambitious, a change could be made whenever the clubs met again.

Charley Robinson was the secretary, and he sent the reply; but Featherstone drew it up for Charley to copy. It would not have been thought right that an important document like that had gone forth under any other circumstances.

So the matter was arranged. The Thursday Club accepted the challenge, put the match in its list, and went on its way as if nothing very particular had happened. Everybody in that part of the country knew all about the Thursday Club. It was considered the leading exponent of cricket in the district. Playing members of the Thursday were men of importance. If one of them happened to be in another club, and played for that, it was supposed to make a great deal of difference in the chances of success. People would say, "Guest of the Thursday will be playing for the Arundel Club against the Shrewsbury," and then the probability of Shrewsbury being victors seemed very remote. If Shrewsbury won, however, it was concluded at once that Guest must have been out of form.

The Westside boys knew all about this, and in their cooler moments were not inclined to under-rate the importance of their task. Those who were tolerably sure of a place in the eleven were wonderfully calm and collected about the affair. Most excitement was seen among what were called the "probabilities." Several places had to be filled up, and the playing at the beginning of the season would determine upon whom the coveted honour was to be bestowed. There were quite twice as many boys in the "probabilities" as there were places to be filled; and then there were the "possibilities," who found a still more numerous company. It was unanimously agreed among these candidates, that the school would need to do its best this time. No chance should be thrown away, the best men should be chosen, and then the school would have a chance. It was always *men* at times like this. Boys if you liked in ordinary affairs, but when filling up vacant places in the eleven was under discussion, any less dignified title than men would be scorned. It was very clear that each of the "probabilities" thought that if merit had its reward, he would gain the position for which he was anxious.

A wicket-keeper would be wanted, that was certain, for Denfield, who kept wickets the preceding year, had left at Midsummer. Be it always remembered that Midsummer at Westside came at the end of July. The holidays began then, and nobody cared to make the name of the time and the astronomical circumstances more in harmony. Midsummer it had always been, and Midsummer it was likely to remain.

Wicket-keeping was popular at Westside. Sheffield is near, and it has produced several well-known masters of the art. The boys talked about Chatterton and Stephenson, whom they had often seen, and young Pinder, who was said to be even better than the others. You might often have seen some of the ambitious ones standing in a peculiar attitude, and gazing intently at nothing in particular; then suddenly seeming to catch something, which they quickly struck forward, exclaiming, "How's that!" These were going through the exercise of stumping.

Boys who had no leanings that way said it was very easy to stump when there was neither ball nor batsman, but it was a different thing



when Ingham sent in his lightning. Ingham, of course, was the best fast bowler. If he happened to be present he smiled a very peculiar smile. He had seen too many chances missed to have much faith in abstract stumping.

The Head Master was not more autocratic than George Featherstone. He was captain of the school, and such a captain as that generation of boys never expected to see equalled. There were traditions about fellows who had been there before and had done wonderful things, but nobody believed for a moment that the best of them had been worthy to be compared with George. He had not much to say, but his audience was always appreciative. When he condescended to give his opinion about any subject, he was thought to have settled the matter. Perhaps the vagueness of George's predictions had something to do with his fame as a prophet. Did anybody ever know his words not to come true? This question was sometimes proposed to a boy who chose to be sceptical about a point on which George was supposed to have made up his mind. Perhaps he had not made up his mind, and had not pretended to do so, but strict accuracy must not be expected among controversialists; there would soon be nothing to argue about if people confined their assertions to what they really knew.

This match with the Thursday Club was the event which loomed in the distance all through the months of practice and playing. There were to be other contests, of course, but these were looked upon as child's play. What did it matter about the schools which were to be met? They had been beaten before, and would be beaten again. Even George went as far as to say that, and he was not likely to say it if it were not certain. Some of the boys were almost hurt because George would not also predict an easy victory over the Thursday. They appeared to think that saying the thing would have brought it to pass. But this was not the first time that people had failed to see the difference between forecasting what is probable and making things probable because we forecast them.

Little Sanders was very anxious for a place in the first eleven. He was a very sharp field, and was a willing worker; but he would not bowl, and his success with the bat was not commensurate with his practice and pains. He was sarcastic, and did not fail to pass remarks upon the play of other boys who were towards the top of the "probabilities." He was not by any means a bad little fellow, but it is trying to the patience of any one to be continually reminded of a small stature and a large head. The head was not bulk only. Nobody in the school could touch Sanders at lessons; even George Featherstone was not equal to him there. But boys are very much changed since that time if Latin and Greek count for as much as batting and bowling, or if success in an examination is thought as much about as success in a match.

There was one person about the school who was a greater authority in matters of cricket than George Featherstone, and that was Webster, the gardener. Webster was an old professional cricketer, and he had played in some great matches in his time. When he was taken on as head gardener at Westside School it was because of his cricketering abilities. But he was fond of gardening, and did his duty to the school grounds. Bob, the under gardener, was also a bowler—in fact, all the helpers were able to do something in the cricket-field as well as among the shrubs and flowers.

Webster was fond of telling the boys about the time when all the celebrated cricketers belonged to the South, and it was scarcely known in London that the game was understood in the Northern counties. Then the discovery was made that Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire could produce men who were worthy of a place in any team. Tom Marsden was Webster's hero; he did not believe there ever was his equal. He told the boys that Fuller Pilch said Marsden was the best cricketer living. Fuller Pilch beat Marsden at single wickets, but that was a thing which might easily take place. "Cricket is an uncertain thing," said Webster, sorrowfully, as if he was grieved to remember that Marsden had

been vanquished. Then he would cheer up, and tell about the big match, in which Tom was expected to be out every day, and was not. This led up to the song which was sure to be asked for. Webster had not a very musical voice; he said he had done too much out-fielding in showery weather to sing like a nightingale, but if they cared to hear him, well, then—

"What's the matter, my friends, at Sheffield to-day,

That most of the people are going away?"

"What's the matter, indeed! Why, don't you know, mester,

That Nottingham's playing both Sheffield and Leicester?"

The song has thirteen verses, but Webster was never tired of singing it, and the boys were never tired of listening.

Webster was himself a member of the Thursday Club, and had often played in its matches. He said he was getting a bit stiff; but he was a good coach, and a very respectable man, and had the good opinion of all the boys. Sometimes they asked him whether he intended to play against the school. He pretended that he had not made up his mind, as all would depend upon the school's chance of winning. Those who knew him well were aware that his heart was fixed upon a victory for the school. When he went as far as Sheffield, and met some of his old companions, he was sure to be asked how the children were getting on—"the children" were the schoolboys. He took the joke, and gave back as good as he got.

Whenever there was a good match at Bramall Lane, Webster was sure to be present—some of the boys were usually there also.

"Watch the fielding," said Webster; "a good cricketer shows his heart then. You may bat and bowl if you have no more affection than a grindstone, but a fielder who does his best, and does it well, ought to have a monument."

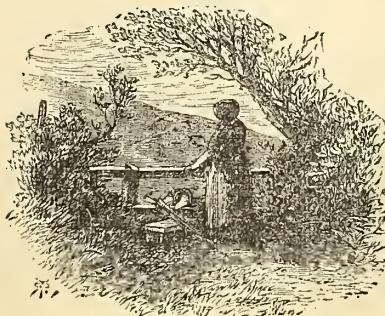
It was well known that Sanders was a favourite with Webster. Perhaps the little fellow's skill in the field had much to do with this. He was very good at cover-point, as he met the ball, and returned it without loss of time. Everybody knew that Featherstone would be guided by Webster's advice in choosing the eleven which was to meet the Thursday Club. It began to be whispered that in all probability Sanders would form one of the team. This gave rise to more than a little adverse criticism. What the boys wanted to know, especially those who felt they had no chance of being chosen, was, how little Sanders could be expected to do credit to the school against such redoubtable opponents as the Thursday.

"He does field well, there is no doubt about that," said Betterton, who was a good-natured fellow, but rather slow himself.

"What's the good of fielding unless you get runs?" asked Travis, who was generally called Slogger, because he struck at everything, and was always caught out before he had scored many.

The boys were of opinion that Webster coached Sanders in fielding, and that he had done so in the winter. How this was managed nobody pretended to know; but there was something going on, they felt sure.

(To be continued.)



## MORE FISHING LINES;

OR, HOW NOT TO DO IT.

If out fishing you really must go,  
And some boys have been known to  
do that,

Pretend that a fly you can throw,  
And fasten a few in your hat.

Put on a big-patterned check suit,  
With white hat; and thus gaily attired,  
Feeling "lord of the fowl and the brute,"  
Come out to be duly admired.

At the river the rod you unpack,  
And the case you can throw on the  
ground,  
Though perchance you may have to come  
back,  
And see if the thing can be found.

In putting together the rod,  
You needn't begin at the point.  
Just start from the butt; and 'tis odd  
If you do not demolish a joint.

Through the rings, as you're threading the  
line,  
Never mind if you miss one or two,  
For in fishing, of course you divine,  
Any muddling manner will do.

And remember, at least (though you seem  
Independent of further advice),  
In striking, just put on the steam,  
And you'll have out your fish in a trice.

Now, if you are ready to start,  
Just throw in your flies with a flop,  
For this is the height of the art,  
And be sure that they heavily drop.

Go as close as you can to the brink,  
And lean out well over the pool:  
You will feel you're uncommonly cute,  
And others will rate you a fool.

## THE BOY'S OWN LIFEBOAT.—No. 2.

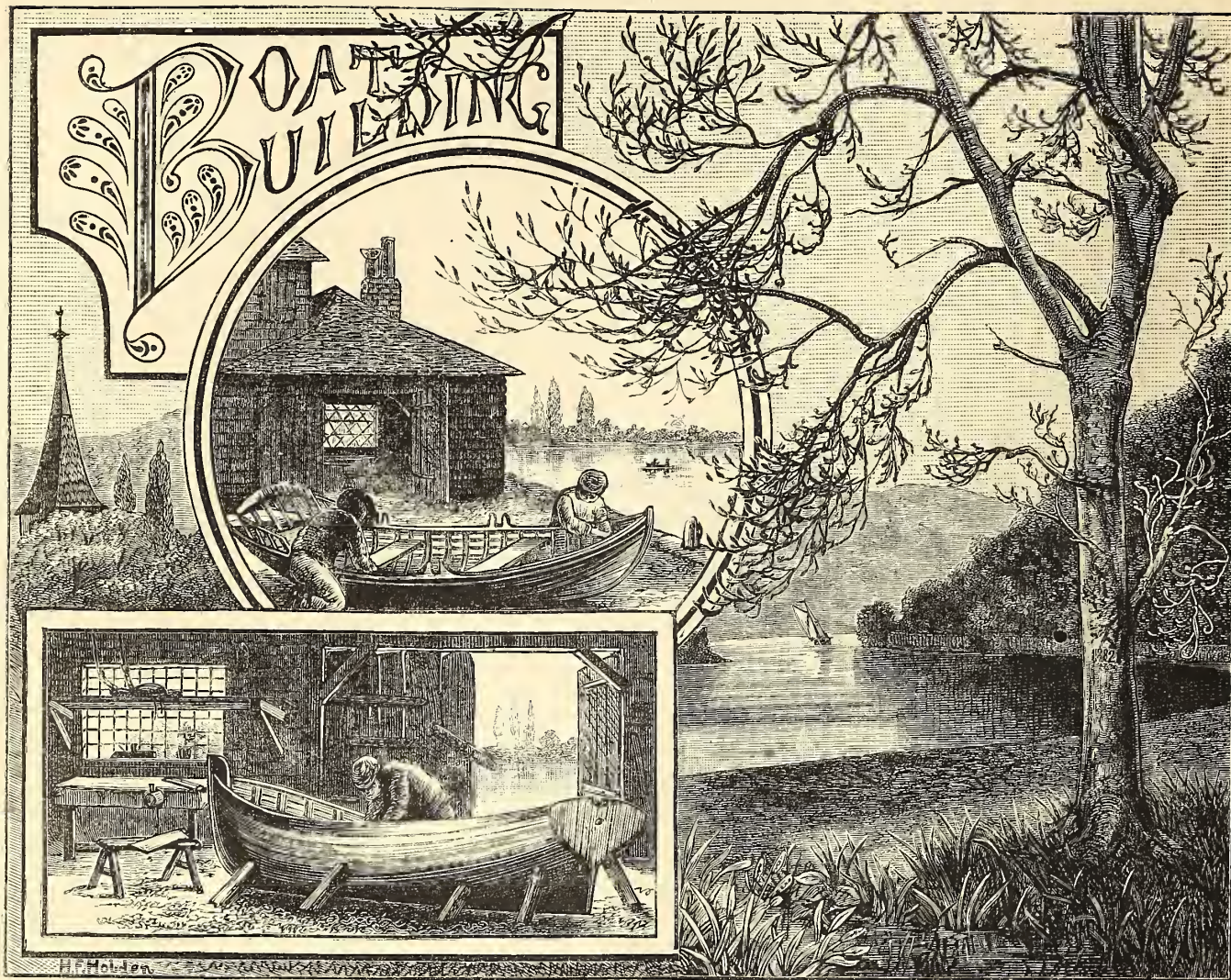
SAVING NINE LIVES.

IN a recent number we reported that our second Lifeboat had been chosen for the important station of Poole, in Dorset. On Saturday, June 3rd, the London and provincial papers contained the following telegram:—

The "Boy's Own" No. 2 Lifeboat, belonging to the National Lifeboat Institution, and stationed at the entrance to Poole Harbour, on the Dorsetshire coast, was launched at one o'clock yesterday morning to the assistance of the crew of a brigantine which had grounded on a dangerous shoal in Studland Bay during a fresh gale from east-south-east. When the lifeboat reached the spot the vessel was full of water, the sea breaking heavily over her, and the crew calling out for assistance. The captain and the remainder of those on board—nine in all—were soon taken into the lifeboat and safely landed, the vessel having to be abandoned. The brigantine was named the Otto; she hailed from Høganäs, Sweden, and was bound from Gefle to Poole with a cargo of timber.

We are sure all our readers will rejoice with us that even thus early in her career God should have so graciously blessed the services of the boat to the saving of nine precious lives.





## YACHT, CANOE, AND BOAT BUILDING.

By C. STANSFELD-HICKS.

### I.—HOW TO BUILD A MODEL YACHT.—ON DESIGNING.



HAD the pleasuresome time since of saying something to you on the subject of sailing

model yachts,\* and I have reason to know that my remarks and advice have proved useful. I now want to try and tell you how to build a model; and I think, if you are able to do this,

it will prove useful to you when you try, perhaps later on, to construct a dingey, or small rowing boat, or canoe, as the principle is the same in all, and it is of comparatively little consequence spoiling a model, while to do so with a larger boat would be a great waste both of time and money.

The first thing in all construction, whether of houses, engines, or boats, is to have a proper plan to work to. This you will find of the greatest service. Take any amount of trouble over your plan, alter it again and again till you get what you want, then all is plain sailing for you, otherwise you will have to chop your wood about and make all sorts of alterations, and at the end find yourself considerably abroad.

You must have three plans to work to, each of which corrects the other, until you get your lines absolutely fair.

1st. The sheer plan. 2nd. The half-breadth plan. 3rd. The body plan.

The sheer plan represents the longitudinal outline of the boat you intend making.

The half-breadth plan represents the deck-line of the intended boat, then the different water-lines, that is the horizontal shape of the boat as she sits on the water at different depths. Suppose a ship were floated first with a very little ballast in, only enough to keep her upright, that would be her lowest water-line, and if you could slice her level with the water, you would see the form of that water-line; then if she was ballasted down another two feet, her then water-

line would be quite different, and so on, each water-line differing from the other and yet harmonising as a whole.

The body plan represents the shape of the boat at different points called vertical cross-sections, which are chosen at certain distances apart, and either few or many given as desired. A yacht designer would give many more, for instance, than are at all necessary for you in your plan, but bear in mind that the more the sections the more exact your lines will be.

The sheer plan is first laid down; it shows you the length you intend giving, the depth and the general outline of the boat. Sheer is the curve given from bow to stern along the deck-line, and this plan shows this: you can mark in this plan the fore and aft thickness of the keel, the stem, sternpost, etc., and any deadwood there may be with lead, if any. And now you can commence your plan. First get a piece of drawing or cartridge paper of the requisite size for your plan, also leaving sufficient length to put in the body plan at the end of the sheer plan on the same level as the water-lines.

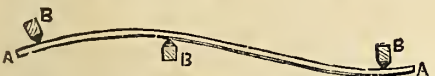
You must adapt your scale to the size of the paper you find it convenient to use. Thus, if you are building a boat three feet long, you could lay it down to the full size; but if you were building about twenty feet long, if your plan was on the scale of one inch to a foot, it would be quite sufficient to see what shape you intended to give her, and you could afterwards enlarge it to any size you liked.

\* "Hints on Model Yacht Sailing," vol. iii., p. 434.



You will find you will require a few splines; they are pieces of pliable wood about one-eighth of an inch square, and of the length you require; in conjunction with these you will want some weights, which are generally made of lead with a wooden sole, and are used to keep the spline to the curve you desire; but you must try and make these yourself in the easiest way possible. They are used thus:

A A is the spline, and B B B the weights.



Ordinary flat-irons could be made to do for weights. The spline is chiefly used for getting in the water-lines, and when you get a proper curve you trace the line in.

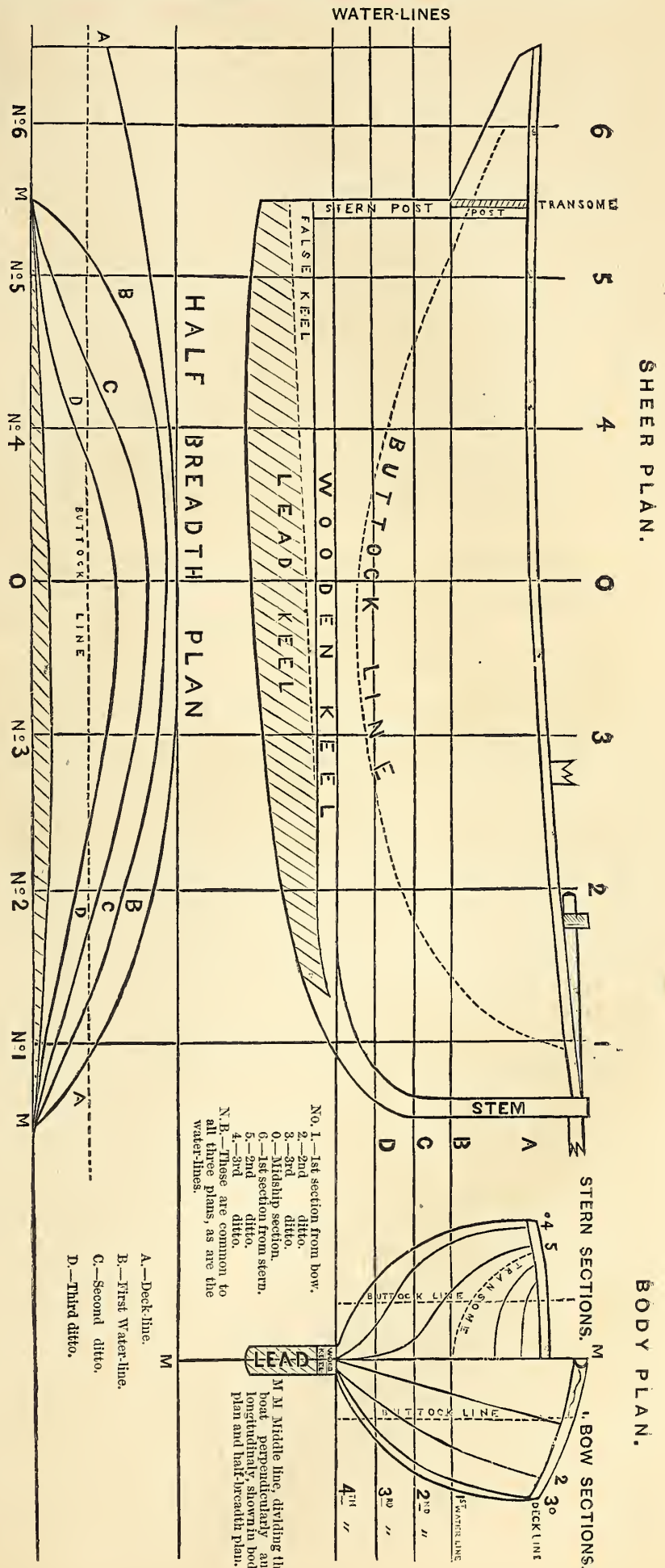
You will also want a two-foot rule divided down to one-sixteenth of an inch, and some scales one-inch, half-inch, and quarter-inch to the foot, also a good straight-edge as long as your lines require. Different curves are also used by practical men, but if you cannot get them you could make a few out of thin board of some hard wood; they are all sorts of shapes, so as to get different curves from them. The pear-shape is, perhaps, the most useful; this curve is in different sizes, but is probably too expensive for your use. The best maker I know is Mr. Stanley, Great Turnstile, Holborn, or Reeves, Cheapside.



French curves only cost sixpence each, and will answer your purpose. You will also want a pair of dividers and a bow pencil. Mind and be most particular to be correct in all your measurements, as one-sixteenth of an inch in a plan may mean a great error in the boat itself, and throw you completely out.

When you have got your plans out you must fair them—that is to say, see that they all agree in the measurements, and yet that each is a fair curve. In the plan given, for instance, take section No. 2, bow. The distance from the stem to No. 2 on the body plan at the deck-line and water-lines must agree with the half-breadth plan. First measure with your dividers or compasses from the middle line on the half-breadth plan to the deck-line on No. 2 section on the half-breadth plan, and then see if it (*i.e.*, the measurement) agrees with the distance measured from the middle line M M to the No. 2 section bow on the body plan at the deck-line. Then take the first water-line, measure the distance there in the same way, and compare it with the body plan, and then try the other sections; you could, in fact, prick off the body plan from the half-breadth plan, or *vice versa*, but in making your plan you will find it a constant business of rubbing out first one part and then another till you can get them exactly fair. Your best way will be to work at the plan given until you quite understand how to start one on your own account.

When you have got out your body plan and half-breadth plan to your satisfaction, you must see what sort of buttock-line they produce. You proceed by drawing a line perpendicularly through the body plan each side (bow and stern) at a certain distance (which you fix yourself) from the centre line, to which they must be parallel (see the dotted line on the plan given); you then take off the distances by your dividers from the lowest water-line (No. 4 in the plan) to where the line cuts the sections (taking one section at a time, beginning, say, from No. 1); then measure off on the same section in the sheer plan the distance obtained from the body plan, and mark (one leg of the divider being on the lowest water-line and the other somewhere on the section you are dealing with) the place. When you have done this with all the sections you connect the dots with a line obtained by bending a spline to touch all the dots. If the spline takes in all the dots your buttock-line is a fair one, if not it is unfair, as it does not produce a true curved line, and your plans (body and half-breadth) must be altered till a true curve is obtained. You must remember that all angularities must be avoided in the lines of a boat; that





is the reason splines or French curves are so useful, as in tracing from them it is impossible to get an angular line, and so they correct any faults in your plans. I must also tell you that a good buttock-line is the great object to arrive at, as the water passes to a great extent in the direction shown by this line, and however bluff a boat may be on deck or in the bows, with good buttock-lines she is sure to sail fairly well. You may prick off several buttock-lines, taking different parallel lines on the body plan, and thus see how your boat is shaped in different places.

When your plans are finished, the next thing is to make a half-breadth model to the scale of your plan. These half-breadth models are generally made from the water-lines. Let us take the plan given as an example. The water-lines are a quarter of an inch apart. You would therefore take a piece of board a quarter of an inch thick (when planed down) and trace out the first water-line, then cut that piece out from the plank, then trace the second water-line and cut that away, and so on until you have all the water-lines cut out; for the top strake (*i.e.*, from the first water-line to the deck-line) you will require a piece of wood seven-eighths of an

inch thick when planed down. You can then put them one on top of the other, and you have a very near model of the boat. The corners only want smoothing away. To do this you must cut cardboard moulds from the body sections, and marking these sections in their proper places on the wooden model, apply your cardboard moulds, and from these shape the model exactly. I have only mentioned the water-lines as a quarter of an inch. You will of course have to cut a piece for the part of the boat above water, and another for the bottom near the keel, but this is a simple matter of measuring. You can fasten your model to a board at the back so as to hang it up, but it is better, if you make it in separate water-lines, to have it loose, that you can at any time by lifting off any particular section or sections show any water-line you may wish to see.

You can of course make a model from one piece of wood, working from cardboard moulds taken from the sections in the body plan.

You must fully understand these models here alluded to are not intended for sailing, but are simply half-breadth models—facsimiles in wood of the plans on paper.

The plans given are for a boat specially for

model sailing; she would have a large amount of beam, and with a rather full deck-line, especially at the bows, to prevent the boat running her nose under when before the wind under the press of sail these small boats carry. The water-lines below are sufficiently fine for a model, as the maximum speed even for a boat six feet long would be about five miles an hour. Of course in yachts that are intended to sail at twelve knots, or perhaps more, the lines have to be much finer, as the resistance of the water increases in proportion as the square of the speed; thus at six knots the resistance would be 36, but at 12=144; the lines would be therefore much finer in proportion.

The plan is six inches on the water-line, that is between stem and stern (or perpendiculars, as it is called). Multiplied by four it would give a boat two feet on the water-line, or by six, three feet on the water-line, either of which would make a capital boat for model sailing. The counter is one inch in the plan; you could make this to your fancy, either the full length, four inches and six inches respectively for two-feet and three-feet boats, or shorter as you prefer.

(To be continued.)

## ARMS OF THE GREAT SCHOOLS.

### SECOND SERIES.

WITH the next monthly Part we hope to present to our readers a coloured plate of a second series of the Arms of our Great Public Schools, based, as before, on special information supplied to us by the school authorities themselves.

Twenty-one schools in all are there represented—Brighton, the City of London, Cranleigh, Durham, Edinburgh High School, Epsom, Glenalmond, the Grocers' School, the Haberdashers', King's College School, Manchester, the Mercers', Merchant Taylors', Mill Hill, Oundle, Repton, Sherborne, the Stationers', Tonbridge, University College School, and Wells.

Of these the old Grammar School of Edinburgh, dating from early in the twelfth century, is decidedly the senior. Up to the time of the Reformation, or, to speak more accurately, up to the year 1598, it was under the control of the Abbey of Holyrood, but it then passed under the management of the Town Council, and its plan was considerably enlarged. Its title of *Schola Regia Edinburgensis* it received from the "Scottish Solomon," who took considerable interest in its reorganisation. A more famous school there is not in these realms, nor is there one that can boast of having turned out so many distinguished men.

Sherborne, founded in 1550 on the site of a Benedictine school in connection with the abbey, comes next in point of antiquity, its present Tudor arms giving us approximately the date of its reconstruction. The cloisters of the old abbey, round which the school-buildings lie, could tell us a strange history. Selected as the seat of a bishop by Ina, King of Wessex, as far back as 700, the see of Sherborne, with Ardhelm for its first ruler, started under favourable auspices; for over three centuries did it last, and then, in 1058, Herman, who was its twenty-sixth bishop, removed the see to Old Sarum, which in its turn became deserted, and was left to be the wonderful relic we now know—the cathedral of the diocese being at New Sarum, or Salisbury.

Manchester Grammar School, founded by Hugh Oldham early in the days of Henry VIII., comes next; and then comes the Old School of Durham, coeval with the foundation of the cathedral in 1541.

The Cathedral School of Wells is also of considerable age; Repton—reorganised in 1874, and founded by Sir John Porte in 1556, and now a very famous school—gives, with its Norman arch and the refectory of the old Black Canons for its schoolroom, an idea of even greater antiquity than it really possesses.

Leaving for a moment the schools of the London Companies, we come to the more modern institutions of Mill Hill, founded in 1807; University College School, founded in 1826; and King's College School, founded in 1830. Brighton College, and Glenalmond, both founded in 1847, follow; and we then have Cranleigh, dating from 1864; and Epsom, the doctors' school, from thirteen years before.

The rest of the schools whose arms are shown on our plate have some connection with the City of London; and though the proportion of examples is great, it is by no means too great, the citizens having done a great deal more for education than is usually supposed. The City of London School, established by the Corporation under a special Act of Parliament in 1834, is due principally to the old Town Clerk, John Carpenter, who, in the reign of Henry V., left his estates for charitable purposes. So great has been the success of the school, the first stone of which was laid by Lord Brougham on October 31, 1835, that its buildings in Milk Street have proved too small for its seven hundred boys, and the new schoolhouse is now rapidly rising on the Embankment.

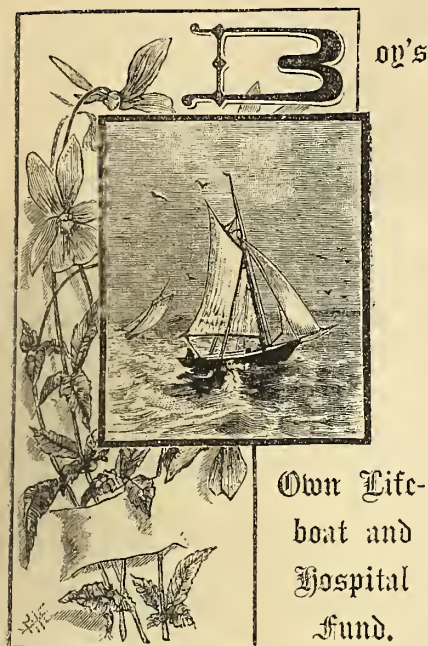
First among the Companies' schools comes, undoubtedly, the Grammar School of those *mercatores scissores*, the Merchant Taylors, whose name is still spelt with a "y" to show that their institution is of prior date to the specialisation of the name as indicative of makers of clothing only. Great, indeed, is the renown of these merchant "cutters," ten kings of England, eight-and-twenty lord mayors, fifty earls, and a host of other peers having all been enrolled among the fraternity. The school was founded in 1561. Part of the manor of the Rose in St. Laurence Pountney—a mansion which had successively belonged to the Duke of Buckingham, the Marquis of Exeter, and the Earls of Sussex—having been selected as an eligible building, one Richard Hills gave £500

towards its purchase, and on September 24th of that year there was elected as the first High Master—"a man in body whole, sober, discrete, honest, virtuous, and learned in good and cleane Latine literature, and also in Greke"—the famous Richard Mulcaster. The terms of his engagement were curious, and, amongst other things, his holidays were fixed at not more than twenty working days in the year. There were 250 scholars; 100 of them were educated free, 50 for 2s. 6d. each per quarter, and the remaining 100 for 5s. each per quarter. They began work at seven o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, and went away at eleven, to return at one, and depart at five. Sir Thomas White, who founded St. John's College, at Oxford, left shortly afterwards thirty-seven of its scholarships to the pupils of the school, and ever since it has had a most distinguished career.

Tonbridge School, founded by Sir Andrew Judd, in 1553, has always been under the control of the Skinners' Company, and is the oldest of the Companies' schools. Oundle, close to Fotheringhay, of Mary Queen of Scots celebrity, founded by Sir William Laxton in 1556, and under the patronage of the Grocers' Company, coming next. The Grocers' School itself, which bears the same arms as those of the Northamptonshire school, was only founded in 1873. The Company, which bears the nine cloves so beloved by the founder of Rugby, is, however, a very old one, the "Pepperers" dating from 1361; "grocer," derived from dealers *en gros*, or wholesale dealers, being a modern form. The school of the Mercers' Company, now near St. Michael's Church, College Hill, has experienced a good many changes of residence, but at last it seems to have come to an anchor.

Of the other schools included in our list, that of the Stationers' Company, established in 1858, in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, on the site of Samuel Johnson's garden, its Head Master now occupying the grand old lexicographer's sitting-room, is fast coming to the front rank; while the schools of the Haberdashers—the Company which gives away over £3,000 every year in scholarships, etc.—are distinguished as well for their extent, there being close on a thousand pupils, as for the quality of the instruction and the success of the venture.





(Sums received to May 3rd.)

£ s. d.

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Carried forward £1,559 9 9½





## Correspondence.

ONE OF YOUR READERS.—Mr Richard Turpin was born in 1711, and, most deservedly, hanged in 1739.

REENIGNE.—Soap or grease your feet, and you will avoid blisters. In the last war the Germans wore no socks, but used a square piece of soft linen saturated with tallow and wrapped round the foot.

BEE-KEEPER.—Your bees would do no harm in the neighbourhood, but there is no saying what the people next door to you might not imagine.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Read our article on General Garfield in No. 145.

ALLAN GREEN.—Had you looked carefully you would have seen the acknowledgment in No. 150, under date October 20.

S. H. H.—Wash your paint-brushes in turpentine, or soft-soap and water.

R. T. R.—1. In strict architectural parlance—yes; in ordinary language—no. The house should be larger than the villa, and the villa than the cottage; but in almost every suburban street where the houses are identical in size, plan, and construction, you will find one man calling his dwelling a "house," his next-door neighbour rejoicing in a "villa," while his friend to the left is satisfied with a "cottage," and his next-door-but-one proclaims itself to be a "lodge."

R. W. BLACKMORE.—Drop your shells into hot water, and gradually increase its temperature to boiling-point. When they are quite dry rub them over with a little olive-oil. Sea-shells should be steeped in water till the salt is extracted. Coral is bleached by being boiled in water to which oxalic acid has been added.

MAX.—The Maze, indexed as Labyrinth, appeared in No. 8.

LORNA DOONE.—1. You ought not to have touched the young mice, nor even have looked at them, until they began to run about. That was the reason the mother killed them. 2. The dead doe very likely ate something that gave it inflammation. Try feeding principally on canary-seed, which mice eat with avidity. They then want less sloppy food.

S. P.—Thanks for your letter. Kingston's "Powder Monkey to Admiral," and Mrs. Eiloart's "Jack and John," both commenced in our first number, and finished in our thirty-seventh. We have no more weekly numbers of them. You can only get them in Monthly Parts.

RORY.—A beginner need not worry himself about the points of a violin. Learn to play first, and then, when you understand what you are about, go in for an "old master" if you please; but most of the merits of such instruments are imaginary, and the copies are just as good. In fact, nine-tenths of the Amatis, Stradivaris, Guarneris, and Bergonzis have been made in Paris, cooked in Brussels, and labelled in Lambeth, to be "picked up as bargains" in Soho.

JUMBO.—To bore a hole through a glass plate, make your drill white-hot, and then plunge it into mercury. Use camphor dissolved in spirits of turpentine to lubricate with, and you will get through the glass as easily as through a piece of mahogany.

SHANKY.—The old toll-bars consisted of cross-bars, topped with pikes and spear-heads to prevent horses jumping them. Instead of being hinged they turned on a pin. Hence turnpike.

B. ST. C. F.—1. The move is continued after the king is crowned, and the next man is taken as the king starts for the other side of the board. 2. Yes. 3. Not yet.

A CONSTANT READER.—To tell you all you want to know would occupy far too much of our precious space. We must refer you back to our articles on Boys' Dogs, or to a book called "Ladies' Dogs," by Dr. Gordon Stables, published by Messrs. Dean and Son, price 5s. We may inform you, however, that dogs are seldom or never judged nowadays by points. Yours is a well-bred one.

H. R. P.—As soon as a mastiff or dog of any kind has been attacked by distemper, he ought to be seen and treated by a regular vet. You yourself can, however, do a deal of good by nursing the animal, keeping him clean, and seeing he wants for nothing he needs. Good food, given little and often, and pure, clean water. The nursing in distemper is half the battle.

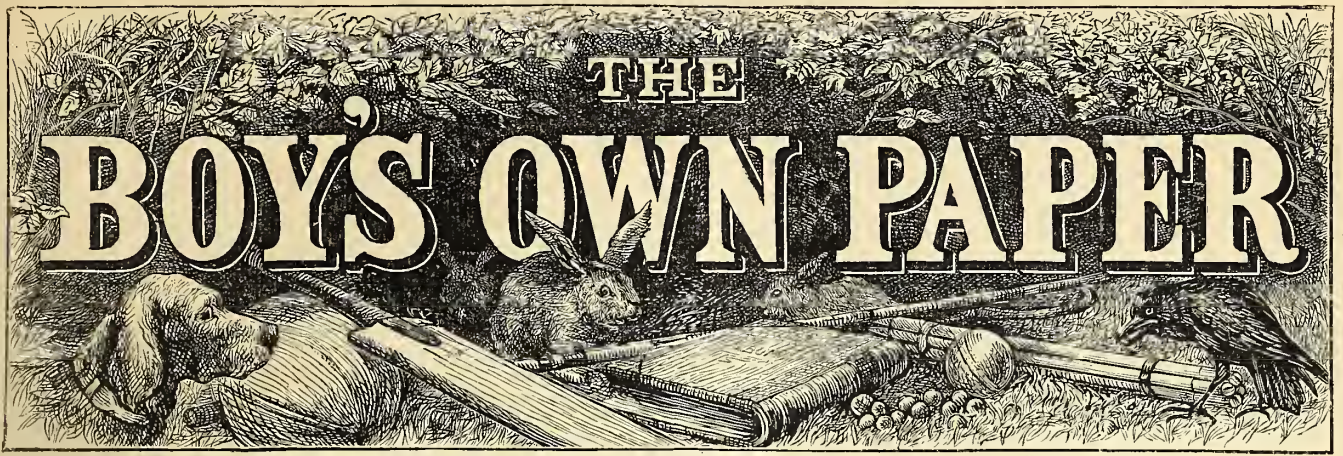
H. E. S.—The distance is measured by parallax—in other words, by the apparent displacement of an object caused by your change of place. Look at one of your chimney-pots from the bottom of your garden, and note the angle the line of sight makes with the horizon; then look at the chimney from the other end of the garden, and note the angle; then construct a triangle having the two angles, its base being the distance between the two points from which you made your observations.

PODBAIL.—1. Yes. 2. Captain Cowper Phipps Coles was one of the inventors of turret-ships, and was born in 1813, and drowned in H.M.S. Captain in the Bay of Biscay in 1870. 3. You would get gut just as good from one of the first-class Edinburgh tackle shops.



BY THE SALT SEA





No. 184.—Vol. IV.

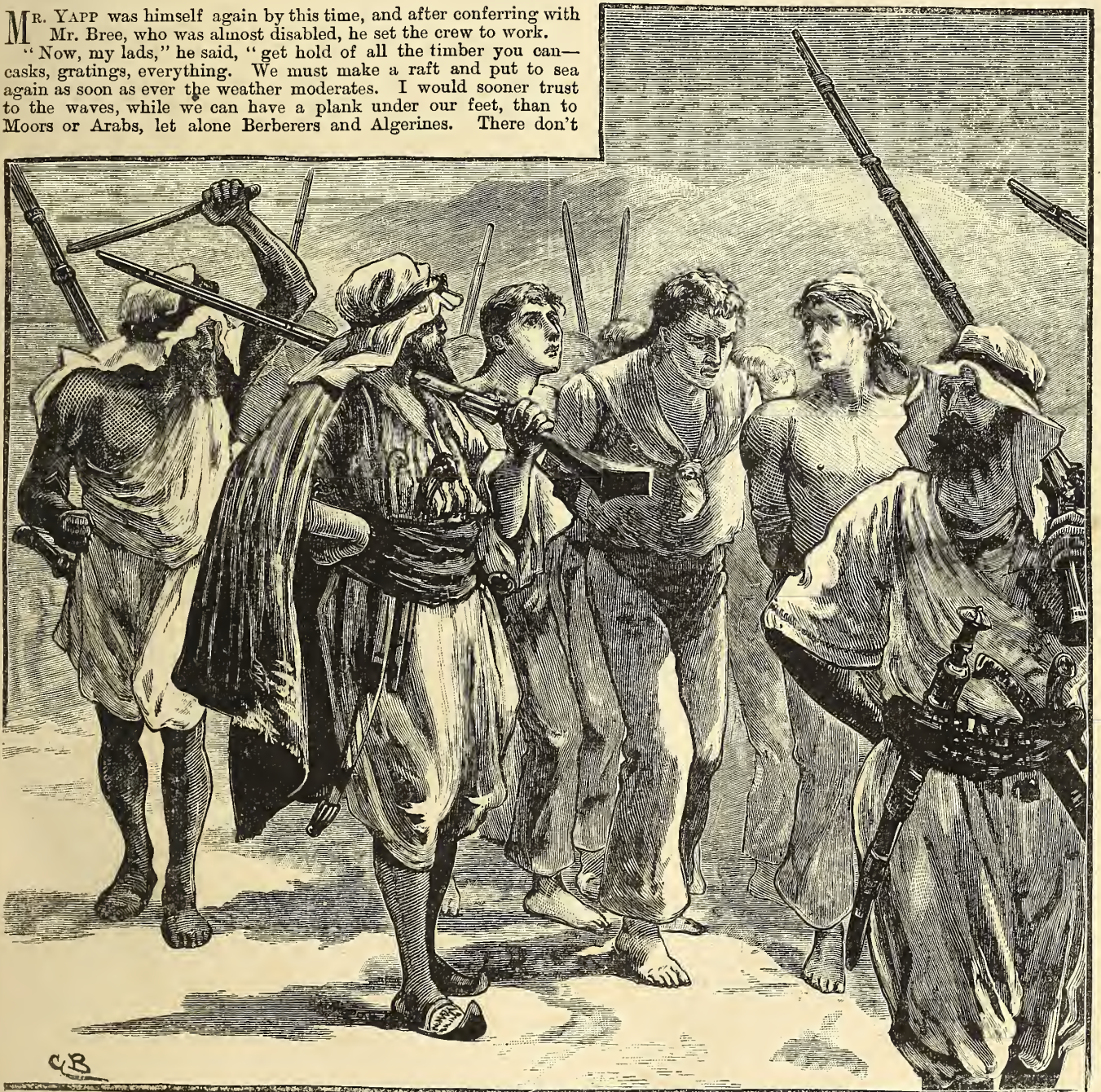
SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1882.

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## THROUGH FIRE AND THROUGH WATER.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. YAPP was himself again by this time, and after conferring with Mr. Bree, who was almost disabled, he set the crew to work. "Now, my lads," he said, "get hold of all the timber you can—casks, gratings, everything. We must make a raft and put to sea again as soon as ever the weather moderates. I would sooner trust to the waves, while we can have a plank under our feet, than to Moors or Arabs, let alone Berberers and Algerines. There don't



"Driven forward with naked feet over the ground."



seem to be any of either sort about, whatever they may call themselves, so bear a hand, and we may get away from this precious country, and shake off the dust from our feet against it, before ever any one of 'em knows that we have been near it."

"Quite right, Yapp," Mr. Wren observed, in his usual piping tone. "All hands to save wreckage and prepare raft."

"Bless his heart," said Yapp, turning away with a laugh; "he has got a spirit, he has."

The men winked at each other, and would, perhaps, have laughed at the little officer if they had been less miserable, but they set to work with alacrity, and the example of his cheerfulness and self-reliance helped to cheer them up more, perhaps, than they were themselves aware.

They were all very busy collecting the fragments, hauling them on to the beach, and tying them together, when suddenly the dog, which had been lying down a short distance from them, uttered an angry growl, and then fell to barking furiously, and the next moment a clamour of many harsh voices was heard from among the sandbanks at their rear. The cords fell from their hands, and they stood aghast at seeing a large company of men advancing towards them with guns in their hands, some of which were already presented at them.

Before they could resolve what to do they found themselves surrounded and overpowered, and thrown to the ground; their clothes were torn from their backs, and their hands tied behind them.

Meantime, the dog, recognising in the costume and appearance of these men some resemblance to the pirates who had boarded the *Vesta*, sprang at the throat of the foremost of them, and did not loose his hold until he had been stabbed in a dozen places with their long knives. This took place under the eyes of Mr. Wren, who, regarding the animal as his preserver, was almost beside himself at seeing it so brutally destroyed. But neither he nor any one else could do anything to prevent it.

It would be difficult to conceive anything more fierce or barbarous than the appearance of these natives. They were tall and well-formed, of dark complexion, with sandy, wild-looking beards; their faces were streaked with lines of yellow, stained or tattooed; some of them were half naked, others wore a shirt, tied round the waist with the haik, a piece of linen about six yards long twisted about the head and body; some of them were barefooted; others wore red boots or *babouches*; all were armed with very long guns, the red cloth cases of which, when not in use, were twisted about their heads like turbans; they had also long knives in their girdles, and some few carried javelins or pistols. At the slightest show of resistance on the part of their prisoners they pricked them with the points of their knives, or dealt them heavy blows, reviling them with loud and discordant cries, and driving them before them over the hot, slippery sand-banks towards the interior of the country.

Although none of the party were acquainted with the language of their captors, they were able, partly by signs, and partly by the use of a few Arabic words which some of them had previously picked up, to understand and communicate with them. Some of the Arabs could speak a little Italian, and one or two who had been on board ship knew even a few sentences of English. We shall not attempt to de-

scribe the signs employed, nor repeat the jargon which the unhappy captives made use of; but shall merely give the substance of what passed between them and their captors.

Driven forward with naked feet over the ground, which was full of sharp stones and thorns from the furze and other prickly shrubs which grew around, the prisoners made no halt until they arrived at a kind of village, where a number of women and children flocked to the doors of the huts to gaze upon them. The latter soon took to flight, hiding themselves within or behind the huts; and some even of the women followed their example; while others stood and spat at them, and poured out curses against them as infidels and dogs. The fair complexion of their skin was a matter of surprise to these people, and they heard the exclamation *Nazarene*, and *j'in* (genius or demon) applied to them with looks of mingled alarm and detestation.

The boys of the party, Max and Jack, attracted particular attention, from their slowness and fairness, the Arab children gazing at them open-mouthed, running away in alarm, returning again to "snatch a fearful joy," throwing stones or even knives at them, which they had great difficulty in evading, tied as they were, hand and foot; but Mr. Yapp, although equally disabled, shouted at them with his stentorian voice, made himself hideous with grimaces, and displayed such strength of limb in his efforts to break out upon them that they ran off crying out, "*J'in, j'in!*" and were glad to keep their distance from him, as if he had indeed been an evil demon insecurely chained.

Before night came on the prisoners were separated from each other, and distributed among the occupants of the village; there was some quarrelling over this division of the spoil, Jack and the midshipman being objected to as of little or no value (especially the latter) on account of their youthful and delicate appearance. It was evident that the Arabs, or more properly Riffians, intended to carry them away and sell them as slaves. Jack had been hoping that, whatever troubles might be in store for them, they should be kept together and eventually brought to some port where a European consul was resident, and so released. To be separated from all his comrades and carried away to the interior of Africa alone, without hope of rescue, was a more dreadful fate than he had contemplated. Yet this seemed to be the lot assigned to him by his captors, as well as to poor little Wren; for they were set aside while the men were driven off by their several owners.

"What are they going to do with us?" said Jack to his companion in misery.

"I can't tell," the other answered. "Perhaps, as they seem to think we are of no use, they will let us go."

"If we could get down to the shore again," said Jack, looking about him, "we might find a boat, or a plank even, and get away."

"We must wait till it is dark," said Max; "and then, if they will give us a chance; but—but—"

"But what?" Jack asked, seeing that the poor little fellow's teeth chattered. "What is it you are afraid of?"

"I am not afraid," Max replied, with a slight return of officer-like dignity; "but—but—"

And then, in spite of himself, tears came into his eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

Jack was not ashamed to give way to his distress after the same unmanly fashion; so that for a few moments they cried together like a couple of—young boys.

Some children who saw them from one of the huts seemed to enjoy their misery, and, now that Mr. Yapp was removed, came and threw sand in their faces, to "dry up the waters," as they said to each other; and the two white Christian boys sat there, the centre of a little crowd of mockers, till these were called away by their mothers, who had themselves been standing at their doors, looking on approvingly and enjoying the diversion. Max and Jack were soon afterwards taken away to one of the huts, and compelled to lie down upon the naked floor, and to pass the night there in a corner from which escape would be impossible. These huts were wretched places, formed of a few stakes driven into the ground, with reeds or branches of trees tied to them, and the whole smeared over with clay, mixed like the bricks of the Egyptians, with straw or stubble. A few of them were more substantial, being of rough stones skilfully put together; they were covered with thatch or reeds, and were nine or ten feet in height, having openings in the sides for light, and a small, narrow, close-fitting door.

A few mats, a wooden chest or two, a few earthen vessels, a pair of small mill-stones, resting one upon the other, and worked by two women sitting opposite to each other, as described in the New Testament, constituted nearly the whole of the furniture. The men and women slept on mats suspended like hammocks, or stretched upon the floor; a number of chickens came inside at night to roost; and the place was as foul and dirty throughout, and as plentifully stocked with all manner of vermin, as can well be conceived.

Jack and his superior officer, Mr. Wren, slept soundly, in spite of the hardness of their bed, until aroused by the cackling of the fowls over their heads, soon after which they were stirred up by some of the men with kicks and shouts, and ordered, by unmistakable signs, accompanied as usual with threats and violence, to go outside and make themselves useful. They were sent forth barefooted to collect fuel from the stunted shrubs and bushes with which the country around was covered, and were afterwards driven away to a swampy place with jars and goatskins, which were to be filled with water. The water had to be collected first in holes which they scooped out with their hands; it was foul with mud and slime, and there was but little of it, but it tasted like nectar to the boys, who were parched with thirst, having had nothing but a small quantity of milk to drink since they had been in the hands of the Riffs. The shortness of the supply which they brought back called forth abuse and persecution from their masters, who sent them a second time to the watering-place. When they returned they found the Arabs at their morning meal, which consisted of scones or cakes made of barley or maize, with milk from the sheep and goats. Some fragments were thrown to the two boys, but as they were not quick enough in snatching them up, most of the food was carried off by the dogs, of which there were a great number always about, at which the men and women, scarcely more human than their four-footed companions, manifested no little amusement. These dogs, poor, starved, mangy-looking animals, feeding upon offal, were a great trouble to our friends, following them



wherever they went, ready to fly at them at a word from their masters, and keeping them constantly on the alert to protect their naked legs from their attacks. To them the milk that could be spared was often given, while the boys looked on, faint with hunger. "Let the dogs feed together," the men would say; "dogs with dogs." And it was only after the four-footed beasts were satisfied that a scanty allowance was poured out for the boys in the same vessels which the dogs had licked.

The greater part of the day was spent by the two boys in watching the sheep and goats, which were brought home at night to be milked. The heat was excessive; there had been no rain for months; and although that part of the country which borders on the Mediterranean is for the most part very fertile, the ground was now parched, and the pasturage dried up; so that the flocks returned in the evening with their dugs almost empty. Yet their milk, and that of a few camels, was to form the chief sustenance of the men and their families. Jack and his helper, poor Wren (for such was their relative position now in the estimation of the Arabs, who looked upon the latter as too small to be good for anything), were abused and maltreated as if they had been the cause of the short supply. They were ordered to milk the goats, but were of course unskilled in such operations, and met with additional ill-treatment for their clumsiness.

"May your great-grandfathers be burnt, wretched Nazarenes! Reptiles of the slime of the earth!" Such were the terms of abuse to which they soon became accustomed. They were at first unable, through their ignorance of the language, to appreciate the force and eloquence of these imprecations, but the blows with which they were freely accompanied were only too intelligible.

After a few days of this treatment the boys were almost worn out. They lay down at night upon the floor of their hut, which was moist with filth, without anything to cover them, aching in every limb, and almost ravenous with hunger. Their skin, having been exposed all day to the burning heat of the sun, was cracked and blistered, and they were inwardly consumed with thirst. They could not rest, but talked to each other in whispers long after everything in the tent was quiet, planning how they might escape from this wretched state of bondage; but at every movement the dogs, which lay in the door of the hut, snarled, and the hens overhead cackled, fluttered, and scolded. Even the feathered fowls seemed to be in league against them, or at least to claim their right to join in the general persecution.

They almost wished that they had been drowned in their efforts to escape from the wreck. Life under such conditions was a protracted misery, and could not last very long; but they tried to encourage one another and to submit to God's will. Yes, God was with them even there, and they felt that they were in His hands. He would deliver them, or else take them to Himself; and they made up their minds to wait patiently, as patiently as they could, till He should come to their relief, and bring them out of their distress.

Thus tranquillised, they at length fell asleep, and enjoyed for three or four hours complete exemption from their woes, dreaming of home and friends whose much-loved faces it did not seem likely that they would ever see again in their waking moments.

Our friends had been in captivity little more than a week, when soon after day-break there was a great stir among the Arabs. Some of the party who had been about all night came in, bringing information which the boys judged from the excitement it produced to be of great importance; and from the occasional glances with which they themselves were favoured, it was evident that they were, in some way or other, connected with the tidings. Instead of being ordered to do their work as usual, they were thrust into a corner of the hut and kept there under guard while an animated dispute went on among the men, the result of which was that they were led forth and driven by three or four Arabs towards a wood or jungle near at hand.

They noticed that horses were being brought out and saddled, and that two or three camels were kneeling on the ground to receive their loads. A journey was to be made, and that in haste, for hurry and bustle prevailed everywhere.

The two boys limped along with difficulty, their feet sore and swollen, and their strength much reduced by the privations and sufferings which they had undergone; and they were not disposed to make the best of themselves, for they thought that if it should appear to their captors that they were incapable of travelling they might possibly be left to themselves, or at least less strictly guarded. So they crept along very slowly, notwithstanding the threats and imprecations of those who followed them.

Presently the Arabs began again to quarrel amongst themselves. Two of them were of the Berber race; the third was of darker complexion, and wore a *berous*, a kind of white linen mantle, with a cape and hood. The two former laid hold of the boys roughly and drew their knives, while the other, after protesting, stood apart and looked on, as if he would have no part in the business.

"They are going to murder us!" Mr. Wren exclaimed. He had anticipated this fate from something that he had observed when they were first separated from the men. It was evident now that the latter were about to be driven into the interior of the country, while the boys were to be disposed of summarily as useless encumbrances. They wished now that they had shown more alacrity in their movements, though really almost incapable of it.

Jack made no reply, but fell upon his knees, and the midshipman followed his example. There was no help for them upon earth; they could not speak to these barbarous people to plead with them for their lives; and if they could have found words it would have been impossible perhaps to touch their hearts. But there was One above who could understand their language, whose ears were ever open to their cry, and whose hand could reach them even in the midst of their enemies.

The three men stood still for a few moments, watching the two boys as they prayed, with looks of wonder.

"Mashallah!—In the name of God," one of them exclaimed, "do these Nazarenes pray?"

"Yes," said the other; "*Shetan* (Satan) is their god; they pray to him."

Then followed an eager disputation among the men, each shouting at the other in his turn, pointing alternately to the boys, who remained upon their knees, and to the heavens above. The Mohammedans believe that a Christian has no other para-

dise than this world; the Moslems alone have hope of a better life hereafter. Strange, that with such a creed they should be so eager to render the short span of life more miserable than it need be to those who have no better hope beyond it.

These men seemed to be surprised that "unbelievers" should worship any deity, or perhaps that they should be able to display such trust and calmness in the hour of extreme peril.

"Get up," one of them said to Jack, lifting him by the arm.

"*La-Allah-illah-Allah-Mohammed resoul Allah!*" he exclaimed, pointing to the east, and looking into Jack's face in expectation of an answer.

After a moment's pause he repeated the words impatiently.

"There is one God, and Mahomet is his prophet," Mr. Wren whispered; "that is what he means."

He had heard the formula when on shore in the East, and knew its significance.

"*La-Allah-illah-Allah*" the man began again, and waited; then touched Jack's tongue to let him know that he was to say after him.

"*La-Allah-illah-Allah*," Jack said, and stopped.

"*Mohammed resoul Allah!*" the other repeated.

Jack was silent. The man pointed to his companions, who stood looking on while this scene was being enacted, and the boys understood well that he was himself kindly disposed towards them, and that he wished them to profess the Moslem faith, that the others might be induced to spare their lives.

"*La-Allah*," the man began again; and again both Jack and the midshipman repeated the words with reverence, "*La-Allah-illah-Allah*—there is but one God," and stopped.

"*Mohammed* —" the man went on; while the other two handled their long knives impatiently, ready to plunge them into their bodies.

It was evident that their lives would be spared if only they would repeat the Moslem formula; and who could have blamed them if they had complied so far? The two boys looked at each other inquiringly; and if either of them had shown signs of weakness, the other would probably have yielded. It was but a momentary hesitation. Mr. Wren, remembering that he was an officer and a gentleman, was the first to recover himself. Raising his face towards heaven, he repeated, in a loud and firm voice,

"*La-Allah-illah-Allah*," and shook his head to signify that he would go no farther.

The long knife descended instantly, and he was struck with violence to the ground; but the point of the weapon had been turned aside by the friendly Arab, and though bruised and half stupefied by the force of the blow, the midshipman was as yet unwounded. The next moment Jack threw himself upon his friend to shield him from a repetition of the stroke; but after a few words the assassins seemed to relent, and stood looking on at their poor little victims in silence.

"*Inshallah!* Please God! So let it be!" the two Berbers said.

They then made signs to the boys to return to the village, and themselves walked on before them.

Jack and Max, arm-in-arm, and leaning upon each other, poured out their heartfelt thanks, as they went along, for the wonderful deliverance they had experienced.



One God! Yes; one God everywhere for those who trust in Him! A God at hand and not afar off. They had been brought up in this faith, and had perhaps been neither more nor less sincere in their profession of it, neither more nor less devout in their conduct as believers than others of

their age, young and thoughtless like themselves. But they felt this grand truth now in a way which had never before happened to them. They had witnessed a good confession, martyrs already in spirit, though martyrdom was the last thing they would have thought of; and from that day for-

ward they were nearer to heaven than they had ever been before. Cut off, indeed, from human help, their lot cast in with the wild men, and scarcely wilder brutes of the wilderness and desert, but nearer to God in their loneliness, and safe, whatever might befall them now—safe in His hands.  
(To be continued.)

## THE BOY'S OWN POULTRY RUN.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

PART IV.—ON THE FEEDING AND REARING OF CHICKENS—THE DORKING FOWL—HAMBURGS—SPANISH AND ANDALUSIAN.

LET me now suppose that you have been successful, in so far that your sitting hen has hatched a beautiful little brood of chickens. Your efforts will then be directed to feeding and rearing them, on correct principles, until they are old enough to bring you in some money, or, in other words, to repay you for your trouble. Now many people leave the mother to nurse her chickens in the nest in which they were brought out. This is a bad plan, for there is a likelihood of the young thus suffering from the attacks of vermin. Change the nest, therefore, and, if possible, even the abode. Place them on the floor of some well sheltered outhouse, for instance, and let the mother be placed for some part of the day where she can enjoy the luxury of a dust-bath.

What the chickens must have in order to rear them healthfully are shelter from cold and wet, and food suited to them, with plenty of fresh air, and, when possible, sunlight. In addition to these necessities they need to be carefully guarded against their natural enemies—cats and rats. You will have prepared your coop beforehand; you will have bought one, or what is better still, you will have constructed it with your own hands, and that ever-useful box of tools of yours. At all events, your coop is a nice roomy one—roomy for the mother as well as the chicks, but still light enough to be easily moved. In good weather they will do well in such a place from the first, but if the weather be cold and inclement they must be housed at night, and only cooped out on the gravel or dry earth a portion of each day. Be

necessary for the well-being of the chickens, it ought to be sunshine from which they can retire to shade whenever they wish. You may, therefore, have to shift the position of the coop several times in a day.

For the first week it would hardly be safe to place the coop on the grass, but after that time, providing it be dry, it will be advantageous to do so. Take the brood out of the coop at night, and house them, letting them be placed in a clean dry place, with either gravel or straw to bed upon. If you elect to leave them in the coop close it up, and throw a sack or two over it to exclude draughts while permitting ventilation.

The earlier they are allowed their freedom in the morning the better, for there is one thing that chickens will not do well without, and that is *exercise*.

If you have two broods hatched about the same time, and they are not large, one of the mothers will be able enough to take entire charge, and the other may be sent back to the run.

You have to consider the feeding of the hen as well as the chickens. Feed the former first on grain, and after that she may take a pick with her chickens. For the latter, the first or earliest food should be delicate and nourishing, and should consist of hard-boiled eggs, pounded up with stale bread or biscuit crumbs, and moistened with milk. This latter, with the chill taken off, may also be given to chickens to drink with much advantage first thing in the morning. Oatmeal or barley-meal draggled

See that they do not want for fresh water, and plenty of it; and that the water-dish be a proper one—broad-bottomed and flat, so that they will not wet themselves, for if they do so it will be to their detriment.

For the first day or two you can hardly feed the chickens too often. After four or five days the egg-food may be discontinued, and the chickens fed every three hours, or oftener, up to ten days; then up to thirty days feed four, or even five times a day. If the days are short, candle-light feeding will be required, else the birds will grow up weakly. If the weather be inclement the food must be more nourishing.

Changes in diet are very beneficial in rearing chickens, and we have many different kinds to choose from—bread draggled with milk; well-boiled oatmeal mixed with dry oatmeal and bread-crumbs; rice and milk, Indian meal, or barley meal boiled, and cooked potatoes bruised and mixed with oatmeal. The scraps from the table should also be given, well cut up, and crushed grains, such as wheat and oats. Feed regularly, and give enough at a time, but nothing to waste. They should never be allowed to go hungry, but as soon as they have fed, and appear to be satisfied, wait till they are hungry again. Give them green food to peck at. In summer they will be cooped by day out on the grass, and removed on to gravel at night. They will thus find plenty of insects to eat, and this will greatly aid their growth.

Some fanciers give their chickens bone-dust, adding it to the meal, before it is mixed up, in the proportion of one part of dust to ten of meal.



Fig. 1.—Silver-grey Dorking.



Fig. 2.—Silver-pencilled Hamburgs.

careful where you place the coop; it should not be exposed to wet or high winds, and although I have mentioned sunlight as beneficial and even

with milk may be given next, and bread soaked in a little milk, but only let them have one kind of food at a time.

It doubtless is a good plan, especially if the birds have not so much freedom as is necessary to develop their frames and keep them healthy.



Plenty of good food, then, and careful and comfortable cooping, are most essential for the successful rearing of chickens, and you must never weary in well-doing, if you would have them repay you for your labour and expenses.

When the chickens are big enough to leave

lent mothers. They cannot, however, be well reared except on a dry soil, and with a good grass run. Their eggs are large and excellent, and the chickens, where they have every advantage, grow quickly, and are fit for the market at an early age.

The Andalusian is the same in points as the black Minorca, but differs in colour, being a kind of slate colour, sometimes laced with black, and the cock's hackles may be a beautiful glossy black.

Spanish fowls have much to recommend them-

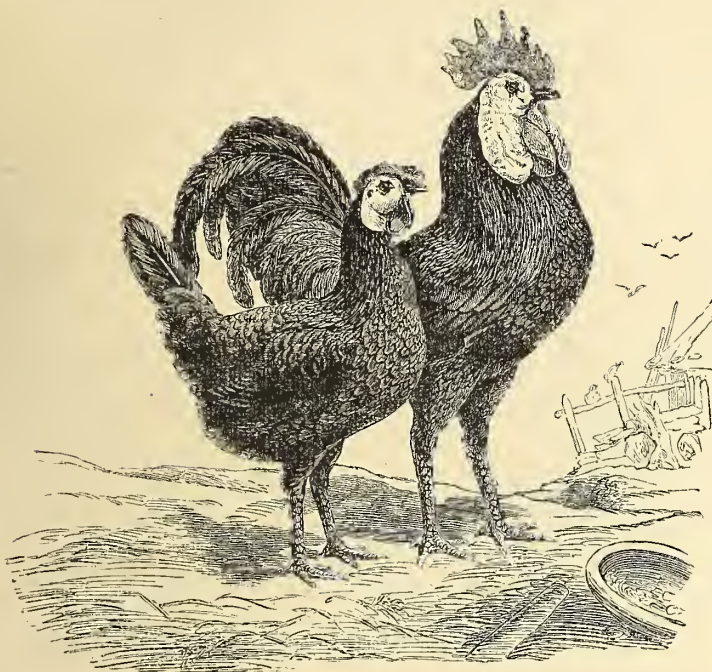


Fig. 3.—Young Spanish Fowls.

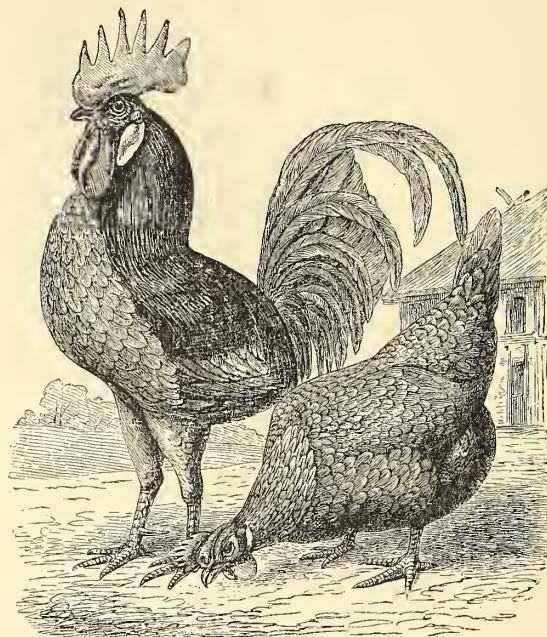


Fig. 4.—Andalusian Cock and Hen.

the mother they should be put into a run by themselves, and fed regularly on wholesome food. It will be as well to separate the cockerels from the pullets, if possible. The runs should be roomy and dry, and kept scrupulously clean; the water abundant and fresh every day, or twice a day, and food given four times daily—meal and grain, vegetables, and the scraps from the table.

Do not place small chickens with older ones in a run or they will be badly treated, and will not thrive in consequence.

When your birds are four months old, or even younger, it will be time to prepare them for the market by fattening them. For this purpose, about half a dozen are caged together in a coop, with a grating as a floor for cleanliness' sake. A screen of some kind is arranged in front, so that the birds are in the dark, except about an hour before feeding-time and while being fed. Gravel is given them, and sometimes a turf of grass. They are at first allowed to fast for several hours in order that they may eat the more readily when food is presented, and thus not pine on account of being shut up. They are to be fed regularly, thrice daily, as much as they will eat, but none should be left to be wasted. The food generally given them is oatmeal mixed with good milk, or oatmeal and barley-meal draggled with milk, to which a little pounded suet may be added.

As soon as they are fat enough—which they ought to be in about a fortnight—kill and sell them—or sell them, at all events.

A process of cramming is sometimes adopted to fatten chickens quickly. I do not care to describe it. If my readers wish to try it they must learn it elsewhere. The best way of killing fowls is, I think, that of severing the arteries and veins of the neck with the knife. If you see it done once by a poulterer you can do it yourself afterwards. Hens should be fattened and killed at the close of the laying season, as it is unprofitable to keep them longer.

The first of our illustrations in this chapter represents a silver-grey Dorking hen. The Dorking is generally admitted to be the best table-fowl we possess, and they are also excel-

A glance at the engraving will show the general style and build of the bird—the smallish, neat head; the pretty comb, upright when rose, falling when single; the square-built and compact body; the short, sturdy legs, and the well-positioned extra toe.

The white Dorking is a very lovely bird. What is called the Cuckoo Dorking is a greyish-coloured bird, with speckles or pencillings of a darker colour.

Our next illustration (Fig. 2) represents a pair of silver-pencilled Hamburgs. They are beautifully shaped birds, though small. With the exception of the deaf-ears, which are white, the face furnishings are a bright red; the comb is rose, broad in front, but tapering behind; the head small and well-formed. The whole body is small, but neat, and well knit together, and the bearing sprightly and upright.

There are black Hamburgs, golden-pencilled and silver and golden-spangled Hamburgs. They are not only pretty birds to keep, but exceedingly good layers, and not given to sitting too often; and, although not heavy birds, are nevertheless delicious table fowls. They are not very strong in constitution, and, if kept at all, must have plenty of liberty and a good grass run.

Fig. 3 represents a pair of young Spanish fowls, and Fig. 4 cousins of theirs—namely, an Andalusian cock and hen. Glancing at the cock in Fig. 3, we observe that he is a bird of somewhat bold and upright bearing, with a large head, surmounted by an immense single comb. This latter is, like the wattles, of a bright scarlet colour, and the face and deaf-ears are white. The comb is not only large, but it stands erect; is nicely arched, and deeply and pretty evenly serrated. The wattles are very long, and should be fine; the deaf-ears are also long. The legs are long, the thighs fine, and the toes thin and somewhat long. The bird is larger than the last-named, and the body is extremely neat, and the whole bearing jaunty.

The comb in the hen falls over.

The black Minorcas are much the same in all points, but the face itself is red instead of white.

There is a white Spanish and a white Minorca.

To begin with, they are very pretty and sprightly—sometimes, indeed, rather much so, for they are at times difficult to keep in a run owing to their ability to mount. They are good layers, however—excellent indeed, and do not sit. The eggs are large and good in flavour, though some deny the quality. The objection to them is that they are not good table fowls. Dorkings are usually chosen to hatch the eggs, and as they are not at first very strong, being naked, it is not advisable to set the eggs until the season is somewhat advanced.

(To be continued.)

## THE MATCH OF THE SEASON. A CRICKETING STORY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS KEYWORTH,  
Author of "Dick the Newsboy," "Green and Grey," etc.  
(Continued from page 675.)

AT the far corner of the cricket-ground there was a small plantation with a narrow strip of turf behind it. Webster and Sanders were often there together, and the boys declared that Webster was teaching the little fellow how to meet the ball on the bound, and return it without stopping.

Several matches were played, and the school was successful. The eleven which was supposed to represent the full strength of Westside included Sanders. He fielded magnificently, but could do very little with the bat. Featherstone put him in the eleven, out of deference to Webster, but he had strong doubts whether the choice was a wise one. There were several fellows who were worth seven or eight runs each, but Sanders could scarcely be counted on for one or two.

Webster smiled sagaciously, and stuck to his opinion that Sanders would be worth his place, and would prove it before the season was done. He said:

"When I was at school, and that was not for very long, and only at a cost of twopence a week, we used to read about a mouse which set a lion free. I never could quite see how that lion managed to get into that net, and how the



mouse managed to bite through a lot of strong ropes, but it was all in the book. Wait till the Thursday match."

The long-expected day came at last. Of course it was Thursday. The club always played on that day, and took its name from the fact. It was grand weather for cricket, and there was a large attendance at Bramall Lane. It was a single day's match, and only one innings each was to be played. Featherstone won the toss, and decided to bat, as he was sure to do, on such a wicket. Webster might have stood umpire for the school, but he preferred to be among the spectators. All the boys were there, and they were very much excited. The Thursday was playing strong. Spinn, the well-known fast bowler, was there. The boys were soon telling each other wonderful tales which they had heard about his power with the ball. It was said that he could take off either ball without touching the stumps. Very likely Spinn would have been very much surprised if he had heard the accounts which were given of his ability. Smashley was bowling at the other end, and it was known that his deliveries were the most provoking which could be sent down to a batsman.

Caution was the order of the day among the Westside eleven. The bowling was far too good to be trifled with, and the fielding was smart. It is not necessary to describe the innings. The boys made a hundred and six, and this was felt to be a good score under the circumstances. George Featherstone just did his fifty, and then Spinn took his leg-bail with as pretty a ball as ever was sent down. Sanders got nothing. He was nervous, and struck at the first ball he received; it broke in towards the stumps, he missed it, and then heard a crack of leather against timber, which told him his fate. The boys were indignant, and called him a muff. In a minute they had pointed out to each other a dozen ways in which that ball ought to have been played. It is well known that no bowler ever lived who was clever enough to puzzle the spectators. They always know the right thing to do under the most difficult circumstances.

It was luncheon-time when the Westside innings was over, and Featherstone had to watch his team, that they did not eat too freely for the task which was before them. The eleven felt that this was rather hard; they looked upon luncheon as one of the chief features of a match, and some of them would have put their digestion to a very severe trial if they had been allowed.

Just before the interval was finished, Featherstone had a few words with Harry Webster. The old cricketer said:

"Well, Mr. Featherstone, the school must win. I never knew the Thursday to be so sure of having it all their own way. Really, their chaff has been something awful."

"We must do our best," replied Featherstone, "but I was hoping we should score a higher figure. There are four or five good bats on the other side, and even the tail is not a weak one."

"You'll put on Ingham and Robinson to bowl, I suppose," said Webster; "and who's your first change?"

"We are badly off for changes," was the reply. "The wicket is too hard for Lindley; I suppose I must go in myself."

Then Webster put a slip of paper in his hand, and said:

"When it's time for a chango look at that. Don't look at it before, or it will be bad luck."

Featherstone had often heard Webster talk about luck, so he smiled, and put the paper in his pocket. At this moment the second bell rang, and the Westside team went into the field.

The first Thursday batsmen were Sawtell and Rowtop, both of them county players. The spectators began to predict to Harry Webster that these men would get the runs before they were separated.

Harry smiled, and said, "Cricket isn't talk, or there would be more good players than there are."

Sawtell acted on the defensive, but Rowtop soon began to knock the bowling about. Ten were soon up, then twenty, then thirty. In the next over Ingham sent Sawtell's stumps flying. A great cheer rose from the boys, though they wished it had been Rowtop who had fallen. East was next. He was a young player, but he had already made his name in the district. In a short time the runs came freely, and the boys were silent. They began to fear that these two men would make the score. Forty went up, and then fifty. East sprung his bat in hitting a fast one, and went to the pavilion to change it.

Featherstone now took the slip of paper from his pocket, and read "Putt Sanders on with his bak too the sunn." The writing was sprawling, and the spelling imperfect, but the sense of the note could be readily discovered. Featherstone was amazed; he did not know that Sanders could bowl. He motioned for Sanders to come near, and then said in a low voice, "Webster thinks you ought to go on."

"Just as you like," was the reply.

East now came back, and the over was finished. Featherstone called for the ball, and there was a cheer. The boys thought he was going on himself; but to their amazement he threw it to Sanders. If he had thrown it to the umpire they would not have been more surprised. Some of them looked at Harry Webster, and saw a smile on his face, which they knew well; and in a moment they raised a loud cheer, which was taken up by the other spectators.

The new bowler changed the field altogether. He took off the long-stop and brought in long-leg, and placed the various men in very unconventional places. Rowtop looked on, somewhat amazed, and said to the wicket-keeper, "We're going to have slows, I reckon." There was breathless attention while the first ball was being delivered. It was a lob. Rowtop struck at it, and somehow missed it, and was bowled. He could scarcely believe his senses; but there was the ball, and there were the stumps, and a loud shout, followed by clapping of hands, convinced him that he was out. He looked almost piteously at the umpire, and that sober-faced individual grinned. But Rowtop had played well, and was cheered back to the pavilion.

A "rot" now set in, and several batsmen were dismissed, for low figures do nothing. The spirits of the boys were revived, and they kept crying, "Bravo, Sanders!" or "Bravo, little one!" The batsmen were thoroughly puzzled, and began to defend their stumps only against the lobs, and to strike at the other bowler. Featherstone went on himself at the other end, and again the runs were kept down. There were two wickets to fall, and ten runs wanted to win, when Featherstone put Ingham on once more—to put in the lightning, as the boys called it. A stump was seen flying in the air, and that showed the lightning had struck. The boys were almost frantic with joy. Only Spinn had to come in, and he was popularly supposed to shut his eyes when he struck the ball, so it was not probable that he would make a long stay. But all cricketers know that a poor batsman will sometimes make runs when good batsmen can do nothing. When Spinn was going in one of his friends said, jocularly, "Keep thy eyes open, Bill, and shut them when the match is over." Spinn just touched the first ball he received and sent it off for three. To the astonishment of everybody, he treated the next ball in the same manner, and it travelled off to the boundary for four. Seven runs in two balls, and against Ingham, too, who was a splendid bowler for a boy! The last ball of the over was delivered to Smashley, who was at the other end. He played it, but there was not a run.

"Two to tie and three to win!" was said all round the ground. The Thursday partisans looked anxious when they saw Sanders take the ball, but the Westside boys chuckled. The last hour or two had made a great difference in their estimate of their young companion. They were scarcely conscious that they had ever

thought it a shame that the little one was put into the eleven.

Spinn took guard carefully, and looked round at the field. The ball came high in the air. Surely there was nothing difficult about that! He stepped out to it and struck. Then he knew what had happened: the wicket-keeper had it! Off went the bails! "How's that?" The umpire said, "Out!" Up went the ball, and the match was over.

Of course, Sanders was carried back to the pavilion. The victory was a glorious one, and only just snatched out of the fire.

Webster had discovered that the boy had a wonderful gift for lob-bowling, and had trained him privately, intending to surprise everybody when the right time should come. In this he was successful.

Sanders was captain during the next year, and it was noticed that he ceased to be sarcastic, though he had always an answer ready for those who courted it.

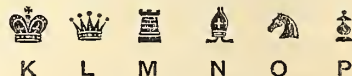
Harry Webster told the story to succeeding generations of schoolboys, and he always finished by saying, "I have never been able to do the like again, for it's only once in a way that there is such a lob-bowler as that little Sanders."

THE END.

## CHESS FOR BEGINNERS.

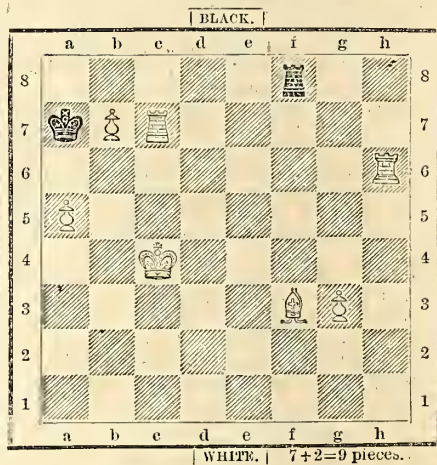
(Continued from p. 583.)

### THE UNIVERSAL NOTATION.



### Problem No. 66.

Our problem lovers will find this a rather difficult, but pleasing stratagem. It is by R. W., of Canterbury, who for twelve years has been one of the best solvers in England



White to play, and mate in four (4) moves.

### A GAME AT ODDS.

Played between two amateurs in November last. Black removed his O g8 from the board, and moved first.

- |          |          |
|----------|----------|
| 1, P e5  | P e4     |
| 2, P g6  | O c3     |
| 3, N g7  | N c4     |
| 4, K M   | O f3     |
| 5, P d6  | P h3     |
| 6, K h3  | P d3     |
| 7, P f5  | N g5     |
| 8, L e3  | L e2     |
| 9, P f4  | K M d1   |
| 10, P h3 | P h4 (a) |



11, N e3 O d5  
 12, M f7 P h5 (r)  
 13, M d7 (s) O f6  
 14, N f6: N f6:†  
 15, K h7 (r) O g5† (u)  
 16, P g5: P g6:††  
 17, K g6: L h5†  
 18, K f6: L e8:  
 19, N c4: L f8†  
 20, any move. M h6†

(q) Black's plan of winning the N g5 is cleverly frustrated by this move.

(r) A winning move for White.

(s) His best reply would have been to take the P.

(t) If K g8, then P g6:, followed by 16, N e4:, M h6: (or if 16, L f8, N e6:†), etc.

(u) White plays a succession of fine moves, and exceptionally well in this game.

### To Chess Correspondents.

G. F. D. G. (Coventry).—Your solution of No. 59 is correct, but your problem is too easy.

DONALD MACKAY.—You have correctly solved No. 60.

R. W. and R. B. S. W.—1. The five-mover on page 86 of the "Guide" requires an additional black P b6. 2. The solution of the end-game on page 113 can be shortened by 14, N f7, L f7: +. 15, K f7:, K e6, 16, P e8 L +, etc. 3. In a discovered check (page 24) the check is given either by the L, M, or N, and the moving piece must be either the K, M, N, O, or P.

W. C. S.—The Chess Problem, No. 65, is solved by 1, N d7.

## A NOISY NIGHT IN COLLEGE.

BY AN OXFORD MAN.



NEVER mind the name of the college at which the following events took place. Rest assured that it was not at one of the smallest or least known. But spare all conjectures.

We were going to celebrate a great event. What that event was it is hardly necessary to say. It may have been the result of an election, or the unprecedented success of the college boat, or the merciful deliverance of king and parliament from a sudden death on the fifth of November.

Whatever the event may have been, the celebration was at hand. And if it should seem to any of you that some of the noble deeds soci to be spoken of are just such as one might expect from noisy schoolboys, do not, I pray you, blame the ancient one who now tells the story. Boys

will be boys, although they may have gone up to Oxford and started a growth of whiskers thereat.

And now to come to the events of that night.

Had you walked through the quads that evening when dinner in Hall was over, you would have seen nothing unusual. But entertainments seemed to be in progress in a great many rooms, and occasionally a snatch of a chorus, which announced that somebody was "a jolly good fellow," floated through an open window. In this way the earlier hours of the evening passed. Our point of interest is later on.

At last twelve o'clock struck from the many steeples of Oxford, and soon afterwards the porter started on his journey through the quads, putting out the gas-lamps. The place seemed quiet, perhaps rather too quiet for the numbers of lighted rooms which were still visible. A little time had passed, it may have been half an hour, when groups of figures began to gather in the old quad. Presently they seemed to disperse, and the persons composing them disappeared into the various staircases. Then, in a few minutes, they might again have been seen reappearing—had there been light enough—and now each one seemed to be carrying something. One bore an armful of the small faggots used by the scouts for lighting fires. Another had a small hamper tucked under each arm. A third dragged along a damaged packing-case. All brought some contribution, and a small pile of doormats from the premises of unpopular men helped to swell the mass. The rough material thus at hand was skilfully arranged by the ringleaders, and soon formed a tempting pile. A roaring bonfire is a time-honoured method of expressing joy. With us their use on every suitable occasion had become traditional.

But clearly all was not yet ready. Expectation was expressed in the faces of all. Presently, however, a small procession was seen issuing from one of the doorways, and borne aloft in the middle was an effigy, an excellent likeness of—well, never mind of whom.

This was placed erect on the top of the pile, a light was applied beneath, and in a moment or two the flames cast a bright glare over the quad.

What shouts and cheers went up then!

Very like schoolboys? I dare say so. But they did not mind that. The rioters were just in the middle of an appropriate chorus, composed for the occasion by the college poet, when some one on the crowd's edge raised the cry,

"The dean, the dean!"

Now all gentlemen are expected to be in their rooms by twelve p.m., and a wholesome dread of fines caused the conspirators, on hearing this cry, to disappear into the various doorways without further ceremony.

When the shelter of rooms had been gained, such as peeped out saw the dean glancing around the quad, and marking those rooms in which lights were still visible.

Presently the porter came knocking at these doors, and, after some little delay, was admitted. In most cases he was met, on opening the door, with the spectacle of a young man in a dressing-gown with a quill-pen in his hand seated before an open book at the table.

"Beg pardon, sir, but the dean requests all gentlemen to put their lights out and keep their rooms."

"Oh, certainly, porter; but I must say this is rather hard lines with the schools so near."

"Yes, sir," the porter would reply in sympathetic tones, although probably he did not fail to notice the presence of a pile of college caps in one corner, and several pairs of boots under the curtains.

When the porter had returned from these visits he obtained the assistance of the messenger, and with his aid put out the fire and rescued the half-consumed effigy. This they carried into the porter's lodge; then several buckets of water were cast upon the smoking wood, and all retired.

The place must have been absolutely quiet for about a quarter of an hour, then silent figures began once more to steal out from the doorways.

The dean was dosing in an armchair, and, perhaps, meditating upon the pleasures of shortly retiring to bed. The porter, too, was vigorously snoring in his chair at the lodge. But they had left their marks behind them. Charred wood, upon which some buckets of water have been poured, is not good material for a fire.

For some moments the men looked at the remains of the once goodly pile in silence.

Then a brilliant idea struck one of them.

Bidding every one bring out more faggots, he disappeared up one of the staircases. After some moments of suspense he reappeared, holding aloft in triumph a huge can of colza oil. (N.B.—It was not his own.)

The sight of this seemed to be wonderfully exhilarating. Two or three more cans were soon fetched. Then the new faggots and wood were arranged at the bottom, the wet wood at the top, and copious draughts of oil were poured over all.

Then two of the boldest crept quietly up to the lodge, and having assured themselves that the honest veteran therein (who had passed through the Crimea and Indian Mutiny, as three medals testified) was sleeping soundly, they quickly bore off the remains of the effigy.

About five minutes later the dean was aroused from his slumbers by a salvo of crackers. Looking out of his window, he beheld the fire once more in full blaze, and some twenty men dancing around it.

Hastily seizing his cap, he ran from his room and out in the direction of the fire, followed by the porter.

Away scampered the rioters, some one way, some another. A small party escaped through the archway into a quieter quad. These the dean resolved to pursue, in the hope of getting close enough to place detection beyond dispute.

Followed by the porter, he dashed violently through the archway, and was easily out-generalled by the conspirators, who slipped aside into a corner. Then, when the pursuers had passed, they sprang out with a whoop and retreated into the other quad.

Then the dean returned in haste to the bonfire, and again superintended its destruction. This done, and whilst the embers were yet fizzing under the copious supply of water brought by the messenger, the dean, again attended by the porter, made a swoop on certain rooms. The porter carried his bunch of keys, to which every "oak" in college yielded obedience.

The first door tried was Bentley's. On entering the sitting-room some signs of confusion were observable; but it was empty.



The dean tapped at the bedroom door, and, receiving no answer, entered.

The owner of the rooms was then, by the light of a candle carried by the dean, seen to be in bed. His breathing was heavy, and he was apparently sleeping with great determination, all unconscious of the strangers who were violating the privacy of his apartment.

"Mr. Bentley," asked the dean, in a casual way, "do you usually go to bed with your boots on?"

To the dean's eye it was clear that the shape poking up at the foot of the bed was not that of a naked foot.

Upon this Mr. Bentley sat up in bed, and certainly must have looked very foolish, for, saving coat and waistcoat, he was fully dressed.

"Be good enough to retire to bed properly now, and come to my rooms at nine o'clock to - morrow morning."

Bentley meekly bowed as well as his position permitted, and then the dean retired.

At this juncture occurred the remarkable scene in which Smalley was a chief actor, the subsequent allusions to which eventually led him to take his name off our books, and retire to the less dignified shades of "Skimmery."

It may be as well here to explain that "Skimmery" is the name under which St. Mary Hall is popularly known. By a similar disregard of propriety, St. Edmund's Hall, St. Alban's Hall, and New Inn Hall are respectively termed "Teddies Hall," "Stubbin's," and the "Tavern."



Smalley was a bumptious donkey, who dressed some three times a day, and yet wished to be thought a bold and courageous

young person. At heart he was an arrant coward, but this fact he made great efforts to conceal. His perceptive faculties were but poorly developed, and this, added to



"In the middle was an effigy of—whom?"

his huge self-conceit, made him fall an easy victim to the practical joker.

On this occasion Smalley had proudly shown himself in the quad when the fire was first being made. Indeed, with his own hands he had dragged down an old box as a contribution to the pile; but, at the first cry of "the dean," he retired with great speed to his room, sported his oak and went to bed, like the prudent young man he was.

Some two or three men on his staircase saw through this conduct, and, when the dean began his rounds the second time, they rushed upstairs and pounded furiously at Smalley's door.

After some delay it was opened by Smalley, who, for the clearer demonstration of his innocence, did not put on a dressing-gown, but appeared merely in his night-shirt.

"What, been to bed, Smalley?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Why not? Because the dean is coming up. Of course he saw you the first time, and, knowing your rowdy ways, is certain to look you up."

"But I haven't done anything."

"Oh! no; of course not. But the dean is too old to be taken in by your going to bed."

"I should get out of this, if I were you," chimed in another.

"But where can I get to?"

"Well, we are going out on the leads."

"I can't go there," replied Smalley, with a dismal shake of the head.

"Hi! you fellows," said a voice outside the door, "the dean's in Johnson's room, at the bottom."

"Here you are, Smalley, here's your chance," cried the stroke of our eight, dragging the young man to his coal-hole.

It was a small place, very. And the shining coal looked uncomfortable to bare feet.

But, notwithstanding some protestations, Smalley was bundled in, and the button turned upon him.

Then the conspirators fled to the attic storey, whence escape on to the roof was possible, and pursuit out of the question.

In a few minutes the dean came up. Mr. Smalley's sitting-room was empty; so was his bedroom. The small apartment used by his scout was next surveyed.

It appeared to be empty!

But now the dean seems intently gazing at the door of the coal-hole, for a small piece of linen "appears to be" jammed in it.

Surely no one could get inside and then button the door? The dean solves the mystery by opening it.

Tableau—the dean in amazement, the porter in a fit of laughter, and Mr. Smalley in his night-shirt!

But we must draw the veil over this

painful scene. Subsequent allusions to it were, as I have already said, the means of causing Smalley to leave us.

After this scene the dean did not pursue his voyage of discovery much farther. He had found in various rooms more than a dozen offenders. His authority would soon be vindicated, and he now felt it safe to retire to bed.

There were some rueful faces amongst the group at the dean's rooms next morning. Things oftentimes lose all romantic clothing in the light of day. The dean distributed fines with great impartiality, "crossed" some at the Buttery, "gated" others, and then delivered a short



harangue as to the objects for which young men were sent to the University. Thus the affair ended

A. R. B.



## SIGURD THE VIKING.

BY PAUL BLAKE, AUTHOR OF "THE NEW BOY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—HOW SIGURD BECAME A VIKING.

IT was the evening of the day of Sigurd's return. His crew had been making an exploration of the ruins, hoping to find that some others had survived; but in vain. Thorleif was the only one left. Almost all except Ulf, who had no relation, had lost wife or child in the massacre, and their hearts were full of deep anger against Harald and his vikings, who had in one short night destroyed all they possessed. Revenge was the one thought that filled the minds of all.

"Ulf," said Sigurd, as they walked down the shore together by the spot where he had made the resolve to go to sea—"Ulf, my father is dead, and I am his heir. I must drink his funeral ale to-night, it is a custom which it would bring shame on me to omit. Tell the men to meet me at sunset in the hall, and to bring up the stores from the Dragon; they have not left us much in the cellars of Thorburg."

"I remember when Thorkell drank the funeral ale of his father," said Ulf, "and a grand time it was. There was no stint then; twenty oxen were slaughtered, and as many sheep."

"I thought to have kept my feast as nobly, but the gods are against us, though I know not what I have done to anger them. But now leave me awhile, yet be sure that every man is in the hall at sunset."

Away along the coast wandered Sigurd with his heart full of bitter thoughts. First he blamed himself for sailing away on a voyage of pleasure, leaving the place unprotected. But then he remembered that had he been at home, he and his crew would probably not have been able to turn the tide of the fight. Perhaps it was better as it was, for now he was free to wreak his vengeance on Harald. He would make a vow to the valkyries to ensure their aid; it was clearly useless to trust in Gunnhilda's God, else why did He permit her to be carried away?

As the sun died over the sea he returned to the ruins that now represented Thorburg. His men were already assembled in the roofless hall, and the cooks were making the best feast they could with the slender materials at their disposal. Sigurd took his place at the end of the room, seating himself on a cask brought up from the ship.

"Welcome all of you," he cried, "to my

father's funeral ale. Eat and drink as merrily as you can, and after that is over I have something to say to you."

There was not much merriment, though, in spite of the captain's invitation. Hunger was satisfied and thirst quenched, but no jovial laughs interrupted the eating, and the talk was muttered and low. At last the whispering altogether ceased, and

come back with Gunnhilda, leaving the dead body of Harald within his own burning fortress. What do you say? Will you join me in my vow?"

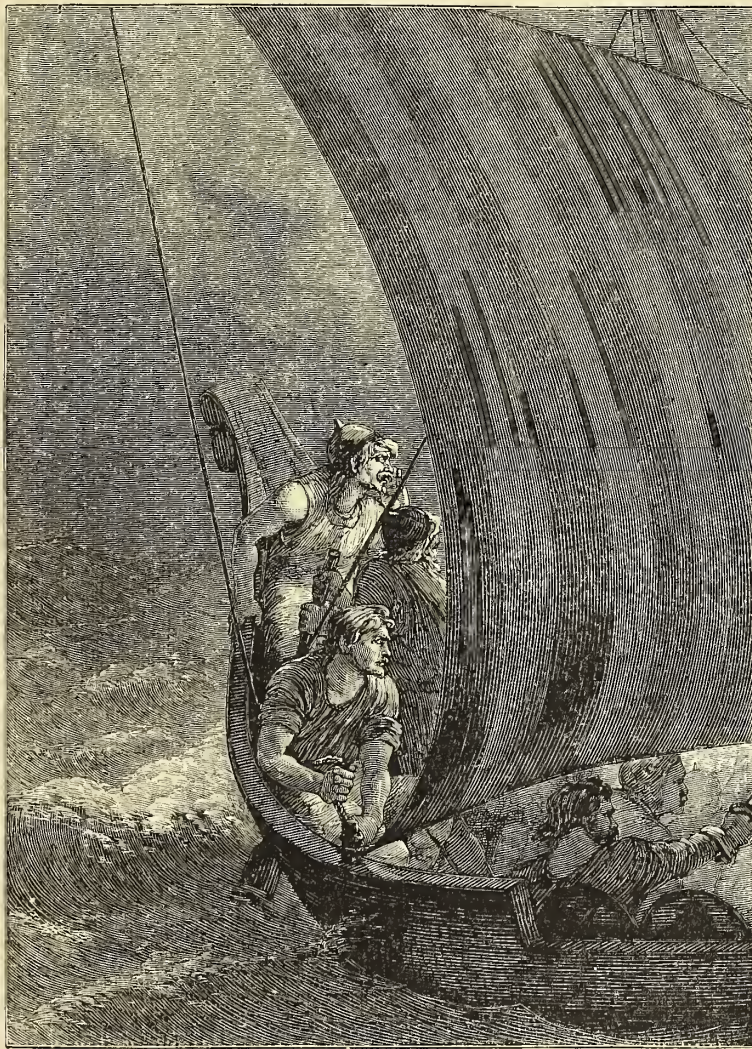
A loud shout of assent arose from the hall as each seized a horn and drained it. When the uproar had ceased, Sigurd rose again and cried,

"Come, Ulf, our old and trusted friend, strong in battle and daring in council, what do you advise?"

Ulf slowly rose in his place, and every one was silent to hear what he was going to say.

"I would sooner fight than speak any day. I think it is easier. If this were my own quarrel I would say, 'Sail to Harald's fortress and fight it out;' but we have vowed to bring back Gunnhilda, so we must go to work more warily. We are stout and brave, but fifty men can't beat five hundred, and Harald won't let his fortress be surprised like Thorburg was. So we must get help, and who so ready to help us as Bor the Red-headed, the friend of Thorkell and of his son Sigurd, our captain?"

This speech was followed by applause as prolonged as that which greeted Sigurd's. The captain shouted out his thanks to Ulf, and it was decided on the spot that the best plan to adopt was to sail away to Iceland to find out Bor. One day was to be spent at Thorburg to put the Dragon to rights, whilst some of the crew made an expedition to the nearest farm for provisions, and then the prow was to be turned to the cold and bitter north, which long before this had felt winter's icy grasp. But the iceberg and the tempest were not more cruel than



"It was a bitter voyage."

all sat silent in expectation. Then Sigurd rose, and all saw that the young captain looked more manly than ever before, and that his voice seemed to have changed too.

"I did not think, my comrades," he began, "to have had so poor a welcome in these halls which were ever hospitable to every wayfarer. I should be now sitting in my father's chair, but even that has gone; nought remains to remind me of him but charred walls and blackened beams. Yet I would not omit the custom, centuries old, of drinking his funeral ale before I come into my inheritance, and, as is done at these feasts, I will make a vow. Never more will I revisit Thorburg till I

their enemies, so they felt it no hardship to leave the ruined Thorburg for the open waters.

The Dragon put to sea in a bitter storm of hail and sleet. Ulf's hands almost froze to the tiller as he guided the vessel down the harbour, and the rowers' faces tingled as the sharp hailstones beat against them. But the wind was in the right direction, and, soon running the sail up, they sped quickly away from land. Sigurd stood beside Ulf, but his face was towards his ruined home as long as it remained in sight. Then he turned with a heavy sigh to Ulf.

"I wonder if I shall ever see Thorburg again," he said to his companion.



"There isn't much of it to see, captain," returned Ulf. "Don't fret any more about it; fortune doesn't always frown, and you may have a town of your own some day twice as big."

"I don't fret," replied Sigurd; "the days for fretting are gone. But I don't want a bigger or richer town than Thorburg, I want home with Gunnhilda safely in it."

"You never will have that whilst Harald lives."

"Then Harald must die."

"Ay, so he must, the only question is which of you will die first. Never mind, captain, you're brave enough to lead us anywhere, and we're ready to follow wherever you lead. So we'll fetch back Gunnhilda yet, and then I shall be thrown over, and we shall all settle down to a nice quiet life with her to rule the roost," he added to himself as Sigurd leapt into the waist to see after the sail.

It was a bitter voyage; the wind was often against them, and storms of snow showed that winter had begun in earnest. It was cruel work handling oars covered with white rime, or furling a sail crusted over into one sheet of ice. But Northmen are not Sybarites, and the crew endured all their hardships without a murmur, Ulf,

the sturdiest of all, being the only one who ever ventured to make an occasional growl on the subject of their wild-goose chase; but he would have been the first to complain if it had been proposed to return.

The dark red sun was low in the heavens as they neared their destination. Ulf had been telling the crew strange stories about the lands still farther north: that night lasted for months together, and that strange lights blazed in the heavens which were never seen in Denmark, till the men almost fancied they were bound for an enchanted land. The old viking knew Iceland well, and had many old comrades at Faroe, and, as each headland was passed, told Sigurd who dwelt in the bay below in old times, and recounted various tales of how the fays and fairies had haunted the mysterious rocks. Sigurd paid little attention to what was being said, but kept a keen look-out for any sign of a town or ship.

"We'll run in here, captain," said Ulf, as they passed a rocky point which guarded a natural harbour. "If we don't find the Raven in here we shan't find her at all."

Sigurd gave the necessary orders, and lit a large torch, which threw a magical glare on the tumbling waves. In a few

seconds there was evident commotion on the beach—men ran hither and thither, and torches flashed in all directions. So soon as Sigurd could hear the sound of voices he shouted out,

"I am Sigurd, the son of Thorkell of Thorburg, and I seek Bor the Red-headed."

A shout of "Welcome" from Bor's stentorian lungs came across the water, and the Dragon leapt forward towards land. A hundred hands were ready to help moor her, and a hundred voices shouted a welcome to the sea-stained crew, who were glad to reach land again, though the land was the cold and barren Iceland. Bor grasped Sigurd's hand, and drew him up the rocky strand, telling his men to bring the rest of the crew with them.

"I little thought to see you again so soon," said Bor. "Have you come to be a viking after all?"

"Yes," answered Sigurd, "if you will take me."

"I'll take you, and as many more like you as will come," answered Bor. "But let us have some meat and drink first, and then, round a good fire, you shall tell me all that has happened."

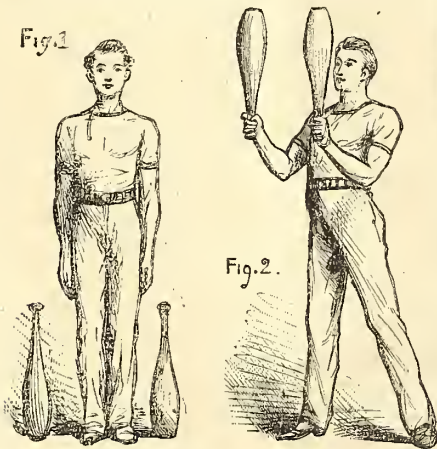
And thus it was that Sigurd became a viking!

(To be continued.)

## INDIAN CLUBS, AND HOW TO USE THEM.

BY JAMES A. SQUIRES.

IN fulfilment of the promise made some time back, we now present to our readers full instructions for the use of the Indian clubs—in-



structions that, for completeness and fulness of illustration, have not before been approached in any work with which we are acquainted.

The origin of their introduction into Europe is not known with certainty, but it is said that we are indebted for them to a military officer who had seen them in use by the Persians. The movements that can be performed with the clubs are almost unlimited in their variety, and are amongst the most useful and beneficial of any gymnastic exercises, having the effect of increasing the muscular power of the shoulders and arms, strengthening the hands and wrists, opening the chest, and also possessing the advantage of rendering the user ambidextrous, or two-handed—that is, of making the left arm, shoulder, etc., as vigorous and able as the right, and developing equally both sides of the body.

If practised properly, the exercises are exceedingly pretty and graceful, and cause the performer to acquire a good carriage and deportment. Although in almost every gymnasium Indian clubs are now to be found, it is surprising how seldom they are used, the pupils generally pre-

ferring to acquire proficiency in the more showy feats that other instruments—such as the horizontal and parallel bars—permit of their practising. But we would impress upon our readers that if they will only exercise a little patience and perseverance in acquiring the use of the clubs, they will find that no other gymnastic exercises can surpass them in grace and utility, and give such pleasure both to the performer and his audience.

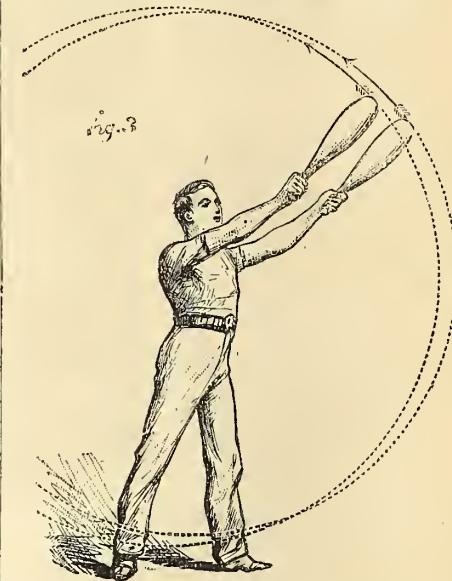
The advantages of the clubs are many; amongst others, (1) they are inexpensive; (2) there is no danger attached to their use; (3) being portable, there is no fixing required—they can be used either in the open air or in a room; (4) their weight can be adapted to the age and strength of the user.

With regard to the price, they can be obtained of any wood-turner at about 4d. per lb. (unpolished). We should certainly recommend the learner to purchase unpolished clubs, for in the course of practice he is sure to bruise them by knocking them together, and the damage shows more plainly upon a polished than an unpolished surface. But when he has become accustomed to the manipulation of the clubs, then he may obtain the more showy article, the cost of which is about 6d. per lb.

Of course, every boy will know that the clubs are made of wood. American elm is the best kind and mostly in use. Sometimes they are turned out of a lighter wood—such as deal—and are weighted to the required extent by molten lead being poured into a hole at the bottom of the club; but we must caution the would-be "clubbist" against buying such an article, for the weight should not be concentrated at the bottom, but should be contained in the wood itself, which allows of the club being properly balanced, without which true grace and elegance can never be acquired.

As to the shape, that most generally in use, and which is decidedly the best, was shown by an illustration in Part II. of our article on "How to Make Gymnastic Apparatus" (which appeared in Vol. III. BOY'S OWN PAPER, No. 111); but as many of our readers may not have that number by them, we refer them to the cuts in the present articles.

We now come to a most important consideration—viz., the weight to be used, which should be in proportion to the strength and weight of



the performer. It is almost impossible to lay down any law upon the subject, but the following scale may be taken as a guide:

For a boy of 10 years old,	2½ to 3 lb. each club.
" 11 "	3½ to 4 lb. "
" 12 "	4½ to 5 lb. "
" 13 "	5½ to 6 lb. "
" 14 "	6½ to 7 lb. "
" 14 and over	7½ to 8 lb. "

These figures refer only to the light clubs or dual exercises—that is, when a club is used in each hand. For the single, or "heavy club" exercises, of course, the weight can be increased, but of that we will treat later on.

Many of our readers may consider these weights "a mere nothing," and quite unworthy of their muscular powers. But it is a great



mistake to suppose that the benefit to be obtained from Indian clubs is in proportion to their weight, and in the exertion required in manipulating them. On the contrary, the easier the exercise (within reasonable limits of course) the better, for practice being then a pleasure, can be sustained for a longer period, and by this means the muscles become gradually developed, and subsequent fatigue is avoided.

We have said that the weight of the club should be in proportion to the *weight* of the user. We will justify this advice by an explanation. We will suppose that a boy of twelve years of age weighs six stone, and another boy of the same age weighs six stone and seven pounds; the latter (presuming both boys' muscular development to be about equal) could use a heavier pair of clubs than the former, because he would have greater weight in his body to counterbalance the weight of the clubs.

In order to impress our young friends with the correctness of this principle we would point out to them that in performing exercises upon a fixed gymnastic apparatus (such as the horizontal bar) the gymnast has only to use muscular exertion proportionate to his bodily weight. If, however, he were to carry about him any weighty articles, or even wear a pair of heavy boots, he would experience a greater difficulty in performing the exercise, and perhaps fail altogether, and his exertions would soon produce fatigue. Therefore do not be too ambitious in selecting your clubs, but be contented with the weights we have recommended, which, although they appear small *on paper*, will be found quite heavy enough in *practice*. The writer, who has used the Indian clubs constantly for the last ten years, never has a pair of greater weight than eight pounds each.

The length of the clubs must be varied to the height of the performer. With the clubs standing on the ground and the hands hanging down, as in Fig. 1, there should be a space of about two inches between the handles and the tips of the fingers, so that it becomes necessary to stoop slightly in order to grasp the clubs. When swung round they should clear the tops of the toes by about two inches.

With regard to dress, the ordinary gymnastic suit described in our former articles on gymnastics is the most suitable. For the benefit of readers who may not have been contributors when the articles appeared, we will repeat our remarks upon the subject:—"The best material is undoubtedly white flannel. A pair of flannel trousers made to fit the legs tolerably closely, with plenty of room in the seat (not baggy of course), a close-fitting ordinary under-jersey minus the sleeves (to give freedom to the arms), and a pair of canvas shoes without heels, are all that are necessary for wear during actual practice. Add to these a loose jacket of medium thickness to slip on during intervals of rest, and you have your costume complete."

But for Indian club exercise a special costume is not indispensable—and here, again, their economy is manifested—and all that need be done is to divest oneself of coat, vest, and over-shirt, and practise in ordinary trousers, boots, and under-shirt.

Before proceeding to describe the different exercises, we would impress upon the reader most emphatically that in endeavouring to perfect himself in them he should bear in mind that, performed *gracefully*, and with an easy, swinging motion, there is nothing prettier. On the other hand, a jerky and strained action spoils entirely not only the effect from a spec-

tator's point of view, but also neutralises the benefit that should accrue to the performer.

*First Position* (Fig. 1). Place the clubs upon the ground, one upon the right and one upon the left side, slightly in front—about level with the toes. Stand at attention, head erect, shoulders square. Then bend down, grasp the clubs, one in each hand, and raise them up until the hands are level with the shoulders, at the same time separating the legs and placing the feet apart, toes pointing outwards (as in Fig. 2).

You will then be in position to commence *Exercise 1* (Fig. 3). Throw out the clubs to the right, and describe a complete circle with them in front of the body from the right to the left, *keeping the arms perfectly straight and in a line with the clubs*. As they describe the circle the body should be turned slightly in the same direction, and the head and eyes also should follow the course of the clubs from right to left. Continue this exercise at least a dozen times. Should you find any difficulty in accomplishing this with both clubs at once, try one at a time, first with the right hand and then with the left, or *vice versa*.

Here we will take the opportunity of informing the learner that he should endeavour to *identify* himself, so to speak, with the clubs, and consider that they are parts of himself—continuations, in fact, of his own arms. The base of the club should always be kept in a straight line with the shoulder. By this means an equal distance is preserved between the two clubs; otherwise, should they be swung at an angle, they must surely come into collision in the next exercise (and in many others to follow), in which one club travels in an opposite direction to the other.

(To be continued.)

## RACING A PRAIRIE FIRE.

WE were a mighty merry party as we bundled into the train at Omaha to continue our journey to California. In the days already spent on the road from New York each one had time to make his neighbour's acquaintance, and knew as much about his affairs as if he had known him for years.

There was a young lord and his tutor, who were going to the Yo Semite Valley, and his lordship "hoped to bag some Californian lions." A strong-minded female, several artists, and the usual mixture of miners, Government agents, commercial travellers, and scouts.

In the time of which I am writing one going to San Francisco by train was the hero of a thousand possible adventures. If in winter, the train might be snowed up, or disappear in a drift, two hundred miles from any station, on the bleak prairie.

Summer again had its own peculiar dangers. We might be stopped and overturned by a countless herd of buffaloes, or the Indians might take into their heads to tear up the rails, or the train might be brought to a standstill by the same or rougher means, and boarded by a band of "road-agents," as the western mail-robbers are termed to this day.

Besides this, towards the end of a hot, dry summer there was the chance of a prairie fire. It is about this last that I am going to write presently.

The American railroad "car" presents a wonderful contrast to the English carriage. There you are not stifled in a close compartment, but are free to walk up and down the long aisles from one end of the train to the other, watching the various groups at little tables which let down from the sides.

If you tire of this you open the door at the end of the car and step across the platform from one car to the other, taking care not to be pitched off by the rocking motion of the train. One soon gets accustomed to this, and there is little danger of catastrophe. Now one is in the drawing-room specially devoted to the ladies, where are most luxurious *tête-à-têtes* and lounges,

fitted with cunning springs to counteract the motion.

It is a lovely day, and one wants the fresh air, so one strolls carelessly through the bar, where there are a lot of noisy mine prospectors and scouts, and through the restaurant car, leaving word to the dusky waiter to bring a cooling drink or a soda-mash to the promenade car which is in the rear.

Here one may walk about and enjoy the sunshine and scenery without fear of falling overboard, for stout iron rails run all round, which, being nervously clutched at from time to time, save many a shaky passenger from coming to grief. Away on either side, as far as the eye can reach, the prairie rolls in billows like the ocean—here a yellowish green, and there varied with patches of scarlet, until it meets the blue sky in the purple of some far-off dreamy bluff.

Now a herd of antelope start off, and go bounding over the tall rank grass followed by the whip-like report of the revolver, for the gentlemen on the rear platform carry their "shooting irons" in a rear pocket of their trousers, and are always ready for a snap shot at any passing game.

In justice to what would apparently seem useless slaughter, it must be added that though these gentlemen consume a vast quantity of cartridges they very seldom hit anything, and, as was said of the old Brown Bess, it generally costs any animal's weight in lead to kill him.

Here we pass the motionless and picturesque figure of a ragged Pinte, drawn up to witness the passage of the "Fire Mustang"—who has brought him such terrible woe! He looks the very type of a worn-out useless race, as he sits on his wiry little pony with his toes almost touching the ground. If he dared, perhaps, he would like above all things to send a bullet from his rifle after the smoking, chattering pale-faces; but he knows very well that the reply from the death-dealing tubes will be prompt, so he simply scowls, and remains motionless in all his dirty dignity until we are out of sight.

Now the engine gives several sharp screams

and the train slows up. Are we nearing a station? No. See yonder black cloud breaking across the track ahead and extending as far as the eye can see in one rushing, mighty, irresistible torrent. It is a herd of buffalo on the stampede, and as they go thundering along, the sound of their hoofs is like the booming of artillery.

Until they pass there is no going ahead for us, for though the engine might crash into the herd and pitch a dozen of them off the line with the cow-catcher, it would soon be brought to a standstill by sheer dead weight.

Fortunately it is not a big herd—they are growing smaller every year, thanks to wanton slaughter—and so we are presently on our way again, the irrepressible ones as usual emptying their revolvers uselessly at the flying herd.

But now there is eager talking and anxious consultation with the guard, for some of the old hands declare that the prairie is on fire—they can smell it!

However, it is not until the shadows of evening have gathered about us that it becomes distinctly visible—a thin red and yellow line with flashes shooting high into the sombre clouds on the northern horizon.

"Yes, gentlemen," the guard says, in answer to several eager questions; "it's tearing along miles ahead of us, and may be it will cross the track before we get through."

We are racing along merrily now, but all the northern sky has become one immense pyrotechnic display, and a hissing, crackling noise comes down the wind with the columns of smoke.

Deer, cayotes, prairie-dogs, prairie-hens, wolves, and in short all sorts of animals and game, come scudding along and cross the track to the southward, some being caught up by the cow-catchers, and tossed back a mangled heap by the side of the track.

It is getting insufferably warm and stifling. We leave the promenade car and betake ourselves to the shelter and comparative security of the interior.



The windows are all pulled up for fear of the sparks, and the portable fire-extinguishers are got ready.

Daylight has gone now, but the whole north is lighted up with a blood-red glare, flashing into sheets of passionate yellow. The angry hail of sparks patter against the glass or rattle upon the roof. The atmosphere of the car grows intensely hot, and becomes thick and foggy. Here and there little grey clouds of smoke can be seen twirling up, in thin spiral columns, through the interstices of the doors and windows.

Outside, the roar of flames, the cries of wild animals; inside, the sobbing of frightened women and the choking cough of some weak-chested individual.

The strong-minded woman has, first of all, insisted that we should go back, and now has fallen into a dead faint near the empty stove, but no one pays any attention to her.

The train is dashing along at a furious rate, rocking from side to side like a mad thing, and

We open the windows to let in the fresh air, and bring out the fainting women. All about us, and to the northward, the sky is one black arid waste, marked here and there by the half-burnt carcass of some unfortunate animal whose flight was ineffectual. Southward we see an ever-rolling black cloud broken here and there by a spark or flash of flame, but the luridness and glare are concealed now from our view by this black pall as was the pillar of light from the Egyptians.

We think we have escaped a terrible danger, and are loud in our congratulations, but the guard only shakes his head good-humouredly, and makes naught of it.

"It is not so bad as being stopped by road-agents," he says, and he has been through a fire before, but admits that "it wasn't so close a shave as this. The fire must have had a frontage of twenty miles," he says, "taking it from first to last, for we were thirty minutes getting clear of it," and he is certain the speed was worked up to over fifty miles an hour.

"When they burst open the door they found me kicking up my heels in strong convulsions, with foam issuing from my mouth. By this time they had gone through the rest of the train and robbed the passengers of their money and weapons, all except a negro, who handed them twenty dollars, having concealed the rest in his boot. Four of them entered the mail-room, leaving two others to overawe the passengers. They dragged me up to a sitting position and demanded the combination, swearing that I was shamming, and that they would shoot me if I did not tell. One fellow snapped his revolver at me, to show that they were in earnest, but fortunately it did not go off, else, in all probability, I would not be here to tell you the story.

"Suddenly, while they were shaking and kicking me, an accident happened that I have no doubt helped to save my life, and Wells, Fargo, and Company their money.

"I swallowed the piece of soap!

"Ugh! how deadly sick and faint I got all



"We are racing along merrily now."

the conductor declares that the paint-work has caught fire.

The glass in the windows has grown hot to the touch! We are rushing through a sea of flame, the shrieking and coughing of the women here becoming heartrending, while the men stand about in sullen groups, peering out into the yellow, lurid light.

Suddenly we are plunged into profound darkness. It gradually clears away, but we are terrified afresh by the grinding and jolting of the train. Have we run off the rails? and are we to be left a burning wreck in the middle of this awful scene?

The suspense is great, but only lasts for a minute. The train comes to an abrupt halt, and the door is opened with a bang, while the voice of the conductor is heard, saying, "Jump out lively, lads; she's on fire outside! Bring along your blankets and rugs."

We need no second invitation for this, and presently are standing outside in a white fog, beating at the light flames which run over the cars like will-o'-the-wisps, for the paint-work is on fire, as he predicted, and is blistered, blackened, and scorched. In a few more minutes our blankets would have been of no avail. As it is, our handsome train is a sadly disfigured object.

The strong-minded woman is busy writing "copy" when we next observe her, but we note that a subdued air has taken the place of the bounceable manner she adopted towards the male sex. Evidently she is heartily ashamed of her sudden collapse.

We gather round the conductor, while he tells us a wonderful story of how his train was stopped once by road-agents, and how he saved the gold. As an example of the desperate daring of these ruffians I may give it here.

"It's about ten years ago, gentlemen," he said, "and happened about one hundred and fifty miles west of Laramie. I was in charge of the safe of Wells, Fargo, and Company. It contained about twenty-five thousand dollars in gold, and I was the only one who knew the combination of the lock. Suddenly the train broke up with a jerk, and some one shouted out 'Road-agents!' In a moment it flashed across me that they would have the combination out of me or kill me. How could I prevent this was the first thought that flashed through my head. I was standing in the mail-room at the time, and almost as the thought entered my head my eyes fell on the soap-box. I sprang for it, clapped a piece of soap in my mouth, and flung myself on the floor.

in a minute! The man who had hold of me dropped me, saying to his companion,

"It's no sham, Dick. He's dying. Look at the cold sweat on his forehead."

"I dropped to the floor like a log, rolled over on my face, and was deadly sick.

"It's the yellow fever," cried another of the ruffians, and the words were hardly out of his mouth ere they all ran out in terror, and mounting their nags, rode off at full speed.

"It was not long before we removed the obstruction and got way on the train again. The passengers were delighted that the ruffians were baulked of their design upon the safe, but thought my prostration was caused by fright, and were loud in their expressions of admiration for my courage. That was ten years ago, but even to-day it makes me qualmish to look at a piece of old Brown Windsor. That's the story, gentlemen."

We thanked the conductor for his story, and an hour after that the charred and blackened python rushed forward into the darkness, with a hundred restless brains becalmed in sleep, and naught between them and the perils of the night save the mercy of Heaven and the watchful eye of the engineer.

HERBERT MCONEY.



## HOW TO DRESS A SALMON-FLY.

BY J. HARRINGTON KEENE, AUTHOR OF "FISH, AND HOW TO CATCH THEM," ETC.

THE making of a salmon-fly calls forth not only the highest mechanical resources of the maker, but also his taste in respect of the arrangement of colours and his sense of symmetry of form. It is not at all certain what the beautiful and brilliant creation yelect a salmon-fly is understood by the salmon to be, for it is quite certain that it is an imitation of no creature within the ken of man, unless it be some splendid-plumed bird of paradise,—which

any other for salmon-flies. However, suppose it is the Pennell in the present case, out of deference to my own opinion. Having selected your hook as to size, take a piece of good round salmon-gut sufficiently long to be doubled into a loop and whipped, as shown at Fig. 1. Do not tie the silk quite up to the top, or the shoulder of the fly will be somewhat clumsy when you come to make it. Having done this in the ordinary way, put the bend of the hook in a

demands our attention: cut off a length of floss silk and a length of tinsel, and tie with your silk in the usual way next to the ostrich herl aforesaid. If the hackle is to be wound spirally from tail to head, as in Fig. 5, it must also be tied on at the same time (see Fig. 3). Now take the floss, having made it perfectly smooth and flat, and wind it round the hook so as to make an even shining silk body. When you reach the end of the shank (having spirally

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

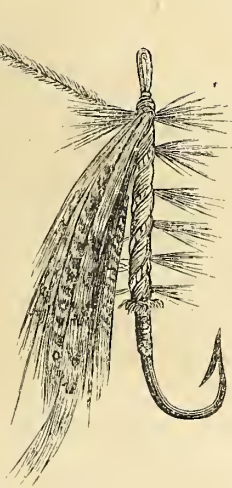
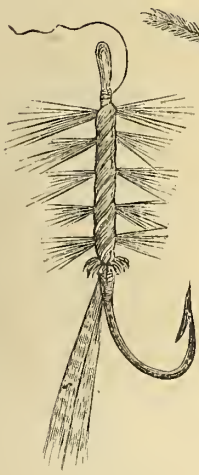
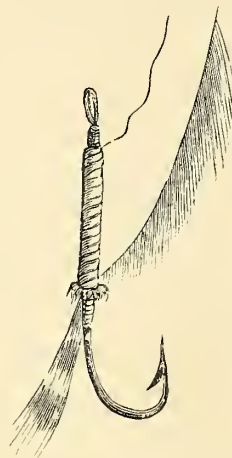
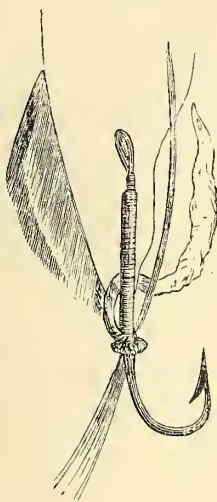


Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

bird the salmon, as it is not found in tropical rivers, could never have seen.

Be this as it may, I cannot here stay to discuss it. Salmon unquestionably do take the salmon-fly, and in the following article I will briefly direct the reader how to make a lure of this kind, and then enumerate a dozen of the principal killing flies of my acquaintance.

I take it for granted, before going further, that the tyro has mastered the principles and details of trout flymaking to a certain extent,—a matter fully explained in my papers on "Fishing-Tackle," which appeared in the Boy's Own PAPER last autumn. Unless he has done so, it is almost useless for him to begin salmon-fly manufacture; granted, however, that this is the case, the following will be easy of apprehension and practice.

The hook I always select for salmon-flies myself is the pattern before spoken of, viz., Pennell's. Now I am far from advocating this for thick-bodied flies, preferring in such case a Limerick or Sneek pattern—indeed the two latter makes are used more extensively than

small vice (to be had at any watchmaker's implement shop). This is a great help to the amateur, though the professional tyro usually does all the fly between the fingers only. Now tie on the tag (Fig. 1). Having done this, turn it back and wrap it once or twice round the hook, securing it by means of two half-hitches. Snip off the end and it presents the appearance shown at Fig. 2. The tail is the next consideration (Fig. 2), and is usually of the topping of some elastic feather. Occasionally it is necessary that this tail be of several different colours, which adds very often to its attractiveness. Let the fibres be so selected and put on as to bend upward, as shown. Take three turns of your silk and tie with two half-hitches. Now take an ostrich herl (that is, fibre from an ostrich feather—by-the-by, you can beg, borrow, but not steal, whatever old ostrich feather your sister disdains) and whip it on by means of three turns and two half-hitches, then wind round two or three times next the tinsel, as shown at Fig. 3; fasten it as before.

The body and its accompanying tinsel next

brought up your tying silk also before), tie it securely with two half-hitches; next wind up your tinsel in spiral fashion as shown, Fig. 4, and fasten off. Next wind your hackle in spirals by side of your tinsel and finish off as shown at Fig. 5. Let this fastening be very secure. Now touch this knot with shellac varnish and lay aside to dry. Sometimes another hackle of different colour, or even two, are added, to give variety to the appearance of the fly. The method of procedure is not, however, substantially altered. The foregoing is the basis of procedure in all flies up to this stage.

The fly now appears as shown at Fig. 5, and we now come to the nicest task of all, viz., winging the fly, as in Fig. 6. A short space at the head, as will be seen in Fig. 7, is of course left uncovered. Well wax your silk, and select such feathers—whether mallard or turkey or a mixture of feathers be used—with judgment, so that they may be of the silkiest and most elastic kind. Cut them of proper length. In some flies each fibre is even, in others, as in the representative one before us, they are varied,



and tie with one or two sharp turns of the silk, finishing with two half-hitches or a cloven hitch, which is the most secure. Touch this knot with varnish, and lay aside to dry. Sometimes there is an over wing and an under one. These must, of course, be tied separately.

The last thing in our salmon-fly is the head, and as shown in Fig. 6 I use a herl of either peacock or ostrich. Chenille makes a capital head, and it should be securely tied as before. (See Fig. 7). Touch the silk with varnish, then take two turns, and end with a cloven hitch round the remaining end of the hook's shank. Varnish again, and you have made a

salmon-fly—true, a plain one, and an ugly or neat, according to your deftness, but nevertheless a fly. All salmon-flies are made on the foregoing principles, and he must be a dunce indeed who does not improve till he is a proficient after such a severely practical and simple exposition as that I have given. Fig. 8 shows a bunch of feathers ready for using.

One or two hints may here be given, as a sort of addenda to what has been said. Always use a long piece of silk for whipping to start with. A pair of tweezers (spring), before referred to, to be had of anybody in the tackle trade for a few pence, are useful. Never be hasty,

but painstaking and deliberate in all you do. Put your tools down in one place uniformly when not in use. Keep your hands clean. Take care your scissors are sharp and well pointed, and, above all, practise your art incessantly. Get a pattern fly and imitate it till your imitation is exact, then proceed to others of a more complex and difficult kind. Finally design for yourself, for I know as an experimental fact that some of the most killing flies (for salmon) ever used on Shaamon, Dee, or Tweed, have been manufactured by makers who never even saw a salmon in its native element, much less captured one.

(To be concluded.)

## YACHT, CANOE, AND BOAT BUILDING.

BY C. STANSFELD-HICKS.

### PART II.

WE have now got some insight into the mysteries of designing, but before pro-

ceeding to build it will be well to look at the different types of craft and obtain some idea of

depth. The Americans, on the contrary, build yachts of great beam and shallow draught. The

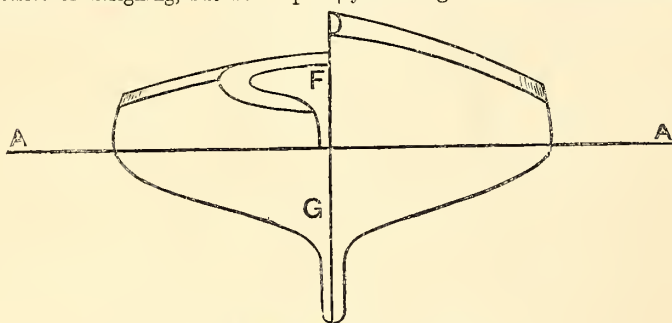
righting, and it is not long ago that a splendid American schooner yacht was lost in this manner. The ill-fated Captain, lost in the Bay of Biscay, is another instance.

Last year the 15-ton English racing cutter Maggie was sent over to New York, and showed the decided superiority of her type by beating in the most hollow manner the American yachts matched against her, so that America, which showed us the way with the splendid schooner America in 1851, which carried off the challenge cup and beat all our yachts here, has now to learn from us in the matter of yacht designing.

One of the greatest drawbacks to the shallow type is the want of head room in the cabins and small accommodation.

Draught of water is a great consideration. No boat will sail to windward unless she has sufficient hold of the water, and the draught must be distributed according to the result you wish to obtain, thus:—

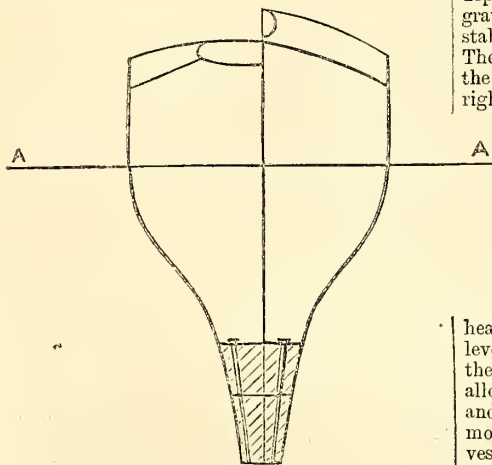
Fig. A is a sheer plan of a craft with a lot of gripe or forefoot (B B) as compared with the deadwood aft (C C). Such a boat would need a very long bowsprit and big head-sail, and, in fact, her whole sail-plan would have to be entirely



Type 2. Midship Section. A A, Water-line.

ceeding to build it will be well to look at the different types of craft and obtain some idea of

first type rely on what is called artificial stability, which is obtained by a heavy lead keel and depth of hold, which allow of a low centre of gravity. The second type rely on natural stability, which arises from their great beam. The first are impossible to capsize, as, the greater the angle they are careened to, the greater the righting moment caused by the elevation of the



Type 1. Midship Section.  
A A Water-line.

causes which produce bad effects. The racing English yachts of the present day are built under

heavy lead keel and ballast at the end of the lever (i.e., the depth of immersed body), and at the same time, the sails being at an acute angle, allow the wind to pass over them, opposing less and less resistance as the vessel heels more and more. But with these good qualities, such vessels are more or less wet, as they plunge through the waves instead of rising to them. The other class of vessel are fast in light winds, and stand well up to their canvas in a blow, as long as they do not heel more than a certain angle. This point (which exists in all such vessels,

different from Fig. B, in which the forefoot is cut away, greatly reducing the gripe, while the area of deadwood aft is much greater.

Fig. B is after the type of a modern cutter. The line of the sternpost at D D has a considerable amount of rake; this makes the vessel quick in stays, and answers well in a sea-going vessel which can be steered by men on board, but in a model it is indispensable to give more deadwood; in fact, the sternpost of a model would have to come at E E in order to carry her mainsail without luffing up into the wind. Of

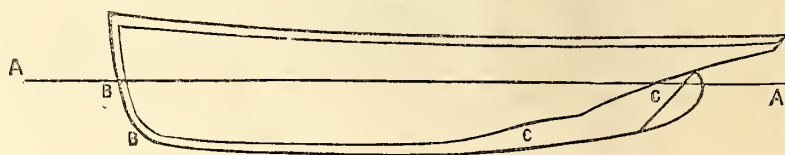
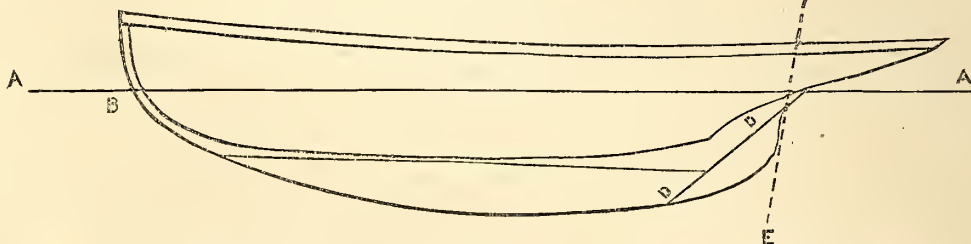


Fig. A.

Fig. B.



certain rules of measurement, which produce extremely long vessels of little beam and great

and is called the "vanishing point") reached, the vessel capsizes without any possibility of

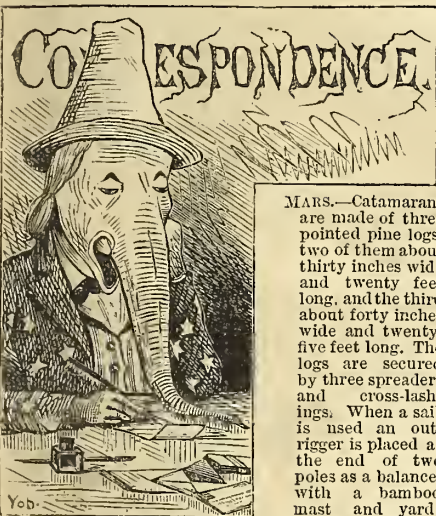
course, it is possible to sail a model boat cut away as at D D, by carefully balancing her sails



(carrying a small mainsail and good-sized headsails), but such a boat would be beaten by one of the same length with keel prolonged to E.E., if both were equally well designed. In fact, in a model it is best to give as much length as possible along the keel, taking care that the sternpost draws about twice as much water as the bow, in order that she may steer on a wind without a rudder.

One of the most difficult points to a tyro is to mast his vessel properly. In all boats there is what is called the centre of lateral resistance. Lateral resistance is the resistance offered by the boat when pushed side first against the water; direct resistance is that offered by the water when the boat is propelled bows first. According to the shape of the immersed body of the boat and the amount of the gripe forward and deadwood aft, so will the centre of lateral resistance alter. And yet it must be found in order to plan your sails and place the mast. There are ways of calculating such points before the vessel is constructed, but for you it will be sufficient to proceed in this way. Take your model and fasten a string from bow to stern tightly round the boat just at the water-line. Then tie another piece to the first, about where you think by pulling the other end you will get the boat to come towards you through the water without the bow or stern coming first to you. You will find on the first attempt that one or other will do so, and you must shift the string you are pulling on along the one round the boat, until you get a point where the boat comes laterally towards you, neither bow nor stern first. That point will be for your purpose the centre of lateral resistance. The next thing is to find the centre of effort of your sail-plan.

(To be continued.)



**MARS.**—Catamarans are made of three pointed pine logs, two of them about thirty inches wide and twenty feet long, and the third about forty inches wide and twenty-five feet long. The logs are secured by three spreaders and cross-lashings. When a sail is used an outrigger is placed at the end of two poles as a balance, with a bamboo mast and yard, and a mat or cotton-cloth sail. All this gear is connected together, so that when the tack and sheet of the sail are let go it falls fore and aft alongside. In carrying a press of sail, the catamarans are trimmed by going out on the poles so as to keep them level. Their speed is at times quite thirty miles an hour. In last year's "Scientific American" and "Field" there were working drawings of a catamaran pleasure-boat.

**J. KEANE.**—The "Decisive Battles of the World" was written by Sir E. S. Creasy, who was Chief Justice of Ceylon; and there are various editions, obtainable almost anywhere.

**CAPTAIN.**—You can obtain all such information regarding commissions in the army by applying at the Horse Guards, Whitehall, S.W. In these days of army reorganisation there are constant changes, and the latest of these you can only learn by going to headquarters. The militia now form third and fourth battalions to the regiments with which they have been linked.

**PHIL.**—1. You can get the "Dagonet Ballads," and other books by Mr. George R. Sims, at most booksellers. 2. Wine Office Court.

**G. L. SWEENEY.**—Apply to the Emigration Agent for Canada at 10, Victoria Chambers, S.W.

**NOTABILIA QUIDEM.**—1. No. 2. Bank notes are printed from electrotypes on a peculiar paper with a peculiar ink. The value of the notes printed per week at the Bank of England averages £24,000,000, and new paper

is printed on, so that it does not lose that peculiar crispness which is characteristic of it, and forms one of the safeguards against forgery. The paper is expressly made for the purpose by one firm only, and is remarkable for the strength, lightness, and water-marks. The printing-machine is self-registering. The private mark is private, and is therefore not known to so many thousands as is generally supposed. 3. The majority of valleys do not follow the line of a fault, though at first sight it would seem to be more likely for them to do so. If you mean why do not valleys follow the fault lines, see any of the treatises by Ramsay, Green, or Geikie. We have no space to go clearly into the matter here.

**J. N.**—There is a way of squaring numbers by complement and supplement, if that is what you mean by the American system. We first met with it in a little work called "Lightning Arithmetic," published in San Francisco by G. Frusher Howard. You take the ten next before the number, add to the number to be squared the difference between it and the ten, multiply that by the ten, and then square the difference you got at first and add it to the result. Thus to square 13 you take the nearest ten behind it, which happens here to be 10, subtract it from 13, and get 3; then you add 3 to 13, and multiply by 10—in other words,  $13+3 \times 10=160$ ; and then you add the square of 3, namely, 9, so that the full calculation runs  $(13+3 \times 10)+9=169$ . In large numbers the gain is great, thus— $1007^2=(1007+7 \times 1000)+49$ , or 1,014,049. This is called squaring by supplement; squaring by complement is taking the ten next in front of the number, and subtracting instead of adding. Thus  $993^2$  squared would be  $(993-7 \times 1000)+49=986,049$ .

**W. P. C.**—Witenagemote, with the accent on the "wit." Our old Parliament—the "meeting of the wise men."

**RENYFWH.**—1. Better use cement. 2. It does not weaken the lamp's reflective power unless very large. 3. The toe-nails should be kept long, and not rounded off too much at the corners, as there is the danger of their growing in. The left-hand drawing is best, but the nails are not long enough, though it depends greatly on the shape of the toe.

**ALPHA DELTA.**—You will find a great deal about etching in Mr. P. G. Hamerton's "Etching and Etchers," published by Macmillan.

**QUERIST.**—The radiated sulphate of barytes, or Bolognese stone, which, after being placed in the sun's rays, phosphoresces in the dark, does so because it has absorbed part of the energy of the light vibrations which have fallen upon it, and hence motion of the particles, and radiation of the light, just as a body absorbs heat and then gives it off again. There is no chemical decomposition.

**DOMINICAN.**—The motto may be freely rendered as "All that concerns boys is the subject of this book."

**C. S. NARRNS.**—You will find "The Battle of Carter's Hill" in Nos. 86 and 87.

**T. E.**—Tortoises are reptiles, just as turtles and terrapins are. Order—Chelonia.

**FRESHWATER SAILOR.**—The information you ask for is contained in the articles you tell us you have read. The "Week on the Thames" contained all particulars as to cost.

**C. F.**—1. Septuagesima, Sexagesima, etc., are so called from the number of days there are between them and Easter. 2. Glad to hear you made the Perpetual Calendar. The difference of the day in 1492 is owing to the fact that you have forgotten the calendar was altered in 1752, in which year there was no 3rd, or 4th, or 5th, or 6th, or 7th, or 8th, or 9th, or 10th, or 11th, or 12th, or 13th of September. The Calendar was only designed for dates subsequent to that alteration.

**A LADDIE FRÆE ARRANDON.**—1. Mr. Huskisson, one of the members for Liverpool and President of the Board of Trade, was killed at Parkside, about seventeen miles down the line, on the day that the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opened. He was knocked down as he was resuming his seat after shaking hands with the Duke of Wellington. George Stephenson, who drove the engine which took away the injured gentleman, did the fifteen miles to surgical aid in twenty-five minutes, or at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour, the greatest speed that had ever up to then been attained by man. Stephenson is the name, not Stevenson. 2. Mr. W. H. G. Kingston was born in 1814, and died in 1880.

**COCKER SPANIEL.**—1. The dew claws may be removed if the puppy is very young. Otherwise not. In any case a boy should not do it. Take the pup to a vet. 2. Read the points of the various dogs as given in our articles on Boys' Dogs in the last volume.

**H. H. COLLINS.**—There are many such cases; the old title becomes extinct through forfeiture or default of heirs, and centuries afterwards somebody having not the slightest connection with the family which held it is raised to the peerage under a similar style. Persons called to the House of Lords can, subject to certain restrictions, choose their own titles, and the "borrowed lustre of a famous name" is a very excellent way of hiding the brand-new nature of the ennobled one's nobility. Most titled families are curiously modern; the titles are old, but the majority of the bearers of them are "men who have risen" within comparatively recent times.

**S. T. JAMES.**—You will find articles on Modelling in Clay in "Amateur Work," published monthly by Ward and Lock.

**JAKE.**—Our articles on Training for Sports began in No. 74 and ended in No. 84.

**D. H.**—Too many questions. "Our Holiday Tramp" began in No. 75, and ended in No. 84.

**H. J. VELTOM.**—Ashover is in Derbyshire, a few miles south of Chesterfield. Robin Hood's mark, a "rocking-stone," is close by, and there is also a "turning-stone" not far off.

**O. E.**—Soldiers are generally said to have been first put into uniform and paid in coin by Edward III.

**TAILOR.**—Beachy Head is the loftiest headland on the south coast. It is 564 feet high. The caverns are for shipwrecked sailors to take refuge in. The battle was in 1690, and we got the worst of it.

**MORTON M.**—The "triatic stay" is the stay which in schooners runs from the foremost head to the mainmast head. In models it is rarely used when a foretop-sail is carried, as the sail cannot come over by itself. Sloop is now the national American rig for single-masted small vessels, as the cutter is the English national rig for such craft. A yawl has a very small mizen, stepped behind the sternpost, and a bumpkin; a ketch has a larger mizen, stepped forward of the sternpost, nobumpkin, and the sail has a gaff, not a yard—in fact, a ketch looks like a schooner with a ridiculously small mainsail. In American schooners the mainmast comes almost in the centre of the length, and the maintop-sail yard is so fitted as to make the sail look like a jib-headed one.

**F. A.**—There are "two points on the earth's surface where there is only one point of the compass," in your friend's words, or neither east nor west. Those two points are the poles. It must be obvious to you that if you were standing exactly on the north pole it would not matter in what direction you turned, for you would only look due south. And so at the south pole you would have to look due north. In fact, three points of the compass would be wanting, for if you gazed even at your feet you would be looking towards the other pole.

**PORTIS DUBBIS.**—The founder of the family was Sir Robert Gifford, who was born on February 24, 1779, and who became Solicitor-General on the 9th of May, 1817, and Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas on the 8th of January, 1824. He was created a baron on the 30th of the same month.

## OUR SCHOOL SPORTS.

THE summer's come; the month of June is drawing to a close,

The sports come off within a week, each day excitement grows,

For almost every boy in school has set himself to train, Though no one finds it easy from all duties to refrain.

The talk is all of handicaps, of times, and jumps, and sprints,

The self-elected trainers give their men mysterious hints

To force the pace along the top or hold in till the straight,

To go in strong for exercise to minimise one's weight.

The day's arrived; the visitors and parents come in force,

The sisters, aunts, and cousins saunter round the level course;

They don't know much about it, but they like to see the fun,

And what a happy moment when their Tom some race has won!

"When Greek meets Greek," the poet sings, "then comes the tug of war;"

The Fifth and Sixth are at it now amidst a deafening roar;

"Pull, Jenkins, Junior! Go it, Brown! they're slipping! give it sheet!"

The Fifth give way, they cross the line—but not upon their feet.

See! Smith and Jones, two favourite cracks, are in the half-mile race;

Smith leads the running for a lap at more like "quarter" pace,

But Jones creeps up the second lap and leaves poor Smith behind,

Who soon retires for lack of that which poets call his "wind."





Young Potts, a swell in hat and gloves, thinks racing doesn't pay, So hands the ladies ices and refreshments on a tray: He calls all training stupid, and looks on with pitying smile As half the three-legged runners come to grief in splendid style.

But still he can't help envying those fellows who have won, Who take away the prizes when the day's events are done, When the Doctor's eldest daughter, whom the school as one adore, Presents the cups and watches 'midst three cheers and one cheer more.

'Tis over now, and soon the lads will seek their welcome beds, With memories of the day's events still running through their heads; The winners dreaming once again of that triumphal burst, Whilst the losers fancy to their joy they're coming in the first!

PAUL BLAKE.



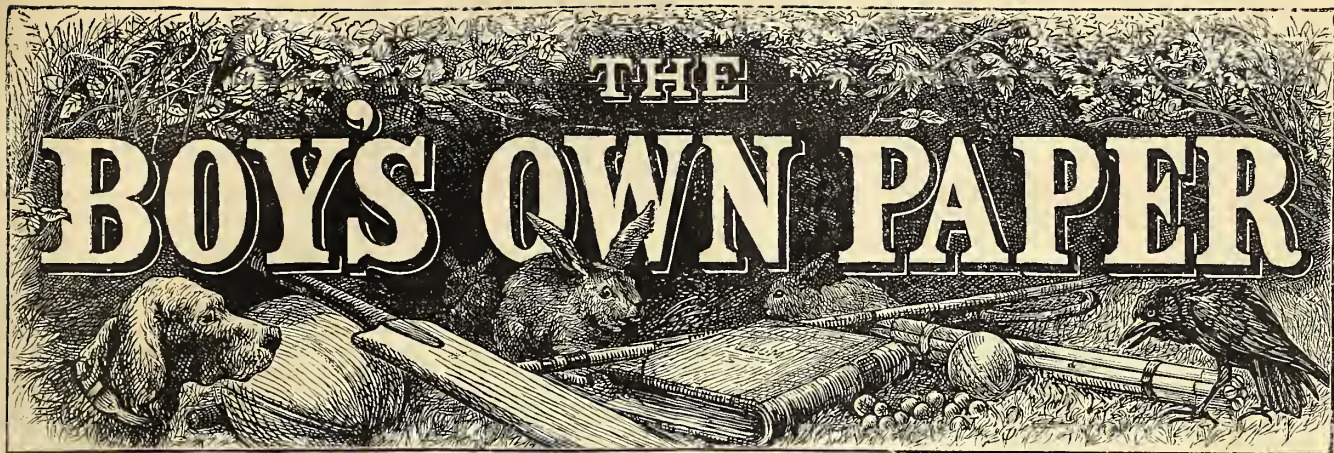
#### OUR SCHOOL SPORTS.

- 1.—When Greek meets Greek.  
2.—Some deeply-interested spectators.  
3.—Some less interested spectators.

- 4.—For the victors.  
5.—“Congratulate you, old feller. You did very well indeed, considering.”

- 6.—The three-legged race. A little mixed.  
7.—The last but not the least interesting part of the day's proceedings.





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SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1882.

Price One Penny.  
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## THROUGH FIRE AND THROUGH WATER:

A STORY OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL.

By the Rev. T. S. MILLINGTON.

CHAPTER XV.

ONE of the first objects which met Jack's eye on returning to the village was a broad-shouldered figure very unlike that of an Arab, wrapped in an old haik, with a red fez cap upon his head, in which disguise he quickly recognised his old friend Yapp. The boys had seen nothing of their countryman since the first day of their captivity, and it may be conceived how greatly they rejoiced to find that one, at least, of them, was still near them. Mr. Yapp, too, was evidently going with them,

The meeting with Mr. Yapp.



whatever their destination might be. They soon found opportunity to creep to his side.

"Why, bless your hearts!" he exclaimed, with unconcealed emotion; "bless your hearts, my dear lads, I was afraid you was both dead, I was indeed. I have been thinking of you, and trying to get tidings of you; but look here."

He pointed to his ankles, which were covered with sores, and bleeding.

"Look here; I have been tied up like a dog in one of them filthy huts, crawling all over with maggots and vermin, and the more I tried to get away the tighter they bound me—ropes—ends from our own ship, too, never meant for such a job as that. But no matter; here you are, Mr. Wren, and here you are, Jack—Jack Chirp. Oh, dear me; I'm afraid, though, they have taken all the chirp out of you, my poor lads—my poor dear lads!"

And as he looked down at the worn, emaciated, grimy faces of the young midshipman and his friend Jack, the sturdy gunner could scarcely keep the tears which filled his eyes from running down his cheeks.

"What are they going to do?" Max asked.

"Can't say. I have been crying out ever since I came here for the Quonsool Inglees—that's the way to pronounce it. They are going to take us to Tangier, I hope. I have been telling them as plainly as my hands and looks can speak that they can have as much money as they like for us, by way of ransom or reward, if they will but take us to our consul. But they won't believe me; for you see they have no right to lay hands upon us, or to claim anything for British subjects. If we were Italians or Greeks, or any of those nations, they could demand a ransom; but for Englishmen to be found in their clutches would perhaps get them into trouble. See how they have robbed and plundered us, stripped us of everything that we had, and given us these ragged wrap-rascals of their own for our only covering. So I don't know what they will do with us."

Mr. Yapp remembered to have heard that it was not an unusual thing for the Moors to carry their captives, those especially whom they were debarred by existing treaties from claiming as slaves, into the interior of the country and to sell them there. He had even been told that, if prevented from thus disposing of them, they would kill their prisoners and mutilate them, to prevent their being recognised after death. But he did not tell this to the boys, and he had little idea how narrowly they had escaped this fate only an hour ago.

They were interrupted by the Arabs, who ordered them to move forward. The beasts of burden were already in motion, following a track which led away from the coast across a wide plain towards the Atlas chain of mountains, which were visible in the distance.

Before they had gone many yards a sound as of distant thunder was heard behind them, a heavy boom, reverberating and dying away.

"What's that?" cried the two boys, in a breath.

"What's that?" Mr. Yapp exclaimed, halting and throwing up his arms in a state of irrepressible excitement. "What's that? Why, it's my guns; I should know them anywhere. My guns—that's what it is, boys; my beauties! ha, ha, ho!"

They hardly knew whether he was

laughing or crying; they themselves were ready to do both, and could not utter a word.

"*Ma-shal-lah*," cried their escort, threatening them with the points of their knives—"dogs—Nazarenes—go forward."

Again the report of a gun was heard.

"There!" cried Yapp, "listen to it; there's music. My guns! I know 'em; we shall be all right now. It's the Hailstorm firing signals."

"But how will they find us?" Jack exclaimed, as the whole party moved briskly forward, taking their prisoners with them.

"Sooner or later," cried Yapp, "they'll come up with us. Keep a good heart, boys."

A blow on the mouth with the staff of a spear silenced him for a moment; but he stood still, nevertheless, and turning to the leader of the troop, began a most eloquent expostulation, pointing towards the shore, counting out dollars in dumb show, throwing up his ten fingers again and again to show how these tens would be multiplied, and using every art he could think of to excite the avarice of the Arabs, and to induce them to turn towards the shore. For a moment the barbarians seemed inclined to listen to him; they perfectly understood his promises to pay, and a warm argument ensued among them; but they had other plans, or perhaps they felt that they had more reason to fear a just retribution for the cruelties they had committed, if they should approach the Hailstorm, than to expect reward. Lieutenant Bree had already sunk under his sufferings; two of the seamen also had died from want or exposure, and the rest of the party were so reduced by hunger and ill-treatment that their captors would hardly have dared to take them back to their countrymen on shipboard in such a state of emaciation.

They turned a deaf ear, therefore, to all Mr. Yapp's remonstrances, and hurried them along towards the hills.

"It's only to make sure of us," Mr. Yapp said; "they are going to put us out of reach, or in hiding somewhere, that they may drive a harder bargain with our captain. The Hailstorm won't leave us, never fear."

"Not if they know that we are here," said Jack, doubtfully.

"There's another gun!" said Mr. Wren.

"Yes," said Jack, with a look of dismay.

Mr. Yapp also changed countenance. "It's my guns," he said; "it's my guns; but—"

"But what, Mr. Yapp?"

"Farther off—more distant, I'm afraid."

That was what they all feared. There could, in fact, be no doubt about it. The last report was scarcely audible; yet, as they were still within a mile or so of the spot from whence they had started, it could not be the land distance only which had caused so great a difference in the sound.

"She is leaving us," said Jack, sorrowfully; "they have had no reply to their signals, and are standing off again."

"She is only beating about," Mr. Yapp answered. "The wind is off-shore; she will come back, depend upon it."

"Get on, detestable Nazarenes; may your great-grandfathers be burnt with fire; on—on—on!"

Thus they were hurried away; yet not fast enough to satisfy their captors, who presently compelled them to mount upon horses or camels, and then urged them on as quickly as they could go towards the mountains.

The country which they now traversed was naturally fertile. They passed through groves of olive-trees, oranges and pomegranates, while at intervals, in the neighbourhood of some lonely villages, were gardens full of cucumbers, gourds, melons, and other fruit. These were enclosed with hedges of prickly pear and aloes, the former a kind of cactus bearing a soft red fruit, the latter covered with clusters of yellow flowers. The ground was strewn in some places with acorns, which had fallen from the wide-spreading oaks; and these were collected by the Moors and used for food, being almost equal in size and flavour to chestnuts. Towards evening they halted at the foot of a steep hill, and pitched their tents under the shelter of a kharrob or locust tree.

Under more favourable conditions the journey thus far would not have been unpleasant or devoid of interest; and at night it was a great alleviation to their sorrow to be allowed to lie down side by side with others of the ship's company, whom they had till then only seen in the distance. Among these was Mr. Selborne the surgeon, and some able seamen, the number of the surviving captives amounting to thirteen all told.

Mr. Selborne had been trying to make out something of their whereabouts or longitude. He had picked up a few words of Arabic, and was not wholly unacquainted with the coast, having more than once sailed along it. By putting "this and that" together he had come to the conclusion that the scene of their shipwreck could not be more than from eighty to a hundred miles by sea from Cape Blanca, the point of land opposite to Gibraltar, but much more distant from it by land, owing to the curvature of the coast-line. But they were travelling in an opposite direction, and every day's journey would diminish their hope of release.

The next morning they ascended a range of hills, and found themselves upon a wide extent of high table-land, covered with short dry herbage and brushwood, affording but little shelter from the sun. They suffered much from heat and thirst during the day time, and at night lay upon the hard ground under the tent, shivering with cold. The wells were few and far between; and when they reached them it happened not unfrequently that they were dry. The spirit of mischief and wanton cruelty seemed also to have penetrated here; for in one of their halting-places the well was not indeed destitute of water, but the carcass of some dead animal had been thrown into it and had rendered it unfit for use.

On the fourth day of their journey, when they were panting with thirst, they descried a lake, or large pool of water, at no great distance, the sun's rays being reflected from it as from a mirror. The prisoners, who were allowed to walk together freely now, though always within gunshot of their watchful keepers, hastened forward, but the Moors did not seem to be in any hurry. Jack was the first to reach the margin of the lake, and plunging into it, caught up a double handful of the water, and took a hasty draught; but before any one else could follow his example he spat it out again with a wry face, for it was as salt as the sea and more acrid than brine.

He could not help thinking then of the Israelites, who, when they came to water-springs in the wilderness, could not drink of them because they were bitter. He remembered also how, upon their com-



plaint, the Lord had shown Moses a tree, which, when he had cast it into the spring, the waters were made sweet; and then, it is said, "He proved them." So now, it would seem, God was proving His servants. Oh for the tree to make these waters wholesome! Instinctively they looked about them, but no tree of any kind was to be discerned in that neighbourhood. And, if there had been, the day of miracles was past. They must plod on in faith. There was doubtless an *Elim* for them also, and not very far off. Their path, like that of the Israelites, lay through a wilderness; they must trust to the same mighty hand and stretched-out arm to bring them safely through it.

The Arabs, who skirted the margin of the lake without attempting to draw water from it, amused themselves at the disappointment of their captives, mocking and jibing at them; and though themselves distressed for want of sufficient water, seemed to derive pleasure from witnessing the much greater sufferings of the unbelievers.

They continued their course for many days, halting sometimes where shade was to be had from the noonday heat, but making up for the delay by night journeys. It was seldom that anything occurred to relieve the monotony of their march; but at length one evening it was evident that they were approaching a town or large village. There were flocks of sheep grazing, horses hobbled and fettered, and camels browsing upon the dry shrubs. Green crops of maize relieved the dark and arid look of everything around them, and the barking of dogs in the distance directed them where to look for the owners of these cultivated plots of ground. The town, when they came to it, was nothing more than a group of tumbledown houses, loosely put together and covered with reeds. It was situated on the edge of a deep gully, down which, in the rainy season, torrents of water forced their way; but which now contained nothing but boulders and beds of gravel overhung with thorns and flowering shrubs.

The inhabitants came to their doors and looked with suspicion on the approaching travellers. They carried their long guns in their hands, prepared either for friends or foes. The new-comers quickly made themselves known; one of the women then brought forth a huge bowl of milk, which was passed from lip to lip until all had partaken of it. The English men and boys, less accustomed to the heat and burthen of the way, and suffering more severely both from fatigue and thirst, looked on while the bowl went round, and saw it upturned more and more by each successive drinker, till the last drop was drained.

Unable any longer to restrain themselves, they sat down upon the rocks by the roadside, and opening their mouths, pointed to their parched throats, while their conductors, having refreshed themselves, looked on and laughed.

A *Taleb*, or holy man, waiting for the evening hour, when the signal should be given for prayers by the sheikh, came and looked at them, fingering his rosary and muttering some of the usual Moslem formulas. His solemn and devout look was changed into a stare of contempt and aversion as he breathed an imprecation against the Nazarenes, thanking Allah that he was not like them; and so he passed by on the other side.

Some women came next to the spot, casting shy and hasty glances at the two

boys, who were, by this time, almost fainting; but they also went away again. Some children, who had been standing afar off, then drew near, armed with stones, which they were prepared to cast at the *jins*, or evil demons, if occasion should require it; but seeing them in such distress, they changed their minds and ran away into the houses. Soon afterwards one of the women returned, the children clinging to her skirts, and offered the two boys a drink of milk, presenting it to them in an earthen pot, at arm's length, as if in fear.

They drank it and blessed her; but she refused to touch the cup again, and made signs to them to dash it to the ground; and then she and the children ran away again and hid themselves as if they had been guilty of a crime.

The Arabs rested that night and the following day at this halting-place. There was a thick jungle at a short distance, and during the night Jack and Max, as they lay awake thinking of their far-off homes, could hear the roaring of lions and the cries of jackals and other wild beasts prowling in search of prey under cover of the darkness.

An *about souf* (father of wool), that is, a sheep, was missing the next morning, having been carried off from within a few yards of the enclosure in which the boys were resting.

An expedition had already been arranged for the destruction of "the yellow-haired," an old lion, which it was known was in the habit of paying these nocturnal visits, and who had contrived for a long time to escape the snares which had been set for him. The Arabs resolved to delay their pursuit of the culprit no longer, but to go out against him the next day; and some of the party who had come in with the Nazarenes volunteered to bear them company. Mr. Wren, and Jack especially, refreshed with their night's rest, took a lively interest in the proposed lion-hunt, and, with their feet bound up in rags to protect them from thorns and sharp stones, followed the Arabs about, watching their preparations.

Several pits were dug from four to five feet deep in the track of the lion, and in front of each pit rows of stakes were driven firmly into the ground, having sharp points inclining outwards. In these pits the lion-hunters took their places towards evening, crouching down in them and having their guns ready loaded. A crowd of beaters then went away into the jungle, spreading out round the spot where the lion was supposed to be lurking, beating drums, firing off muskets, and so driving the animal towards the pits. Jack and the midshipman had gone out with the beaters, following them at a short distance, anxious to see the sport. They were already in the jungle when one of them turned and caught sight of him.

"Away, Nazarene!" he cried, motioning to him to withdraw.

Jack stood his ground, holding out his hands and making signs that he wished to join in their expedition, and to be of use as a beater. But they would not allow him to approach, and one of them presented a gun at him and fired. A bullet whistled over his head; after which the two boys thought it better to retrace their steps. But they had not gone far before they found the path choked with thorns and underwood, for they had missed the track by which they had entered the jungle. While struggling to extricate themselves they were not a little alarmed at hearing the noise of the beaters, approaching nearer

and nearer, and spreading on each side of them.

"I'll tell you what," said Jack; "it seems to me that instead of our hunting the lion, these fellows are hunting us."

"What's that?" cried Max, as something rushed past them.

"A jackal; let him go."

They stood still while the brute ran by; he took no notice of them, being terrified by the hideous noises and shouts of the beaters, who were coming nearer and nearer, and intent only upon its own safety.

"There are more of them," said Jack, in a whisper; "lie still."

"I wish I had a gun," said Max.

"Hush!" cried Jack; "don't move."

They were standing at that moment in a narrow track, formed in the thick undergrowth of the jungle, which almost met over their heads.

"I'll tell you what," said Jack; "I believe we are on the lion's track; the sooner we get out of it the better."

There was no doubt that the track had been formed by the passage of wild beasts of some sort or other; and they lost no time in forcing their way into the thicket on one side of it, though they suffered grievously from the thorns and briars which grew thickly around.

"Get up there," said Jack, pointing to a branch which hung over them, only a few feet from the ground. "I'll give you a leg up."

"You go first," the midshipman answered, resolutely; and Jack, knowing that it would be useless to argue the question with his superior officer, scrambled up into the tree, and then reaching down, pulled his friend up after him.

They were but just in time. While they were yet panting with their exertions, and lamenting the ragged garments which had been almost torn from their backs by the bushes, leaving them nearly naked, a crashing of branches was heard, and a wild boar rushed past within a few yards of the spot where they had been standing. He was of great size, his hair grizzled with age, and, with his powerful head and huge tusks, far more formidable in appearance than any other inhabitant of the forest they had yet seen. They shrank back in terror, and the slight rustling which they made attracted the boar's attention; for he stopped in his headlong career, lifted his snout, displaying a pair of immense curved tusks, turned towards the tree to which they were clinging, and charged down the track directly to the spot which they had so recently quitted. The branch was so low and slender that, as it bent under their weight, their feet were almost within reach of the boar's tusks. But he did not see them, and passed on with a rush which seemed as if it would carry everything before it.

"I say," said Jack, "it would have been all over with us if we had not climbed up here. Did you see his tusks?"

"I did," said the other; "he would have ripped us up in a moment, like—like—"

Before he could think of a simile sufficiently dreadful, a bullet whistled past them, cutting the leaves and twigs from the boughs over their heads. Another and another followed. The beaters were coming very near them, and discharging their firearms with increasing frequency.

"I'll tell you what," said Jack, "we are as likely as not to be brought down by a stray bullet, sitting up here like birds or monkeys on a tree. It would be better to



slip down again and get nearer the ground."

"I am of your opinion," said the midshipman; "but you go first. I shall be the last to—"

"Quit the ship?" said Jack, laughing, and touching the place where his hat ought to have been.

"None of that, please, Jack," Mr. Wren exclaimed; "and do make haste down."

Jack slipped down at once into a thorn-bush, and lay there entangled and helpless; and before Mr. Wren could find a more convenient place for his own descent, the crashing noise which they had heard before again resounded near them, and the form

of the boar reappeared, charging down the same track, having been turned back by the noise of the beaters. His snout was covered with foam, and his gleaming eyes seemed to scan the bushes on each side of him as he pushed on his way.

(To be continued.)

## THE VOYAGE OF THE EVANGELIST;

OR, CANOE TRAVELLING UPON THE RIVERS AND COASTS OF AUSTRALASIA.\*

By THE REV. FRED. C. B. FAIREY.

IN relating experiences of travel upon Australian waters in my Rob Roy canoe, which I have named the Evangelist, I want to interest the "boys of England" in the life of these Southern lands, and I am in hopes that, through the medium of the *BOY'S OWN PAPER*, many thousands of youthful readers will find recreation in following the adventures of the Australian Rob Roy, and will also extend their knowledge of these great colonies, which now form so important a part of the British Empire.

But first, I must say a few words about myself, so that the "boys" may not be anxious about my safety as they see me launch away on the great deep in the smallest seagoing vessel in the world.

Well, I was an English boy. My earlier life was passed in the town of Brighton, in Sussex, and many a swim have I taken off the beach near Cliftonville, and many a time have I listened to the yarns of the coastguardsman who used to pace to and fro near the flag-staff, not far from the old battery on the Esplanade; and on summer afternoons (half-holidays) my brother and I would be off, out among the cornfields on Mr. Rigden's farm, near Hove, and we would sail our boats in the "white pond," coming home to our gentle



mother with dirty trousers and wet boots.

Since those days I have travelled over a hundred thousand miles across the ocean, so that you see I have had some preparatory training for a "life on the ocean wave" in my Rob Roy canoe.

Ten long years of travel and adventure seem to have passed away like a dream, but I do not envy that stone which has been "gathering so much moss," for who can rightly value the memories laid up in the heart and mind during years of travel in God's great world? Like a dream, did I say? Yes; but a dream which never fades! I well remember the lovely shores of the Mediterranean Sea, the canals of Venice, the minarets of Constantinople, the sands of Alexandria, the yellow forts of Malta, and Gibraltar's mighty rock; and then there rise before my mind's eye the green-clad islands of the Indian Ocean and the Chinese Seas, with the low banks of the great river of China, and Shanghai's crowded streets or Manila's wide bay. But these give place to the beautiful coasts of Chili in South America, the mountains of New Zealand, and the table-land of Queensland.

Yes, I could spin you many yarns, all true. Six years of a sea-life, two and a half years' residence in South America, and travel by land and sea since those earlier days, have furnished the mind with memories of men and things not to be lightly valued. But there, like all old sailors, I have got a long way from my yarn, and had better at once

return.

In 1876 I resided, as a Congregational minister, in St. Kilda, a suburb of Melbourne. One day I had been reading with great interest the travels of Mr. John MacGregor (a contributor, by the way, to the *BOY'S OWN PAPER*) in his Rob Roy canoe, when the thought struck me, Why should I not obtain a canoe, and in that canoe, during my annual holiday, visit the settlers on the

\* When the two sailor sons of the Prince of Wales were in Sydney last autumn, attached to the *Bacchante*, Mr. Fairey took his little vessel on board for the inspection of the princes, and writing to us on August 19th, he remarked: "I had an interview with the royal princes some days past—Princes Edward and George of Wales. They wished to see my Rob Roy canoe, and hear something about its travels. Their royal highnesses, hearing that the 'log' of the canoe's Tasmanian voyage would be published in the *Boy's*

*OWN PAPER* coming out next year, desired to see it, and I took the liberty, on your behalf as Editor, of asking permission to have the volume in which it appears dedicated to them. The princes assented, and will be very glad to receive copies on their return from their voyage."



ivers and coasts of these colonies, who seldom hear the Gospel preached or see the face of a Christian minister?

As the result of that thought the canoe was ordered from Messrs. Searle and Co., of Lambeth, London, and Mr. MacGregor himself kindly undertook to have the canoe built upon the model of his Rob Roy (No. 5), which, built as a sea-boat, had successfully voyaged on the coasts of the Orkney and Shetland Islands.

And now to describe the canoe. She is built of oak, mahogany, and cedar, is copper-fastened, varnished, and has a streak of gold along the upper edge. The name Evangelist is painted in blue letters on both bows. Dimensions—12ft. in length, 12in. in depth, 28in. beam, weighing without fittings about 79lb. The cedar deck is rounded to throw off the sea. Behind the canoeist's seat there is a bulkhead and a locker-lid, which lifts up—these removed, there is room to lie down and sleep.

By day the provision-box, clothes-bag, railway-rug, and cooking-apparatus are packed in the locker. The rudder is worked with the feet, by means of lines attached to a bent bar of iron bolted through the centre on the footboard, thus leaving the hands free to handle sail, paddle, or luncheon-locker. The hatch or well is covered with a corded waterproof apron, which is attached to a cedar sliding-board fitting round the body; underneath the forepart of this apron I have fitted a cedar board, which prevents so much water lodging in the waterproof.

The canoe has one mast, which is fitted with a tiny block, and, at the masthead, indiarubber rings, through which is slipped a piece of cane, holding the burgee of the Royal Canoe Club. This mast carries a linen lug-sail, with yard of bamboo, and light boom. The paddle is jointed in the centre, and can be used either as a single or double paddle. The little vessel is a lifeboat, having two indiarubber air-chambers, one being placed aft behind the locker, the other between the footboard and the mast. The cooking apparatus is remarkably compact and ingenious, exciting the admiration of all who examine it. For expedition it cannot be beaten. It will boil water in three and a-half minutes. Then there is the *provision-box*, with its tin canisters for tea, sugar, and biscuits; the waterproof clothes-bag, the railway-rug, water-bottle, and sponge.

The canoe arrived at my house in St. Kilda, Melbourne, on June 25th, 1877, packed in a case made to fit the little vessel. Everything was found in good order and condition, and it was with feelings of great interest I examined the canoe and fittings.

In the month of July I arranged the trial trip, which was to be from St. Kilda Pier to Geelong (forty miles), then down the Barwon River, going through the Connemara Lakes, out at Barwon Heads into the open sea, then along the coast to Port Philip Heads to Queenscliff, and back to Melbourne, a distance of about a hundred miles, on bay, river, lake, and open sea.

#### MY TRIAL TRIP.

On Thursday, July 12th, you might have seen me travelling down the street, with the canoe mounted on small wheels, and some of my senior Sabbath-school boys carrying the fittings of my little vessel; quite a little company of friends had assembled on St. Kilda Pier to witness the canoe start upon her trial trip.

It was a beautiful Australian winter morning, the sky without a cloud, and the waters of the bay shining like a polished mirror in the sun, unruffled by a breath of wind. The canoe being launched, I paddled round to the pier, and settled my luggage in its place; and then, with the Union Jack and the flag of the Royal Canoe Club both flying, I waved my hand in farewell, and started on my voyage. I had hoisted the sail to show it to my young friends on the pier; this was now lowered, and I paddled across to Williamstown Point. Off Williamstown Pier I passed two men who were fishing in an open boat. I could see that they watched the canoe

with great interest; presently one of them hailed, "Where are you going?" I replied, "To Geelong, but I want a breeze." "Ha! ha!" they laughed, "a breeze; we should not like to be in that cockle-shell in a breeze." I sent back a cheery "Good-bye" to these unbelievers in canoes, and paddled on.

As the scenery on Hobson's Bay is very tame, I have not much to say about the shore along which I journeyed in very calm water. About noon I opened the provision-box, and had luncheon, then to work again, all the afternoon being passed in crossing a wide bay, the land upon the point ahead being so low that the trees seemed at a distance to be growing out of the water. I could see no vessels of any kind coming up from the Heads; and the shore was so quiet that a stranger would never have supposed that the great city of Melbourne was within twenty miles of the place. Hobson's Bay is a vast sheet of water within Port Philip Heads, almost like an inland sea. About four in the afternoon I began to look out for a landing-place, and discovered a comfortable spot upon which to camp out, just under a point of land. About five in the evening I unloaded and dragged the canoe above high-water mark, and prepared to rig up the cabin and make things comfortable for the night. My young English readers must remember that July is midwinter in Australia, and that in these southern lands we have little or no twilight, so that while daylight lasted I wanted to arrange everything in my camp.

I soon had the water ready to make tea, and after a substantial supper and a walk on the beach, I got into the canoe under my waterproof cover, and read for some time by the light of the canoe lantern. My first night in the canoe passed without incident; wrapped in my blanket and rug I was snug and warm.

Turning out about seven o'clock the next morning, the cabin was soon taken down and breakfast got ready. Sitting on the provision-box, I drank the hot cocoa prepared by the canoe stove, and, finishing breakfast, packed up and launched away. It was a beautiful morning, but, strange to say, again not a breath of wind, so I had to settle down to steady paddling. Rounding a point, I headed the canoe for Corio Bay; the Geelong steamer passed me at 9 a.m., and about noon I was off Port Arlington, this township and neighbourhood presenting the only pretty scenery I had passed on the passage. The church and cottages on the high land, standing among trees and cultivated fields, were a change from the low scrub-land I had passed coming down the bay. About four in the afternoon I could see the smoke above Geelong on the shores of Corio Bay. I crossed Point Henry at dusk, and arrived at the Moorabool Street Wharf at about 7 p.m. The watchman came out at my call, and the canoe was soon dragged out of the water, covered with a tarpaulin, and placed in the shed on the wharf; then, taking the sail and paddle with me, I took a cab to the house of friends.

After enjoying the hospitality of kind friends from Friday evening until Monday morning, I prepared to start down the Barwon River. A gentleman connected with the Geelong Scotch College got out his river canoe and accompanied me down the river. A number of friends came down to see the start, and we left the Barwon Rowing Club's boat-shed at about 9.30 a.m. in the midst of a thick fog, my friend in his light canoe, the Cam, leading the way, as he was acquainted with the river.

The great woollen factory and tannery for which Geelong is famous being on the banks of the river, the hands turned out to see the Rob Roy pass. Journeying down the narrow stream fringed with bushes, and opening up views of pleasant meadows and cultivated fields, we at length came to Connemara Lakes, and passing a point named Fisherman's Bend, we found a little bay, and landed at the foot of a green hill to prepare dinner; the fog had dispersed and the sun shone brightly on the green slope and the surrounding scenery.

In about five minutes the "Rob Roy" stove had prepared the cocoa, and we sat down to a

substantial meal. After dinner we ascended to the summit of the little hill, and reclining on the grass enjoyed a rest and the pleasant outlook. On both sides of the point lay the calm waters of the lake, covered in some parts with thousands of black swans. Around the lakes the shore rose in low hills and pleasant dales; here and there among the trees could be seen the white cottages of the settlers, and in the distance, in another direction, we could see the sandy hills near Barwon Heads, and we could hear the murmur of the surf upon the beach.

At 2 p.m. we resumed our voyage, and had some difficulty in finding the channel, as it was very crooked, and only marked with small sticks. During our progress we startled the swans, and they rose upon the wing in vast numbers—a sight I shall not soon forget. After touching the mud once or twice, we at length came to where the Barwon River leaves the lakes, and settled down to steady paddling against the flood tide. My friend was able to keep ahead in his light canoe with no cargo, whilst I, with my luggage on board, had a hard paddle.

About five in the afternoon we arrived at the farmhouse which was to be our quarters for the night. The two canoes were placed in an old shed, and we found our way past several cottages to the residence of an old couple well known to my friend, by whom we were received with the greatest kindness.

The next morning I prepared to sail the canoe for the first time on the open sea, and everything was very carefully packed away and the gear examined. A fisherman named "Black Harry" was preparing to go out with his mate, and these hardy seamen looked with great suspicion on the canoe, Harry telling me he would not care to go to sea in such a craft. I smiled good-bye to my friend, who was returning up the river to Geelong, launched away, and with a fine fair wind followed the piloting boat down the river (this was about the first time I used my sail). In about a quarter of an hour I arrived at the entrance of Barwon River; the canoe rose buoyantly over the little waves on the bar, and sweeping out into the open sea, I headed the canoe for Point Lonsdale, the fisherman shouting after me that I had better get inside the "Heads" as soon as possible, as they thought a south-east gale was coming on.

I was now "rocked on the cradle of the deep," and with a light wind off the land, sailed quietly along the sandy beach about half a mile from the shore, the bows of the canoe pointing towards Port Philip Heads. I could see the pilot schooner standing off and on looking out for ships, but I was too small to attract any notice.

After sailing about five miles I drew near to Lonsdale Reef. The position of the red flag at the signal station denoted that the ebb tide was still running out, so I lowered my sail and waited quietly about half an hour. Upon the reef under Point Lonsdale there were some boys fishing, and every now and then I could see the sea breaking, marking the place of the tide rip. This dangerous current is produced by the tide's running very rapidly over a rocky bottom, and is the cause of a very heavy sea in bad weather, and a commotion in the water at all times.

At length the flag was run up, indicating that the flood tide was setting in. The wind having fallen, I secured the sail, and took to the paddle, running in nearer to the reef. I ran alongside the rocks until I could see a favourable place to cross in, then headed the canoe for the channel, and entered the tide-rip. A strange motion of the water tossed the canoe about during the few minutes I was crossing, and then I felt the regular motion of the sea, and knew I was inside Port Philip Heads.

The town of Queenscliff was about three miles ahead. The wind came off the land, so, hoisting the sail, I called all hands to lunch. In another half-hour I arrived at Queenscliff Wharf, and received a hearty cheer from a number of persons who had come down to welcome the



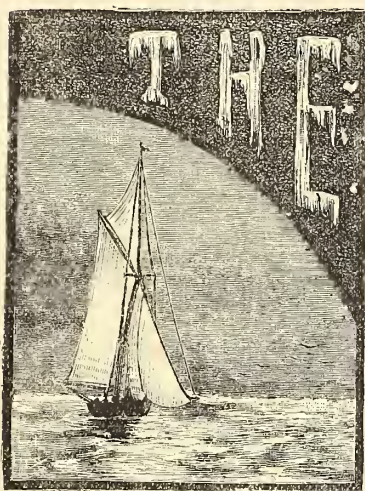
smallest vessel which had ever passed through Port Philip Heads.

After visiting Drysdale and Geelong I returned to Melbourne, very well satisfied with the canoe as "a yacht at sea and a home on shore."

(To be continued.)

## THE BESTS ON RECORD.

### BICYCLING.



principal event in the bicycling world in 1882 is undoubtedly the return to the cinder path of Mr. H. L. Cortis, of whose marvellous

feats we have previously so often spoken. On Saturday, June 3rd, in a Mile handicap at the West Kent Meeting at the Crystal Palace, he covered the distance in the unexampled time of 2 min. 43½ sec. This was the best time, professional or amateur, ever achieved for that distance, the nearest to it being the record of Cooper in his match with the Hon. I. Keith-Falconer at Cambridge in May, 1880. The new circular track, with its wood edging and gravel border, was in as good order as could be desired, and the weather was all in favour of fast time.

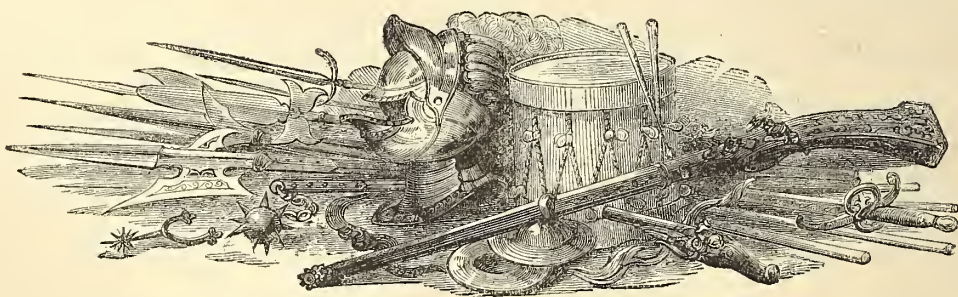
The handicap was a great success, the men finishing well together; Mr. C. D. Vesey showing capital form, his 110 yards start proving too much for the scratch man in the final heat. After the races there was some doubt expressed as to the exact length of the course, and on the chain being run round it at a foot from its edge it was found that it was about a yard longer than had been stated. As Mr. Cortis started three or four yards behind his mark his performance was thus even better than it seemed.

Good as the riding was, however, the record was completely snuffed out by him on the following Wednesday at Surbiton, and that under circumstances which yield no doubt as to both time and distance being exact. It was at the meeting of his own club, the Wanderers, and in the Mile Invitation Handicap. In the first heat the competitors were:—C. Crute, Sutton, 35 yards; J. D. Butler, Danes, 55 yards; F. G. Medcalf, St. James's, 80 yards; and N. Hawkes, Stanley, 80 yards; and very early in the contest Crute drew up to Butler, and before the half-distance was completed both of them had passed Hawkes, Butler going in front and clearing

Medcalf seeming to be winning until Crute in the last lap spurted, and came in a dozen yards ahead, his time being 2 min. 44½ sec. In the second heat Mr. Cortis was at scratch; J. Reece, Civil Service, at 60 yards; H. Smith, London, 80 yards; and H. C. Tatham, Kingston, 125 yards. Tatham succumbed to Smith in the second lap, and to Reece in the third, while Cortis came up at the end of it, and racing hard through the last round, won easily in 2 min. 45½ sec., going on for another mile in an attempt to beat Keith-Falconer's two-mile record of 5 min. 36½ sec., which, however, he failed in doing by 3½ sec. J. C. P. Tacagni, Canonbury, 65 yards, won the third heat in 2 min. 47 sec., his competitors being J. F. Griffith, London, at 35 yards; M. J. R. Dundas, Zingari, at 50 yards; and F. Allport, Sutton, at 75 yards; and J. R. Hamilton, Druids, 65 yards, won the fourth, in 2 min. 50½ sec., in front of R. A. Woolnough, Rovers, 50 yards, and O. Thorn, London, at 75 yards. In the final heat Tacagni was out of it from the first. Cortis finished the first lap at a terrific pace in 41 sec., and at the completion of the second in 1 min. 20 sec. had made up nearly all his start. In the third lap he crept to the front, but Crute and Hamilton refused to part company with him, and on like a hurricane came the three, wheel to wheel. At the top of ground Crute tired and hung back, and very slowly Cortis down the straight came away from Hamilton, finishing about a yard in front of him in the magnificent time of 2 min. 41½ sec.

The three-quarter time was 2 min. 1½ sec., so that as the laps at Surbiton are quarter-miles, both amateur and professional times for quarter, half, three-quarters, and the mile were all surpassed.

## THE SPANISH ARMADA.



"Attend all ye who list to hear  
Our noble England's praise  
I sing of the thrice famous deeds  
She wrought in ancient days,

When that great fleet invincible  
Against her bore in vain  
The richest spoils of Mexico,  
The stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close  
Of a warm summer day,  
There came a gallant merchant-ship  
Full sail to Plymouth Bay."

GREAT was the excitement on the Hoe, as the merchant-ship of Macaulay's stirring ballad, really a privateer flying the Scottish ensign, came

in with the news. The long-expected struggle was then near; the Spaniards were coming in very truth.

For years rumours of mighty preparations had been thick in the air, and Europe had resounded with the fame of the vast armament which was to subjugate the country of the heretic queen. The interest was religious as well as political. England was the hope and life of the newly risen Protestantism; and in many a Dutch and German home the result of Philip's enterprise was awaited with trembling anxiety. Spain had many friends and many enemies, and each and all felt that a crisis had come in the history of the world. And so the Continent rang with what the Spanish king had done and what he intended doing, and the rumours of the mainland very considerably gained as they floated hitherwards across the Channel.

Never had been seen such felling of timber and building of ships, such casting of cannon and drilling of men. Great was the ability displayed in getting the fleet together, and greater still, and by no means so pleasant for the people, was the ingenuity shown in raising the wherewithal to pay for it.

As time went on the rumours became more formidable, and men heard and told how the fleet which had been ready in 1587, and delayed by the death of its commander, Santa Cruz, and Drake's exploits at Cadiz and St. Vincent—related in our lengthy article on that Devonshire worthy in our eighteenth number—was at last under way; how the Duke of Medina Sidonia, its new high admiral, was bringing with him the Papal Bull against their queen, and how their country had been coolly made over to the Spanish monarch by Sixtus v., who had contributed half a



million of money towards the cost of the expedition, and promised another half-million once the City of London fell into his power.

A certain party in the country, with the queen at their head, were rather inclined to pooh-pooh the attempt, and little was done to prepare for it. But when the news of the actual sailing arrived the danger became imminent, and hurriedly and stingly the Government set to work to recover their lost ground.

Raleigh was entrusted with the command of the land forces; Charles Howard, of Effingham, was made admiral; the greatest seaman of his age, Sir Francis Drake, was appointed his second in command; and, poorly provisioned and scantily armed, the main body of the fleet was at Plymouth, waiting to see if the expedition was to be a feint or a reality.

Great was the excitement, therefore, when canny Captain Fleming arrived with the intelligence that he had actually *seen* the fleet of invasion. The news reached the officers as they were amusing themselves at bowls or skittles on the Hoe; and history tells us how, at Drake's suggestion, who thought they would have plenty of time to finish the game and thrash the Spaniards afterwards, they, notwithstanding the nature of the report, went on with their play.

Raleigh was there, whose name will ever rank among the highest that we Englishmen have; and with him Sir Richard Grenville, who was on his way to raise the west, and whose death three years afterwards, when single-handed in the Revenge he fought for fifteen hours against a Spanish fleet of fifty-three sail, will be remembered for ever as one of the noblest of our naval episodes. Howard, the admiral, was there; and so was his brother, in command of the Lion, destined to do great service in the coming battle. Hawkins was there, who was to win his knighthood in the fight as captain of the Swallow, and third in command.

With these came Sheffield, of the Bear; Fenner, of the Leicester; and Southwell, of the Elizabeth Jonas,—all famous names in the long struggle of the morrow. Martin Frobisher was there, of North-West Passage renown, now captain of the Victory, the first of her name; and the largest vessel, 1,100 tons, in the fleet; and near him was John Davis, who nineteen years afterwards took his ship through the straits which are now called after him. Fenton and Withington were there, who tried to follow Drake round the world, and failed through no fault of their own; and last and most notable of all was the great circumnavigator himself, the pride of Tavistock, the wizard of the west, the short, sturdy, broad-shouldered, bright-eyed, square-faced, brown-haired, weather-beaten man whom the people almost worshipped as Sir Frankie Drake.

East and west and north was sent the alarm, and the country rose as one man. The beacon fires blazed out,

'Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw,  
Along each southern shire,  
Cape beyond cape, in endless range  
Those twinkling points of fire;'

and by land and water the tidings spread and the muster orders were given.

Slowly and deliberately the ships were got ready under Ram Head, and there they lay until, at three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, the look-out men first caught sight of the two wings of the advancing crescent as they rose above the horizon.

It was 1588. The so-called "invincible" fleet had left Lisbon on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of May; it had been driven by storms into Corunna, to leave there only on the 22nd of July, and now, on the 29th, it was entering the Channel in a half-moon seven miles across, bound for Margate, where it was to unite with Parma's 35,000 soldiers, and to sweep the sea and storm the capital.

On came the Spaniard, quite ignorant of his enemy's whereabouts. As specially appropriate for the crusade-like nature of the expedition,

nearly every ship in the fleet was named after Saint Somebody-or-other:—

"Such a collection of saints never bore  
Such a collection of sinners before."

The words of command were given in half a dozen different languages; and among the 20,000 soldiers and 8,000 sailors with which the Armada was manned were ruffians and renegades from every nation in Europe—English, Scotch, French, German, Italian, Swedes, Danes, and Magyars, and scores of Irish, among them one Cally O'Connor, immortalised by the Spaniards as "a distinguished murderer, who could speak no language but his own!"

Not a ship of the hundred and fifty there was under 700-tons burthen; amongst them they carried nearly 2,500 guns, provisions for 40,000 men for six months, and other stores in proportion. Never did an expedition leave a port better furnished or equipped in every respect.

Not until the Spaniard opened Plymouth did he become aware that the English were ready for him, and that his progress up Channel was to be a fight and not a procession, but hardly had he caught sight of the forty ships which were quietly waiting behind the headland, than their sails were dropped from their yards, and with their white wings spread, down they came to battle.

Howard led the van and made straight for the admiral's ship, but other vessels advanced to check him. Drake brought up the second squadron, and in a few minutes the action became general. In vain the Spaniards struggled with the well-handled ships of their enemies. Never had English seamanship been seen to better advantage. In and out and round about the lofty hulls of the Spaniards did the Englishmen go, pouring in broadside after broadside, hardly a gun missing its mark, while the Spanish gulls on their rolling platforms fired up into the air or down into the sea, or poured their death-hail into each other's ports, as the swiftly sailing Englishmen glided dexterously through the narrow spaces between the vessels.

The first ship to strike fell to Drake, and, curiously enough, was that of Don Pedro de Valdez, the reputed originator of the expedition. A prize crew was put on board of her, and she was sent to shore. The plunder was enormous; the barrels of real were many, but the barrels of powder were more, and they were more valuable. The English were short of powder as they were of food, and when the galleon came in and the powder was found, the barrels were rapidly run up out of the hold and loaded into the Roebuck, the then swiftest of the Brixham trawlers, and a few minutes after the captured Spaniard let go her anchor the spray was dashing over the bows of the Roebuck as she tore through the waves on her way to the fleet with the precious ammunition.

As it was with the first galleon, so it was with many another; the powder in the hold of one Spaniard was that which sent the cannon-balls flying into the vitals of the next.

Slowly the great armament made its way up the Channel, and constantly and fiercely did the English keep the fighting going. In vain the galleons tried to outsail and outmanœuvre their adversary; in vain the mighty galleasses, with their crowds of galley-slaves, tried to run him down. The English were not to be shaken off, or to lose a single advantage of wind or weather, by day or night. On past the Chesil Bank and the Bill of Portland, on past Lulworth and Worbarrow, Swyre Head, and the picturesque Cliff of Purbeck raged the struggle; and when, on St. James's Day, Medina passed Durlstone Head, he saw coming out between Old Harry and the Needles, from Poole and Portsmouth, and all along the coast, a volunteer fleet of his enemies.

The sight of the ships of the navy busily and successfully hammering away at the Spanish crowd, and of the prizes drifting landward with their meagre crews, proved irresistible, and when Freshwater was reached the fighters were reinforced by a swarm of vessels of every shape and make, from the merchant's three-hundred-tonner down to the tiny two-ton fishing boat.

Frobisher, in the Victory, now gets alongside of the Spanish admiral and brings down his mainmast; Recalde, the vice-admiral, comes to the rescue, and is in turn beaten off by Effingham; old Hawkins in the Swallow does simply wonders, and the next day is knighted on the admiral's ship for his exploits. Sheffield and Fenner cover themselves with glory. In vain the Spanish Saints try to keep to their order, the Bear, the Bull, the Lion, the Triumph, the Rainbow, the Elizabeth, and their fellows leave them to rest, for not one of the English ships is taken, and few are thrown out of action.

On swept the fight past the Undercliff until Dunnose was reached, and then it slackened somewhat, until at Beachy the Spanish admiral drew off towards Calais. The English followed. Seymour had been stationed at this end of the Channel to keep a watch on Parma, and now he joins the force, and the Spanish admiral learns for the first time that Parma is kept in check by the Dutch in the Scheldt, and can do nothing.

Calais was the turning-point in the fate of the Armada. Up to there, so numerous were the ships that the Spanish fleet was still seriously to be feared. It was here to receive its death-blow. At midnight eight hulls, "laden with wildfire, brimstone, pitch, and resin," were led by Capitains Prowse and Young upon the foes as they lay at anchor. Of a sudden the earth and sea and sky seem ablaze; discipline on the Spanish fleet is at an end; with a mighty shout of terror the dons cut their cables and start for the open sea. The admiral is one of the first to run, and then, thinking better of it, he returns, blundering and crashing through his fleet, and hoists the signal of recall, but hardly is it up than it is down again, and the Cuzman is off to sea once more.

On Oquendo's galleon a quarrel breaks out, and the German gunner rushes below, thrusts a lighted linstock into a powder barrel, and with a roar that rends the heavens the huge ship blows up. But the English are by; they board the burning hulk and pass up the powder in the fore magazine, which is left untouched by the fire, and with it the guns are again fed.

One of the 50-gun galleasses, with its 300 rowers and 450 soldiers and sailors, is captured. Hugo de Moncada's St. Lawrence drives ashore; so does the St. Philip; the St. Matthew falls into the hands of the Dutch, and her banner is afterwards hung from the roof of Leyden Church, and so long was it that it fell in folds on the ground!

Where the fight is thickest and the fire is fastest there flies the wyvern of Sir Francis Drake; and round him now, as ever since the fight began off Plymouth, are clustered the main actors in the scene. At last the Spaniard can stand it no longer; a signal runs up to the admiral's masthead, he ceases firing, the retreat to Gravelines is abandoned, and, with a gale coming on, the twelve days' battle ceases and the dons make all sail to the northward.

On for a time go pursued and pursuers; but the gale increases, and the wary English put back. The Spaniards, however, hasten on to destruction in their wild rush home round the islands of the west; and rich is the harvest of the wreckers of the Orkneys and the Faeroes, of the clansmen of the Scottish Highlands, and the Kernes of Donegal and Galway. On one strand in Sligo 1,100 corpses were thrown up by the sea. Of the fleet which left the Groyne but fifty-four got back to Lisbon, and these were so damaged and broken as to be useless for further service.

"I sent my ships against men and not against seas," said Philip, when the news of his failure reached him; and they certainly met both. Soon afterwards there came out a proclamation that the Armada after all had been a great success, and that only one of its ships had been taken! A proclamation which drew forth the counterblast given on page 286 in Vol. I. of the Boy's Own Paper, bearing the signature of one who was as qualified as any man to know, who had taken the principal part in the mighty battle, who was the most famous sea-king of his day, and whose tercentenary we are now celebrating—

"F. DRAKE."







## A BOLD RESCUE.

BY W. W. FENN.

"I SAY, Tom, just look here at this great roach lying under the roots of the willow! I could catch it in my hand, I believe, it is so still and quiet."

James Verdin spoke in an eager whisper as he lay, flat on his stomach, on the grassy bank, peering down into the clear water below him.

Tom Byam joined him. "Oh, don't touch him, Jim, there's a good fellow! He's come for his dinner."

"Come for his dinner!" echoed Jim; "I should have him for mine instead, if I were you."

"I wouldn't hurt him for a king's ransom!" returned Tom, hotly. "See how he knows me!"

Tom gave a low, soft whistle; the roach stirred slightly and sent bubbles to the surface, but did not advance. Tom re-

when she was sitting on her eggs; but Bob is my prime pet."

"Who's Bob?" asked Jim, intensely interested.

"Bob's a young rook I found wounded in the rookery last spring. I brought him home and nursed him, and I can do pretty well anything with him now, he's so tame."

"I should like to see him," said Jim.

Tom looked doubtful at first, but he did not often get any one to show his pets to, so he said, "Well, I'll try and smuggle you up into my room; I keep Bob there, out of the way, or the missis would soon do for him. She'll be wild at me taking you up if she catches us. But we'll risk it."

Davenham Mills was a place to delight boys, though the whole works bore signs of decay and neglect. The small house

occupied by Mr. Byam, the foreman, was very old, and had undergone no repairs for years. Scarcely a door or window in the house boasted a lock, for the mills were at work all night, and no one ever thought about robbers. In many of the rooms the papers had worn right away, and down the walls were great, ugly, zigzag cracks. At the back of the house the river that turned the mills divided and flowed in two clear streams on either side the large wilderness of a garden, meeting again beyond and gliding through low-lying meadows to the Thames. On Sunday, when the mill was closed, the water shot through the waste gates beside the house in a noisy torrent that sent white foam flying past the tangled mass of trees and shrubs that overhung the river. Then it was that Tom delighted to get into the



peated the whistle, and the fish glided from beneath the tree and came close under the boys.

"Keep back," said Tom, softly, for Jim was eagerly pushing forward, "or he'll be scared."

He whistled again softly, and at the same instant dropped into the water some food, which the roach eagerly devoured.

"What a fellow you are, Tom!" said Jim, admiringly; "I couldn't tame a fish to save my life. I shouldn't have patience."

"Oh, I have got lots of pets about the garden!" said Tom. "There's an old frog down in the rockery that I feed, and there's a thrush in the shrubbery that used to feed out of my hand

"They could only stand and watch in breathless silence."



cockleshell of a dingy that was moored beneath the willow and paddle round into the foam to see how near he could get to the rushing waterfall without being upset.

Mr. Byam was a thriftless man at home, honest in looking after the interest of his employers, but utterly careless about the minor comforts and decencies of household life, whilst he spent time and money lavishly in making experiments and testing new inventions. "The missis," as Tom called her, was Mr. Byam's second wife and Tom's stepmother—a shrewish woman, who kept the house in a continual ferment with her sharp tongue.

The two boys passed cautiously round the house to the side door, which stood wide open. Mrs. Byam's voice could be heard in the old kitchen shrilly scolding the maid-of-all-work.

"Come on, Jim, look sharp," whispered Tom, as he slipped rapidly past the open door of the kitchen, and ran upstairs two steps at a time.

Jim followed swiftly, afraid to touch the rickety balustrade of the broad old stairs. Tom turned up a second steep dark flight, and entered a small garret with a sloping roof and one window, from which you could see, far away over the fields, the towers of Windsor Castle, with the standard that told the Queen was there, floating serenely in the summer air.

Tom Byam's entrance into the room was acknowledged by a cracked and excited "caw" from a big bird that was sitting disconsolately on the perch of a wicker cage hanging against the farther wall. Tom opened the door of the cage, letting his hand remain resting in the doorway. Without any pause or hesitation the bird descended clumsily from his perch, and walked gravely and steadily up Tom's arm till he reached his shoulder, where he began pecking gently at his lips. Jim Verdin looked on with spellbound interest.

"He expects me to feed him from my mouth," explained Tom, "but I have brought no food up with me.—I'll take you down to the garden directly, old fellow, for a run."

"Does he know you from any other boy?" asked Jim Verdin.

"Rather! I should think so," replied Tom Byam; "you try to take him."

Jim advanced his hand cautiously towards the bird, who sat like a black statue, but eyed warily the approaching hand until it was within an inch of him, when he made a sudden peck at it that caused Jim to start back several paces.

"What a fierce brute!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, he is as gentle as possible," said Tom, apologetically, "unless he thinks you are going to take him from me."

"Is this your room, Tom?" asked Jim, looking round.

"Yes," replied Tom, "I like to be up here out of the way. The missis does not often come up those steep rotten stairs. That is my own alarm-clock," he added, pointing proudly to one that hung beside the wicker cage. "I often get up early. I tamed that roach mostly in the very early morning, before any one was about. Bob and I have jolly times together then, don't we, old boy?"

Bob cawed a contented assent.

"This house must be awfully old, Tom," said Jim, presently. "It looks as if a good wind would bring it down."

"Less than a good wind will bring it down one of these days, I expect," replied Tom, indifferently. "Father has often been told it isn't safe; but he is so busy

with his experiments, he puts off doing anything."

"I shouldn't care to sleep up here," remarked Jim; "why, it almost seems to totter when you walk across it; it *does* shake, and no mistake."

"With you it does," replied Tom, "but I'm a light-weight—I never notice it."

It was about a month after this visit of Jim's to the garret—a month of intensely hot, dry weather—that Tom was awakened one morning early by hearing his father calling loudly to him from the foot of the stairs leading to his room. He sat up in bed, startled, and but half awake.

"Tom," shouted Mr. Byam again, "are you dead?"

"I am all right, father," answered Tom.

"Come down instantly; bring your clothes; wait for nothing."

Mr. Byam was not a man to be disobeyed when he commanded a thing. He did not often take the trouble to do so in his home, but when he did even his wife was silently obedient.

Tom slipped wonderingly out of bed, and taking his boots and clothes in his arms, ran lightly over the steep stairs with his bare feet. His father was standing on the landing below, looking grave and quiet.

"That's right, my lad; slip on your boots and trousers, and roll up the other things for the present."

Tom rapidly did as he was bid; he dared not ask his father any questions.

"I want you to row your mother up the river to Crockerton," said Mr. Byam, when Tom had got into his trousers, "and you must be off directly."

"Yes, father," said Tom, submissively. He was a quiet, gentle boy naturally, and though his father was never unkind to him, there was so little sympathy between them that he rarely had the courage to ask a question or make a remark, and being an only child, he had lived his own life apart with his pets.

It was a still, hot day, with the same cloudless blue sky and blazing sun that for a month past had been scorching up the land; but Tom knew from the height of the sun that it could be scarcely seven o'clock yet. He found Mrs. Byam already in the boat, and took the oars without a word, Mr. Byam saying,

"Take it easy, Tom, and keep under the shadow of the willows if it gets hot. I shall come over later in the day," he added to his wife, who only nodded sulkily in reply.

It was nearly eleven before they reached Crockerton, for Tom was rowing against stream, and it was too hot to make much exertion.

"You had better lie down in the shade in the garden and get cool," said Mrs. Byam, "before you take the boat back. I don't want you on my hands with sun-stroke."

"I'm used to being out in the sun," said Tom; "it won't hurt me."

"Do as you are bid," replied his stepmother, sharply. "Mother'll send you something to eat."

Tom Byam fell asleep, after his meal, under the deep cool shade of an old cedar-tree, and when he awoke he heard the Crockerton Mill clock chime three. Starting to his feet, he hastened down to the river, and jumping into the boat, paddled rapidly down stream homewards, wondering how poor Bob would like being all day without a morsel of food and no fresh water during the hottest hours of the twenty-four.

A few yards from the home landing-place he saw James Verdin on the bank, looking eager and excited.

"What a time you have been, Tom; I have been hanging about for you this two hours," he called out.

"Have I?" replied Tom, quietly; "there was no particular hurry."

"Where shall you sleep to-night, Tom?"

Tom looked so amazed at this inquiry that Jim added,

"I do believe you don't know anything about the house having fallen."

"The house fallen!" exclaimed Tom, standing stock-still on the landing-place, with a startled face. Then his father's haste, the altogether unusual proceedings of the morning, rushed through his mind in an instant. His father foresaw the danger, and got him and his stepmother quietly out of the way. His father hated a fuss, but he might have let him save Bob, poor Bob.

At the thought of Bob he started off at a run towards the house, Jim following. The sun still shone brightly over the ruin that lay before them, round which one or two women and children were idly standing. At the first glance Tom uttered a cry of joy; the whole house had fallen and was a complete wreck, with the exception of one wall, and that was the end wall, which formed one side of Tom's bedroom, and high upon the gabled point of this solitary remnant of the old house hung Tom's white-faced alarm-clock gleaming in the afternoon sun, and beside it the old wicker cage, in which sat Bob, silent and disconsolate, but uninjured.

Tom gazed with tears in his eyes at his pet bird hanging there, so far out of reach, and in almost momentary peril of being smashed, for it was not likely the old wall would stand long, deprived as it was of the support of its fellows.

"I wonder if we could get a ladder?" said Tom, in a low voice.

"That wall would not bear the weight of a ladder long enough to be of any use," replied Jim.

Tom still stood gazing up at Bob, who seemed to know by instinct that his friend was near, and uttered a soft and plaintive "caw."

"Jim," said Tom, decidedly, "I shall climb; I'm a light-weight, and used to climbing trees. I can't stand here doing nothing and see dear old Bob killed."

"You'll be killed yourself," said Jim.

But all the same he admired Tom's resolve, and enjoyed intensely the prospect of watching such an exciting adventure.

"I don't see how you can reach the cage anyway," said Jim—"even if you can get along the top of the wall; it is too low down."

"I know how to do it," said Tom; and, running off to a tool-house in the yard, he fished out from a heap of rubbish a large iron hook and tied it firmly on to a long piece of cord. Putting this in the pocket of his jacket, he went back to the ruins, and, slipping off his boots, began his perilous ascent of the jagged, broken end of the wall without an instant of faltering or hesitation. He could hold on to the irregular, protruding bricks with his stockinged feet better than with boots on.

"Keep away from the wall, Jim," he called out.

Jim started back. In his eager interest and excitement he had forgotten the danger he was in himself.

The women and children stood gaping helplessly a little way off, and Jim never



moved his eyes from the slight figure crawling, inch by inch, up the uneven edge of the old wall. Presently one of the women said she should fetch some one to stop such a foolhardy thing; but when she returned with a couple of workmen Tom was out of reach, and they could only stand and watch in breathless silence his slow and difficult progress, fearing to utter a sound that might startle the daring climber. Slowly spectators began to collect, till, in less than ten minutes, all the hands that could possibly leave the mill-work were congregated at a little distance, watching Tom's cautiously advancing figure with fascinated gaze. Now and then a half-suppressed exclamation would break from one of the women as a loosened brick rolled from beneath the boy's foot and fell heavily amongst the rubbish below, or a lump of the old parched mortar crumbled away from under him, raising a cloud of dust that would for a moment hide him from the eager eyes below. Cautiously crawling on all fours, with his gaze intently fixed on the black glossy feathers of his favourite bird gleaming through the white bars of the cage, and paying no heed to the crowd that had gathered below, Tom made his way, inch by inch, along the ragged wall that seemed to the lookers-on to vibrate even with his slight weight.

"He can't get over that rise in the wall," said a woman, in an anxious whisper, to her neighbour; "he'll have to turn back."

"He don't look like a fellow to turn back," was the reply; "a boy that'd risk his neck to save a bird wouldn't be daunted by a trifle."

Tom had come to a sudden rise in the wall; hitherto it had been an irregular but very gradual incline upwards, but now there was a sharp rise of some three feet to be surmounted before he could get on to the gable-end under which Bob's cage hung. He hesitated a moment, pausing there on his giddy height, and then slowly and cautiously rose to his feet.

Jim covered his eyes with his hand; he could not look any longer—surely he must fall! For a second the spectators held their breath; then a low murmur of "Bravo!" ran along the crowd. Jim looked up again. Tom had surmounted the difficulty, and was sitting upon the gable-end as if he were on horseback, pausing for a moment's rest. A few moments more, and he had pulled himself high enough to be almost over the cage. Steadying himself with one hand, and clinging closely with his knees to the wall, with the other hand he took the cord and hook from his pocket, and lowering it quickly, caught the cage with the hook, and raising it with difficulty clear of the nail on which it hung, let it rapidly down into the eagerly outstretched hands of Jim Verdin. A subdued cheer arose, but was quickly suppressed.

"Hush! he's faint—he'll fall after all—fetch a sail," were whispers that passed from mouth to mouth.

Tom had laid his head down on his arms for a minute or two after the bird was safe in Jim's hands, as if exhausted now that the tension was over. But he speedily roused himself, and began his descent backwards, moving slowly down till he reached the end of the gable, and stood safely again on the lower wall. But here he found it difficult to go backwards, and more difficult to turn. Whilst he was hesitating a heavy crash broke the stillness that reigned around, and the whole scene

was buried in an immense cloud of dust. When this cleared away, to the astonishment of every one, Tom was seen still standing, unhurt, clinging to the gable-end before him. But a few feet behind him the wall dropped sheer to the ground, the portion by which he had climbed up having fallen, thus entirely cutting off his descent, and it was, besides, impossible to say how soon the gable-end itself might follow.

"A sail!—where's that sail?" shouted the men, and in three minutes a large sail, held by twenty pairs of strong hands, was held out below the wall.

"Jump, Master Tom," called up one of the men, "we'll catch you—quick, afore the wall you're on goes."

Tom Byam cast one look down into the brown sail beneath him, and one up to the blue sky above, closed his eyes, and jumped fearlessly. The sail received him safely, and five minutes after he was borne triumphantly into the mill on the men's shoulders, with his rescued pet perched on his arm.

THE END.

## THE BOY'S OWN POULTRY RUN.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

PART V.—BREEDING FOR EXHIBITING—HOUDANS—CREVE-CŒURS—POLISH—LA FLECHE—BANTAMS.

IN a former part of this series I advised my reader to keep a small account-book. If he does so, and never neglects to make his entries carefully—and, I may add, honestly, not keeping back or forgetting any item of expenditure—he will be in a position at the end of a year to prove whether or not the fancy has paid him. He will probably also find in his book, details of many trifling expenses which

thing to be studied, and the motto, "Waste not, want not," is a good one to remember. Use your chickens and fowls well, therefore, but never overfeed them. A fat fowl is not much of a layer. I have already spoken about the advantages of having a good large run, and of letting fowls have plenty of liberty. A vast saving is thus effected in the matter of food.

The kinds of food you have to buy need not be purchased at a dear shop, but they should be good and sound, else they cannot be wholesome, and may breed disease. When brought home the food ought to be stowed away in a dry, clean place.

It is one of the secrets of successful breeding never to keep useless stock. Hens, therefore, as soon as their laying season is over, should be at once fattened for the table, and young cocks treated in the same way any time between the age of three and four months. But stock that you want to retain must be carefully selected. The influence of pedigree is well marked in even the laying propensities of fowls. It is well, therefore, to get, when procurable, settings of eggs from strains that are celebrated for their laying qualities.

If you mean to go in for breeding and exhibiting—and there is no harm in honest ambition—your first sittings of eggs must be the best that it is possible to get, or nothing but disappointment need be the expected result. Breeding nowadays is really more of a science than an art, and if a youth can point to a prize card that he has won by birds bred and reared by himself, I would have no hesitation in saying he is clever, and that there is a considerable probability of his doing well in life, and a possibility of his eventually becoming Lord Mayor of London! But really, joking apart, the points of prize birds are carried to a surprising pitch of perfection. There is only one way of learning them, and that is by first studying them in books, then in front of the show-benches. And there is no chance of your ever being able to take prizes, unless you make yourself well acquainted with the properties of the breeds you want to gain honours by exhibiting. Of course,

one might buy prize birds and then show them. There is no honour or glory in that plan, or just about as much as there would be in buying a medal that you had not won, and wearing it.

I shall not here go into the science of breeding, my limited space forbids this, nor say anything of breeding up to properties or out of faults by judicious pairing, but content myself with giving a few common-sense hints that may be of use to you, should your bent lean in the show direction.

Before, then, putting your hand in your pocket to purchase, learn well the properties of the breed you fancy, whether that be lordly Langshams or fussy Sebright bantams. Read at home, and at shows look and listen, and talk to any one who seems to know more about the matter you have at heart than you do yourself.

Do not at first be too sanguine of success; you may get the finest fowls' eggs in the world

and still but a poor percentage of them may come out. This is disappointing, but it may be no one's fault, though the seller is sometimes accused of wilfully parting with unfruitful eggs.

Having procured, say, a couple of settings of eggs from prize fowls, see that everything is

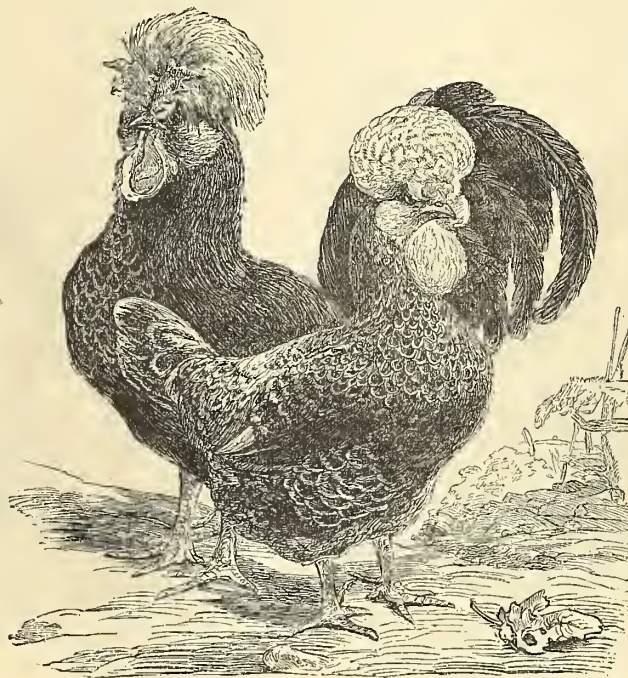


Fig. 1.—Houdans.

were not wholly necessary. He will thus gain experience. No one should buy anything for the poultry-run until he first asks himself the question, Can I possibly do without it? And all work and labour—even that of repairs—should be done, if possible, by the owner of the poultry-run himself. Economy is the very first



done that is likely to induce successful hatching. Be careful with the making of the nest; see that it is placed in a proper quiet corner, and that the mother herself is one that is likely to be a good sitter, and afterwards a tender care-

them must be continued. They must be kept most scrupulously clean, fed on nourishing food, and never allowed to go anywhere or do anything to soil or hurt the plumage. In a word, chickens being reared for exhibition purposes,

The basket in which you send the bird to the show ought to be very clean, and roomy enough to obviate the danger of the birds spoiling or breaking their feathers. It is usually lined by light canvas.



Fig. 2.—Goldspangled Polish.



Fig. 3.—Crève-Cœur Cock and Hen.

taker. Do not place more eggs under her than she can comfortably cover and heat. Study the weather. If dry, it may be necessary to sprinkle. See that the hen comes off every day to her barley, and that she has pure water to drink. After the hatching, be most careful in feeding well and constantly, and in protecting the tender creatures from any inclemency of weather—cold, or wind, or wet. Feed the hen extra well, especially if it be early in the year; she

must be kept in a state of complete health and comfort, and only those so kept will turn out worth showing, let their strain or breeding be ever so good.

Those that you deem most likely to take the judge's eye should not be kept with the others, but by themselves, that you may lavish more attentions on them. They will thus not only thrive better, but they will get tamer, and not appear wild when tamed.

The Houdans (Fig. 1) are good layers, and they are also capital table birds. They are strong sturdy fowls, and firmly though not very elegantly put together: in colour a black-and-white spangle, with short, strong, dark-grey legs, having five toes—two being behind and three in front. As may be seen from the illustration, the head is surmounted by an enormous top-knot, the sides of the face are feathered with white, and both the cock and the hen deem it



Fig. 4.—La Flèche.

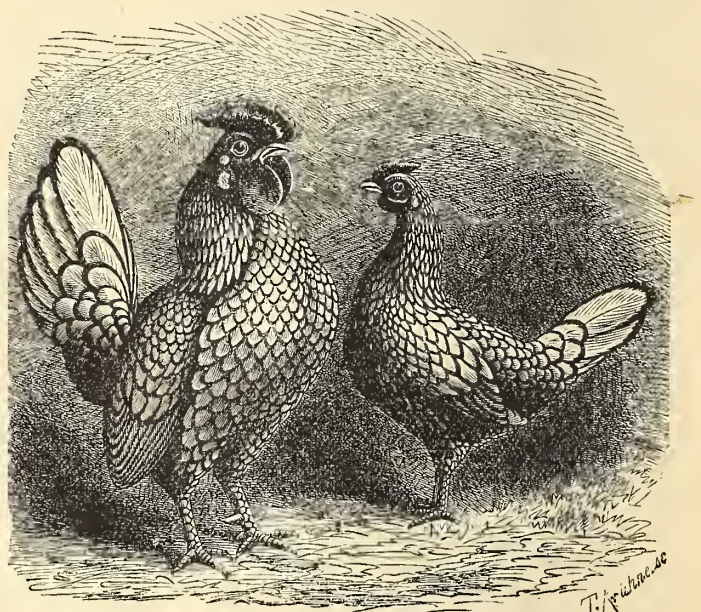


Fig. 5.—Sebright Bantams.

will thus have more warmth to nurse the young. Let both mother and chickens have judicious sunlight and judicious shade, changing the position of the coop many times a day if that be necessary.

It is from these chicks that your first show-pen or pens have to be chosen, and so, even when they leave the mother, your extra care of

Never think about showing unless your birds are in the pink of good plumage, and strong and bright. Do not tamper with them in any way with the idea of securing a prize. What is called "faking" is most dishonourable, not to say dishonest. But your birds must be clean at a show. It is right to make them look their best.

the correct thing to wear a beard of white feathers. Their combs are also peculiar. That of the hen is like a little strawberry, while the cock's consists of three parts—a centre ridge and two wings.

They are non-sitters, and not over wild, and, as far as I know, hardy.

Fig. 2 represents a pair of Polish fowls, as they



are termed. They are of many different kinds, and some of them are exceedingly pretty. They are somewhat small in size, and the eggs are not large; but the flesh of the bird is very good, and the egg delicate in flavour. They are said to bear confinement better than most other breeds, and when reared they are tolerably hardy. It is as chickens they are apt to succumb. They are non-sitters.

A glance at our illustration will show the shape and style of the Polish fowl—a neat but strongish body, with a full round breast supported on long legs and shortish thighs, and on the whole a bold and proud bearing. The comb is hardly visible. Some kinds are bearded, and the crests should be round and large.

Crève-cœurs are one of the breeds that come to us from France. They are not difficult to breed, although they are non-sitters; they are excellent layers, and very good table-fowls in every way. They are said by some to be tolerably hardy in constitution, though the experience of others does not lead them to think so. In shape of body the Crève-cœur is very like the Houdan. Compare Fig. 1 with Fig. 3 in proof of this. The colour of the Crève is black with a beautiful metallic sheen, the legs short and sturdy, and the crest big and round. In front of the crest in the cock is the divided comb, looking not unlike a pair of horns. They are bearded fowls, and are often crossed with other breeds of a larger size for table use.

Another breed of French fowl is called La Flèche, also a good layer of nice big eggs, and a non-sitter. They are beautiful large upstanding black fowls (see Fig. 4), with a deal of style about them. The comb is very peculiar, and the same may be said about the formation of all the head.

These papers would be incomplete if I said nothing of those friends of my youth, the bantams. Although ours at the old home had a range of acres, and, not even content with this, used to march away and declare war against bantams at neighbouring farms, and although all bantams greatly enjoy their liberty, still they can be kept well, and to look well, within a very small enclosure indeed. Consequently they are eminently suited for boys' pets. But they must have perfect cleanliness, regular feeding, pure water, and fresh air, and all the care and comforts that larger fowls require to keep them in good health.

And what will they yield you in return? Pleasure? Yes, and a vast deal of it too, if you care to study and watch all their curious ways, and make yourself perfectly known and liked by them. They will then give themselves airs and graces before you that they would not otherwise do, for only petting can draw them out. The pride of bantams is boundless, their arrogance a study for a biologist, and their pluck indomitable. It is the will and pleasure of the cocks to play at being lords of the creation and monarchs of all they survey, and their gentle but silly little hens believe every word the cocks tell them, and are quite willing to swear to it.

I am not personally acquainted with all breeds of bantams further than admiring them in show-pens goes, but all those I have had and known well, were amusingly brave and game.

There came one day, I remember, strutting on to my father's grounds, a beautiful little reddish-coloured bantam. The bird probably belonged to some of the neighbours; he was evidently on the strut, going forth in search of adventure, seeking for new dunghills to conquer. He carried his head and tail as proudly as a fantail pigeon; he carried his wings as a lieutenant carries his sword when relieving guard, with a kind of a studied dangle at his heels. He lounged up to a favourite game cock of ours, and offered him instant battle, spurred high at him, and nearly fell on his back in doing so. But the game cock took no more notice of the first onslaught than a Newfoundland dog would of the attack of a toy terrier. In fact he bent his beautiful head groundwards and tried to reason kindly with the bantam. "Afraid," thought the little bird, and struck at the big cock again. Then that big cock suddenly lost his temper and gave the little bantam just one.

Only one, but it came straight from the hip, and there was a will in it.

I said I did not know where the bantam had come from, and I do not know until this day where, after receiving that blow, that wee bird went. He disappeared as suddenly and completely, with the exception of some feathers, as if he had been spirited off the face of the earth. Probably he picked his little self up from behind a hedge some time after, and went crawling homewards a sadder and a wiser bantam.

The eggs of the bantam are very nice and rich. At least, I used to think so, but nowadays I infinitely prefer the sight of a goose's egg flanking my morsel of bacon of a morning.

Fig. 5 illustrates some laced Sebrights. I am not going to specially recommend any particular breed, however, but if any of our boys mean to enter the bantam world, let them do so in earnest by getting well-bred birds to begin with.

(To be continued.)

## SIGURD THE VIKING.

BY PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "The New Boy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.—HARALD'S HOME.

LEAVING the Dragon and her crew in their winter quarters in Iceland, we must follow for a time the Bear, as it sailed

the respect that was due to the daughter of the chief man of the town, but in spite of all his efforts she refused to be comforted. Overwhelming grief at the death of her father for a time so filled her thoughts that she took no note of time, but sat hour after hour on the couch that had been prepared for her, gazing sadly over the waves as they broke against each other.

"I would Father Ambrose were here," she said one day to a maiden who had been instructed to wait upon her. "He might have comforted me with kind sayings, or have read from that precious roll which he used always to carry with him. I remember he told me that Christ taught us to forgive our enemies, but I cannot do that. How can I forgive those who have slain my father?"

The girl did not answer; she was still a believer in Odin and Thor, and thought that the new religion was not a good one if it did not teach the duty of revenge. Gunnhilda's faith was sorely tried. Alone, and without the treasured copies of Ambrose's sacred manuscript to aid her, it is no wonder that she almost wavered in her belief, and doubted if the great God could be very merciful when He permitted men like Harald to do as they pleased.

But the keen air and exciting surround-



"Come near to me, girl, and do not be afraid."

ings had their due effect, and in time she woke from her stupor of grief, and began to take an interest in the things around



her. As she sat one morning in her accustomed seat, Harald came to her, and for the first time she did not turn away her head.

"Fair Gunnhilda," he said, "by this time to-morrow we shall be home, and I shall be able to offer you more fitting accommodation than the Bear can provide. Amongst our hills we manage to spend the long winter evenings pleasantly enough, and we have both song and tale to enliven us."

Gunnhilda did not answer; she was thinking of the home from which she had been torn, and of the winter evenings spent with Sigurd as he mended his bow and tipped his arrows, whilst she told him of the doings of troll and witch, guome and dwarf. Harald seemed a little disappointed.

"In faith, Gunnhilda, I know not why you are so downhearted. I have more to grieve me than you; I come back defeated, with the flower of my band slain, leaving my best beloved son beneath the waves without burial. I know not what welcome I shall receive, for I return without much spoil, except yourself, who will outweigh all the gold and treasure in the eyes of some of our best, I will answer for it."

"Ha!" he laughed, as a second ship passed near the Bear; "there sails one who thinks it time well spent to come out of his course twenty times a day to have a peep at your beauty. Oscar will never make a true viking, he is too fond of spending his time in the company of a woman. But I can forgive him when such a maiden as you is the one he wishes to see."

Harald turned away and walked along the gangway to the prow, which was carved into the shape of an immense bear. Gunnhilda shuddered as she thought of her new danger. How could she ever wed a man who had helped to slay her father? From previous hints which Harald had dropped, it was evident that he intended her to be the bride of his son Oscar, and the very thought was agony to her. But what help could she expect, far from home and with all her kindred slain? All? No, there was one left, and her eyes glistened with tears as she thought of Sigurd. Where was he now?

Loud shouts at noon next day proclaimed that the fortress of Harald was in sight. As they approached it was evident that the stronghold was in a state of great excitement. Harald looked stern and angry as he stood alone at the prow; he was thinking of the proud fleet with which he had sailed out from between those menacing rocks, and of what a miserable remnant he was bringing back. But he was not the man to brood over misfortune nor to brook any insolent references to his defeat. He answered briefly and sternly the questions eagerly asked as he leapt to land, and silenced the murmurs which arose by a significant motion of his hand to his sword. Leaving Oscar to see to the unloading of the vessels, he strode up the narrow steps which led from the rocks to the fortress, taking with him Gunnhilda and her maid, whom he assigned to the care of Elfrida, an old dame who stood in the hall of the dwelling.

The place needs a short description. It stood on a headland which jutted out into a fiord: between the promontory and the mainland was the harbour; on the side towards the sea the waves broke almost as fiercely as in the neighbouring Baltic. The only communication with the land was across a narrow passage of rock which had been so cut down that not more than two

could walk abreast. The precipitous sides of the headland itself made access impossible against the will of the inhabitants, and it was no idle boast of Harald's that six men could hold the fortress against six hundred. Such was Gunnhilda's future home or prison.

"Prepare a feast for to-night," commanded Harald, as a thrall entered to learn his will. "You expected six times as many as have come, so there ought to be no lack of provision."

Then, to drive away the thoughts that came rushing into his brain as he watched his men toiling up the narrow path laden with spoil, he called for a horn of mead and sent for his son Oscar.

Meantime Elfrida had taken Gunnhilda into an apartment furnished with luxury for those times, and had helped her to take off her outer garments. But as she removed her cloak Elfrida gave a cry of astonishment and seized the small silver cross that hung round Gunnhilda's neck.

"Are you a Christian, fair lady?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes," replied Gunnhilda; "but I little expected to find one of my faith in this den of thieves and murderers."

"Ah, it is a hard struggle sometimes to keep faithful, and it is only in secret that I can pray to the Christ, or say over the precious sayings that I was taught in Denmark. But now that you are come I shall have fresh courage, but hitherto my heart has been weak. I should have been killed for a witch had I been discovered."

It brought new life to Gunnhilda to find that she had a friend in this strange and terrible place. She soon discovered that Elfrida was of no mean birth, though now filling the part of housekeeper to the women's apartments, but the old woman refused to tell her story or explain how it was that she came to Helder, as the fortress was called.

"No, my child, you have grief enough of your own," she said, gently. "Some day, perhaps, you shall know who I am, and how I was brought here. But now you must rest yourself; you will be wanted this evening, unless I am mistaken."

Gunnhilda accordingly lay down and had a fitful sleep, which was broken at last by a summons from Harald. Elfrida hastily arrayed her in rich stuffs, and led the way to the viking's room.

"Do not be afraid," whispered Elfrida, as she led her along; "he is not unkind to women; but remember that he is a powerful captain, stronger than many earls, so do not anger him."

"Welcome home!" cried Harald, as she entered. He was seated on a sort of rude throne on a raised dais; no one else was in the room but a thrall, who handed the viking a huge horn of mead, for he carried to excess the common vice of those times, hard drinking. "I will not ask you to grace our feast to-night, as you are weary, and some of our councillors are fond of hearing their own voices, and that will be no sport to you, so I drink this horn to you in anticipation. Come near to me, girl, and do not be afraid."

Gunnhilda advanced, and knelt at the side of the viking captain.

"Skall!" cried Harald, as he drained the horn. "Nay, do not look so white, Gunnhilda; there are those amongst us, and one no less a man than my son, who wish to bring back the colour to those pale cheeks of yours."

Gunnhilda turned paler yet, then gently said, "I would ask one favour of you, if I may."

"Surely, girl! You are no thrall, though your companions may become so. What is it?"

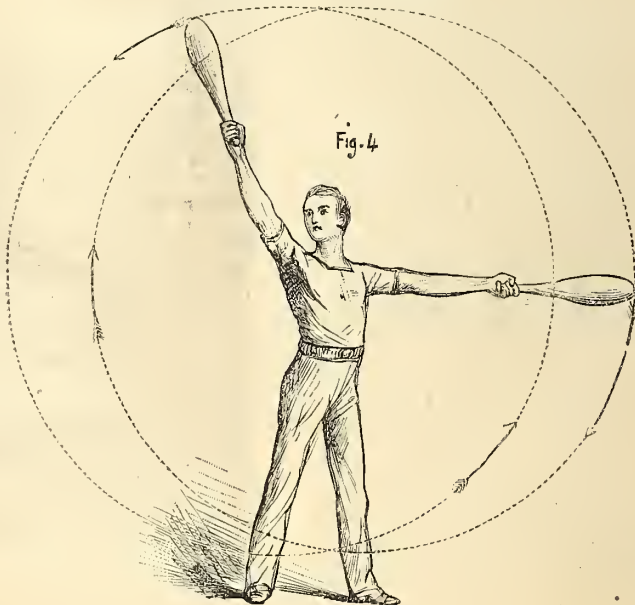
"That I may be permitted here to worship the Christ, as I have been taught."

Harald laughed a loud laugh. "Is this your favour? Why, worship who or what you will; but I should have thought you would have left the gods who can do so little for you. Leave the white Christ and turn back to Thor and Odin and the Valkyries; they hear when they are entreated."

"Then why did they let us lose so many ships, father?" asked a strange voice. Gunnhilda looked round in alarm, and her eyes met those of Oscar, the son of Harald.

(To be continued.)

## INDIAN CLUBS.



PART II.

Exercise 2 (Fig. 4).—Commence as before, reverse the direction of the left one, and instead of describing the circle from right to left, swing



it from left to right, the right club at the same time continuing its original course. A glance

*Exercise 3 (Fig. 5).—This is the same as No. 2 with an additional movement—viz., that when*

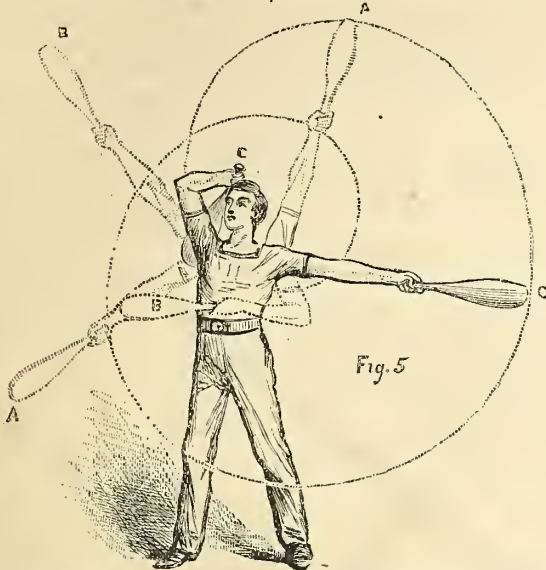


Fig. 5

at Fig. 4 will show the exercise; the dotted lines and arrows indicate the direction in which each club is raised in its turn above the head to its highest point, the circle is checked and the

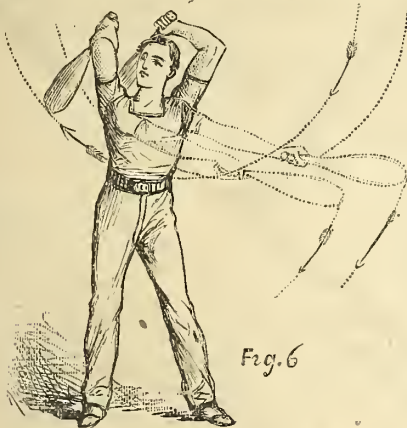


Fig. 6

club travels. In this exercise (and in many others to follow) the clubs cross twice in each circle; care must therefore be taken not to allow



Fig. 7

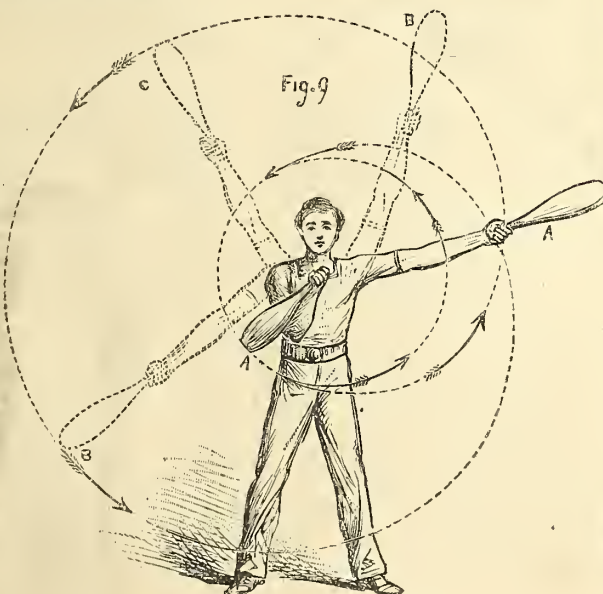


Fig. 9

Fig. 8

them to come into collision (which catastrophe can be easily avoided by following the directions recently given—viz., to keep the base of each club in a straight line with each shoulder).

club dropped behind the head, and made to describe a smaller circle in the rear of the shoulder, after completing which the larger circle is resumed. The dotted line in the illustration

shows the course of the *left* club only, but the right club does the same thing in the opposite direction.

*Exercise 4 (Fig. 6).—Commence with Exercise 1, and when the clubs are raised above the head allow them to drop and make them describe a small circle behind the shoulders, then resume the larger circle on front of the body.*

*Exercise 5 (Fig. 7).—This is the first of the wrist "twists," and is a movement that will tax the power of the fore-arm rather severely. Start from the position shown in Fig. 2, and describe a circle with each club *from the wrist* in the direction shown by the dotted lines and arrows. In practising this exercise, you will experience a tendency to drop the arms with the clubs, but you must endeavour to keep them in the position shown, *making each wrist the centre of each circle.**

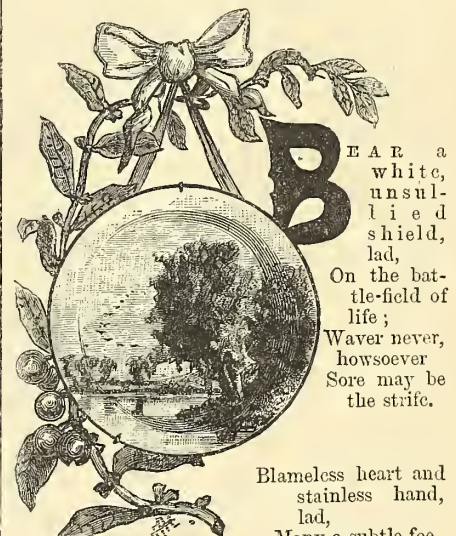
*Exercise 6 (Fig. 8).—Now for a twist in which each club describes a circle in an opposite direction. Again be careful to avoid a collision, and keep the wrists level and opposite each other.*

*Exercise 7 (Fig. 9).—This is rather difficult, but with a little perseverance you will be able to accomplish the movement, and as it is very pretty it is well worth the trouble. Carefully study the illustration, and follow the course of the dotted lines (which show the direction of the right club only; the left club takes a corresponding course in the opposite direction). Keep the hand close up to the chest, almost touching it in fact. You will observe that the club describes a *small* circle from the centre of the chest, and is then swung completely round at arm's length to make the *great* circle.*

(To be continued.)

## DARE TO ANSWER "NO!"

BY ROBERT RICHARDSON, E.A.



**B**EAR a white, unsullied shield, lad,  
On the battle-field of life;  
Waver never, howsoever  
Sore may be the strife.

Blameless heart and stainless hand,  
lad,  
Many a subtle foe

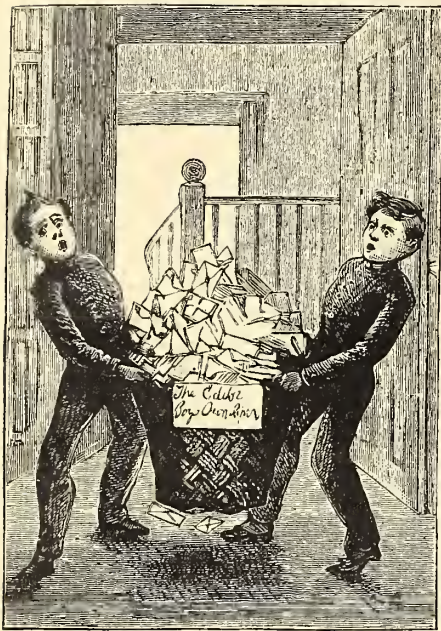
You shall vanquish if you'll only  
Learn to answer "No!"

Let your life be frank and open  
As the cloudless summer skies;  
Take your pleasure, but in measure  
Moderate and wise.  
Idleness looks like a siren;  
When she cometh so,  
Never flinch, lad, not an inch, lad,  
Stand and answer, "No!"

If your friend be brave and loyal,  
Staunch in woe and weal,  
Bind him to thy heart of hearts, lad,  
With a chain of steel.  
But when comrades stoop to counsel  
Aught that's mean and low,  
Aught that fears the light of Heaven,  
Dare to answer, "No!"



## Correspondence.



**R. T. WHITE.**—There are two varieties of turquoise—the Oriental or mineral, and the Occidental or bone or odontolite, which is found with fossil teeth, and appears to be bone coloured by phosphate of iron. The Oriental turquoise—the true one—is found in reniform, stalactitic, and encrusting masses. It is bluish green in colour, but gets dark on exposure to damp or to the vapour of musk or camphor. It gives a white streak. It is diphasphate of alumina, there being 46·9 parts of alumina, 32·6 of phosphoric acid, and 20·5 of water in each hundred. It comes from the Ansar mines near Nishapur or

Mich-elbourg in Khorasan. These are the only true turquoise mines in the world. It is of no use medically, has no curing properties whatever, has no magic, magnetic, psychologic, biologic, or any other "ic" qualities whatever. The jewellers distinguish good and bad turquoises by the terms Oriental and Occidental, so that the mere trade name is now not descriptive of the composition of the stone. Sham turquoises have excessive gloss and vitreous lustre.

**CLEVE.**—India has an area of 1,470,207 square miles, and a population of 252,541,210. The imports, according to the last returns, amounted to £50,278,995; the exports to £71,962,240, and of these £41,260,671 were sent from England, and £30,463,991 sent to England. The French possessions have an area of 178 square miles, and a population of 271,460. The Portuguese an area of 1,086 square miles, and a population of 407,712.

**AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.**—When you have finished playing, slacken off the first string of the violin, but you can keep the others up to pitch. Weather changes will frequently cause the strings to snap.

**H. S.**—Stammerers are quite unsuited for a seafaring life. You have no more chance of serving on a merchantman than on a Queen's ship. Even a penny

steamboat would come to grief under a captain who had to take refuge in "Gug-gug-gug-g-g-go a-a-a-st-tut-tut-tut-tarn!"

**GOOD TEMPLAR.**—You are too sanguine. Under any circumstances we should not attempt to learn French by committing its dictionary to memory. Your knowledge might become considerable, but it would certainly be rather disconnected, and would have a little too much of the participle and present tense indicative mood about it. You must learn something of grammar somehow.

**BECKWITH.**—You can get indiarubber into condition again by boiling it in water, and when thoroughly dry, rubbing it down on a little sandpaper. You will find that after a dose of the sandpaper its rubbing-out qualities will have become simply marvellous.

**W. F. C.**—The letters at the end of the music title—**S. A. T. T. B.**—mean Sopranos, Alto, Treble, Tenor, Bass.

**H. WALKER.**—We have had many cases of sickness among parrots precisely like yours, but have hitherto been very unsuccessful in our treatment. By the time this reaches you your parrot will be dead, so there is no good in advising you. But it is the change of food and climate that injures parrots. They are brought home in ship-loads, and sold cheap. Any one buying a young parrot ought to let it have plenty of chilies at first, and a little hemp, with nuts of different kinds.

**B. R. A.**—Give the cat as much as will lie on a sixpenny-piece of Glanber salts every morning for three mornings, and after that a

**VIGILANS.**—The Emperor Henry the Great was deposed by Pope Gregory VII. (Hildebrand), for claiming the right of investiture, and was forced to appear as a suppliant at his gate, to wait there three days barefooted in the depth of winter before his submission was received. This took place at Canossa, hence "going to Canossa." Henry afterwards besieged Rome, and captured it.

**SOUTH AMERICAN.**—For information regarding Brazil apply to the Brazilian Consulate, and for books thereon apply to Trübner and Co.

**A SUBSCRIBER (Antwerp).**—Magnetic clothing of the kind you imagine is not likely to do any good. We never heard of a solution of cat-skin.

**TILLING.**—The Norman style has semicircular arches as a rule, though occasionally you find them pointed, and the ornaments are bold and rude. It dates from before the Conquest. The Early began with Henry II., and has pointed arches, long, narrow, mullionless windows, and the toothed ornament. Decorated began, say, with Edward I., and has large windows, pointed arches, mullions, and tracery not running perpendicularly. Perpendicular began about the



**ENGLISH HISTORY.—1. Mr. Cœur de Lion, and that little affair with the King of Beasts.**

**E. R. B.**—When you have got a board with numbered holes on it, surely you could invent some sort of a game for yourself! How do you know it is Bumble Puppy? We can find out nothing about any fixed rules of the game.

**JONES.**—Merely a coincidence, and coincidences are endless—and worthless. You cannot think about anything without finding coincidences of some sort. Take Louis XIV., for example. He was born in 1643, and  $1+6+4+3=14$ ; he died in 1715, and  $1+7+1+5=14$ ; and he was 77 years old, and  $7+7=14$ . Take Louis Philippe, who was crowned in 1830; he was born in 1773, and  $1830+1+7+7+3=1848$ , when, as "Mr. Smith," he appeared in a burry at Newhaven; his queen was born in 1782, and  $1830+1+7+8+2=1848$ ; and he had died in 1809, and  $1830+1+8+0+9=1848$ . An ingenious mind will find coincidences in everything, from Pyramids to Pantomimes. Napoleon III. was crowned in 1852; he was born in 1808, and  $1852+1+8+0+8=1869$ , his last year of success. Eugénie was born in 1826, and  $1808+1+8+2+6=1869$ ; and Paris capitulated in 1871, and  $1808+1+8+7+1=1869$ . Or, to crown all, take his uncle, Napoleon I., of whom it was discovered that "Napoleon Apollon is a lion going about destroying cities," inasmuch as if you gradually decapitate him you get "Napoleon—apoleon—poleon—oleon—leon—eon!"

Cressy time, and has its mullions and tracery running in perpendicular lines.

**C. E. C.**—Try Rock Marine Glue, or Prout's Elastic Glue, obtainable at any indiarubber shop. Warm the sections of your boat in front of the fire, and melt some glue in an old tin plate, taking care not to let it buru. When thoroughly liquid lay it on thick with an old knife, and screw or clamp the wood together while warm, and in front of the fire, so that the glue cannot set until the joint is made as you wish it.

**POSTMAN.**—Goats are harnessed in the same way as ponies. They are trained to bridle and bit, and mostly driven on it. The bit, however, ought to be of leather, and perfectly round and smooth. These animals look very nice when neatly harnessed, and their strength is wonderful compared to their size.





## HOUSEHOLD ACCIDENTS.



The following suggestions are not designed to induce the public to attempt the duties of the regular surgeon, but, merely to place the readers of these pages in possession of a means of treatment of the minor accidents occurring daily in the household, and which, while not dangerous in themselves, are exceedingly annoying. Burns, bruises, scalds, sprains, etc., are principal among these troublesome and annoying occurrences, and demand immediate treatment with the best means at hand. In the kitchen, the dining-hall, the nursery and the sitting-room they are liable to happen, and, instead of fear and alarm at the sight of the cut or mashed finger, or bruised or burned arm, or scalded surface, a cool and quiet manner should be assumed, and after washing away the blood, (if required), the injured parts should be dressed with that most valuable remedy—**ST. JACOBS OIL**. Its surprisingly quick relief, its cleansing properties, its tendency to quickly remove all inflammation, and its wonderful efficacy in the above as well as in all muscular and other pains, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, headache, stiffness of the joints, etc.—these render **ST. JACOBS OIL** pre-eminently the best external remedy now before the people; which claim is fully substantiated by the strongest kind of testimony from all classes of people. The value of human life is so supremely important that anything that tends to its prolongation is entitled to the highest consideration. Charles Nelson, Esq., proprietor Nelson House, Port Huron, Mich., says: "I suffered so with rheumatism that my arm withered, and physicians could not help me. I was in despair of my life, when some one advised me to try **ST. JACOBS OIL**. I did so, and, as if by magic, I was instantly relieved, and by the continued use of the Oil entirely cured. I thank heaven for having used this wonderful remedy, for it saved my life. It also cured my wife."

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Is made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar, and contains no Alum, no Ammonia, no Tartaric Acid, no Terra Alba, and, in fact, nothing that is injurious; but on the contrary, it contains nothing but what is healthy and necessary to a First Class Baking Powder.



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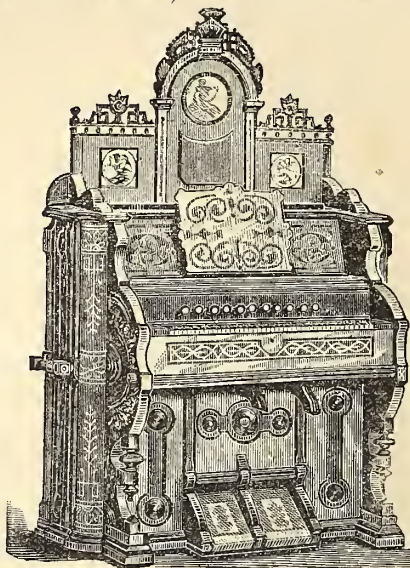
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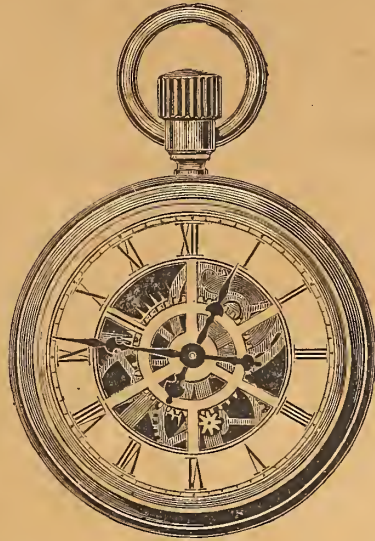
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**OUTWEARS ALL OTHERS.**

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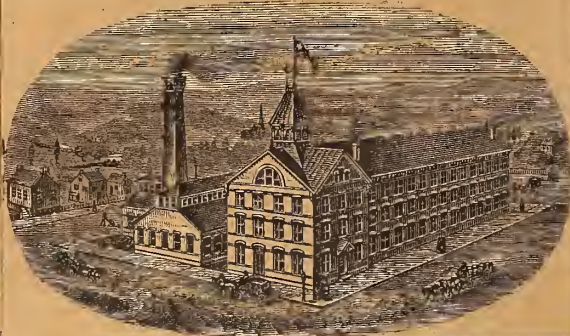
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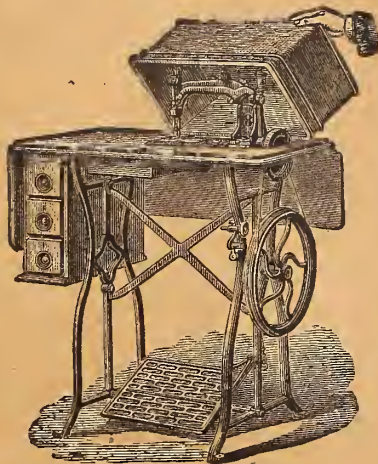
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*Flour, Water and Salt only.* These may be eaten by day  
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Is calculated to do the *best work at lowest cost.* Neither alum, lin-  
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